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Amley, Charlotte

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MIRIAM;

OR,

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

A JEWISH TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'INFLUENCE.'

THIRD EDITION.

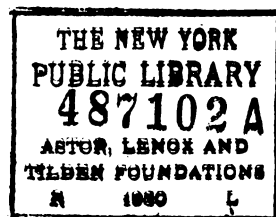
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P R E F A C E.

The tale of 'Miriam' now offered to the public is founded on an anecdote said to be a well-attested fact, which the author met with some months ago in the 'Cottage Magazine,' where the narrative is briefly detailed with great simplicity and elegance; of an American Jew, converted to Christianity by the death of his only child, a beautiful girl whom he had reared with no common care and affection. She embraced the Christian faith unknown to her father: until with her dying lips she confessed to him her apostacy from Judaism, giving him at the same time a Testament, with a solemn injunction to believe in 'Jesus of Nazareth.' This anecdote appeared to the author a good outline for a more elaborate work, as furnishing ample subject for imagination, and considerable ground for instructive information. How far the author has been enabled to fulfil the task thus proposed in the undertaking, is a question which she fears to meet; but, trusting to the indulgence of her readers, she feels emboldened to hope, that the *moral* of her work will shield it, at least, from severe criticism. For the rest, she sincerely unites with all who may condemn its errors; fully aware that many flagrant imperfections both of composition and design have marred the beauty of its original outline. Circum-

stances also, over which she possessed no control, have been greatly against a favorable execution. More than once arrested by long and severe illness, it was scarcely possible to preserve an entire consistency either in the style or story; and the latter part has been completed in the midst of many arduous duties, which, differently occupying her mind, have proved a further interruption; but, nevertheless her efforts have invariably been exerted, throughout the whole, to do *her best*; and may a divine blessing rest upon the result, making it—feeble as it is in itself—subservient to the good of its young readers. To this end has the effort been principally directed, and so far as religious information is conveyed, the author earnestly hopes that it will be found free from any thing objectionable; having in all that she has advanced in support of Christianity, most conscientiously endeavored to keep the gospel in view; and to inculcate such principles and opinions only, as *that* will strictly authorise.

In now taking leave of the public, the author begs to acknowledge, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, the indulgence and encouragement with which her last work, ‘*Influence*,’ was favored: and should ‘*Miriam*’ happily meet an equal patronage, it will not be less appreciated or forgotten.

C. A.

Newport, Isle of Wight,
Feb. 1826.

MIRIAM.

CHAPTER I.

On the northern borders of Westmoreland lies a romantic valley sheltered on every side by cliff or wood, and seems in its deep retirement, singled out as the abode of peace and simplicity. The humble dwellings of industrious peasantry, together with a little rustic church, and ivy-covered parsonage, alone formed the sweet village of Glencairn, which once stood in the centre of the valley. Secluded from the noise and bustle of a gayer world, it might have seemed to human ken almost as a nook spared from the curse of universal misery; but lost amid the more magnificent scenery of the north, it was famed for nought, beyond its simple wildness, and loved only by those who lived in it. But the human heart ever carries a universe within itself, and many have there been at Glencairn, to whom the joys and sorrows, and all the checkered vicissitudes of the world, were known.

It was near this glen, divided from it only by a narrow branch of a river, which we shall here call the

Avona, that Imlah Durvan, a rich Jew, had chosen his splendid abode. None knew the stranger to whom Fernhill, the loveliest and wildest spot of nature's rearing, was now consigned; but many wondered, while all regretted, that a place, which had so long descended from father to son of a noble and lamented family, had now fallen to the possession of one who seemed to live a sullen alien from mankind; for to all the friendly greetings of those who had been wont to court the tenants of Fernhill, Imlah Durvan returned so repulsive and determined a negative, that none now sought the society of that strange misanthrope. But although he thus shunned communion with human beings, he was often seen rambling down the wooded cliffs which overhung the valley, as if he loved to revel in the rich blessings of nature, not unmindful of its gifts. Nor could any deem this seeming loneliness of disposition as shame or conscious guilt; for he would pass the villagers, whose curious gaze might have appalled the mere feeling of pusillanimity, or coward fear of scrutiny, with a mein at once so bold and dignified, although so dark and silent, that none dared refuse their humble token of respect; nor was this ever unreturned, though the haughty bend which answered, seemed rather to increase the fear than excite the love of those to whom it was given.

He was, however, seldom seen without one gambolling by his side, who formed a striking contrast to his own melancholy character. The joy of innocence played upon the bright countenance of the dark, but beautiful girl, upon whom alone Imlah seemed to smile; and whenever, in playful mood, she raised her soft black eyes to court the fond endearment of her father, they were answered by an expression of such deep and touching tenderness, that none who saw him look thus fondly on his child, doubted that he had a heart, however sad the destiny which had so chilled it

to misanthropy and gloom. Well indeed might he love this little mountain flower, for she was the last link of that broken chain of bliss which had bound him to all the fancied pleasures of the world: but time had taught him the fallacy of ambitious hope, and left him an outlaw from mankind, to cherish, unpitied and unloved, the dreadful curse of hardened unbelief. He was one of an ancient and powerful family, now reduced to a few scattered remains; but still did he, in all the pride of fancied greatness, boast of possessing a genealogy which proved him to have descended even from the lineage of David. He was by birth a German, Hanover having been the refuge of his ancestors since the dreadful persecutions of the unhappy Jews, under the intolerant policy of Richard the First. But he had been principally educated in England, at a school in which, under the liberal monarchy of our later kings, a Jew as well as Christian might reap the rich benefits of literature without molestation or undue enactments. Naturally of a daring, impetuous temper, he had early imbibed all those feelings of enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Israel, which tended so fatally to inspire those of passionate hatred against every class of Christian people; and on the death of his father, fired with the vain hope of ambitious glory, he returned to Germany, when scarcely beyond his boyhood, in full possession of unbounded wealth. Thus did Imlah begin life, with a mind bent upon the restoration of his alienated race; believing, in his mad enthusiasm, that he could overthrow the Christian church, and frustrate the designs of an offended God. He soon became popular among his own people, who looked up to him, as they would have done to their prophets of earlier times, with mingled feelings of reverence, love, and fear! for with all his bold and haughty hardihood, there was so much of generous integrity—and where he loved, so

much too of gentle tenderness in his disposition—that none could hate, and few there were who did not love the character of this young and daring Jew. He married the daughter of a powerful ruler, and settled in Gottingen for the purpose of obtaining more general influence amongst the many Jews in that part of Germany. A few months, however, terminated the success of his infatuated career: for no sooner did the ecclesiastical powers of the province discover the storm which was gathering over their church, than they obtained license rigorously to enact against the Jews the merited forfeiture of rebellion; and Imlah, deserted by the very people who had before so warmly upheld him, left the country, his generous heart sickened by the ingratitude of those to whose welfare and restoration he had been so fatally devoted. He had lost his only child, a boy on whom he had raised many a bright prediction; but so assured was he of future greatness, that, even in his desertion, he anticipated the revival of his power in the birth of an expected heir. But, alas! he was to be humbled and taught the devices of God by a still heavier stroke; for he again became a father, but of a female child, and that same hour widowed him of his first of earthly treasures. He could have almost cursed the birth of that sweet infant, whose sex is considered amongst the Jews a degradation, rather than a blessing; but when he saw it sleeping in its peaceful innocence, he raised it to his bosom, and felt he could not but love the last sweet relic of her who had been to him the gentlest—best of beings! He had not dreamt of death, and it had fallen where he could least bear it; but it came a messenger of mercy to his self-willed heart, for he knelt down, and for the first time humbled under a sense of his own arrogance he prayed that God would spare him from further vengeance, and bless the babe, whom, in his bitterness, he had well

nigh cursed. Oh! had the Redeemer's name then passed his lips, who can tell what mighty workings might have wrought his salvation in that dread hour of acknowledged shame and contrition! But, alas! he rose an unbeliever, and suffered still an unbeliever's unblest, unhappy meed. Regarded with a suspicious mistrust, he was watched with a vigilance that ill suited his independent mind; he, therefore, resolved to leave the continent and seek refuge in England, whither he immediately sent his child, while he returned to Germany finally to settle his affairs. His little Miriam and her nurse were consigned to the care of Mendez, an old Rabbín, who had loved him even in his adversity, and now promised faithfully to discharge the responsible office assigned to him with all a father's zeal. In case of his death, or a longer separation than he anticipated, Imlah desired that Miriam should be educated in the strictest observance of the Jewish faith, to be early instructed in the ancient languages, and above all, never suffered to hold communion with a Christian. With these injunctions, to one who he well knew was competent to fulfil them the wretched Imlah parted with all that was now dear to him, and repaired to Germany, where, however, he remained only a few months, and then bade a long farewell to the land with which were associated the remembrances of his happiest days. In a country like England, where every one possesses an equal right of independence, the Jew as well as Gentile, may safely rove in unsuspected liberty, to enjoy all the privileges of peace and security. To Imlah, this was so new a feeling, that when he found himself unwatched and broken-hearted, he could have doubted the reality of the crowded scene before him, and almost wished that, even in the violence of enmity, he could recognise some kindred hand to disturb the untold and hidden grief which

then lay so silently within his heart! But no eye turned to scrutinise his own, and he passed through the giddy maze of thousands as lonely and as desolate as if no human being were linked with sorrow such as his. He soon reached the abode of his child, and his faithful Mendez welcomed his unfortunate patron as joyously as sad associations would permit. Sick of the world, and hating all mankind, he resolved to seek some distant retirement where he might live, forgotten and unknown, in sole devotedness to his young Miriam's happiness. For this, after a few years' residence in England, he purchased Fernhill, famed alike for the magnificence of its building, as for the beauty of scenery by which it was surrounded. There he fixed his final abode, and chose such an establishment as would ensure the means of comfort and luxury for his only child. Jews of every age were employed in the various departments of husbandry and work. All was magnificence and splendor; nor was any thing spared which ingenuity could contrive, to render the whole a paradise of beauty. Mendez, as the Rabbin and ruler of this little colony, was suffered to maintain all the authority to which his age and religious situation entitled him. He still continued the tutor of Miriam; and although he was too austere a teacher to inspire in her young heart a warmer feeling than that of veneration, he loved her as a second father, and spared no pains where her education was concerned. Thus was Miriam at the age of sixteen, placed in a sphere of splendor and unbounded indulgence; but accustomed as she had been to view the dazzling toys of wealth, they were little heeded now, although she knew that for her alone they glittered: for it was enough that in her father's heart she was the first and loveliest of them all, and that there she shone, like a lone and radiant star—more bright because the only one that cheered his long dark night of grief. Dark

was indeed that heart, for little could the sense of a self-righteous hope bring peace to a soul, wrapt within the veil of prejudice against the awakening truths of light and revelation. But, alas! Imlah believed that conformity to the moral laws and ordinances of the ancient prophets was enough to ensure his salvation; as if such poor, such undeserving services, could cancel the heavy debt of guilt which lies in every human heart, for which the Son of God himself took up his cross, and paid the high ransom of his sinless blood, that in him all nations of the earth should receive pardon and eternal life. O lost, unhappy Israel! why will ye then so blindly gather thorns in the midst of blessings, and drag on thy wretched yoke of shame and sorrow, when there is One, so mighty and so patient, who only bids thee to *believe* and cast that yoke on Him, that He may bear the dreadful weight of thy unequalled woes? But this dispensation lies in awful mystery, beneath the vale of God's omnipotence, and to Him must we submissively leave the time of Zion's glory;—but may every christian pray that it may please Him speedily to 'pour upon the house of David' that promised spirit of 'grace and supplication,' which shall lead the fallen children of Isreal to 'look on Him whom they have pierced,' and in His sufferings to find life and immortality!

Much as Imlah had lost of that spirit which had in early life so distinguished him, sorrow had subdued rather than destroyed the enthusiasm of a noble though perverted mind; so that he sank not now to the effeminacy of indolence, but in retirement from men, he sought society in books, and happiness in the deep stores of science. Miriam was the only one who dared disturb hours thus engaged; but for her he would always leave the toil unfinished, and take some lighter task in which she too might be employed. He assisted her in translating from the original languages, the

ancient scriptures of Moses and the prophets, and read to her such of the Jewish records as might best inspire her with love to her country and religion. But Miriam needed no incitement to rouse the spirit of enthusiasm, which she sufficiently inherited from her father. Joseph was her delight, and she would dwell on the former greatness of her country as if she already believed its restoration at hand; while, with an animated countenance, she would talk with all the wildness of her boundless imagination, of the day when vengeance would repay the fancied wrongs over which her young heart would often bleed. 'O father!' she one day exclaimed, 'will not our Messiah soon retrieve the injuries of Judah, when he shall come, the mighty conqueror, to spill the blood of all our enemies! I am but young, and surely I may live to see that glorious day; and if that blessing be indeed mine, you shall see, father, how I, woman as I am, shall wave the banners of our faith amidst the bleeding heaps of those detested Christians!'

Imlah turned aside to hide the tear which fell on the remembrance of his own early ambition, and sighed to think that such a noble spirit was indeed confined within a woman's breast. 'Miriam,' he replied, with a mournful tone which told how deeply was that subject even felt, 'Messiah tarries long, and God hides his face from us for sins perhaps yet unatoned; but, for our great prophet's sake, He will not always chide. We are his chosen people; then let us wait the fulfilment of his dread prophecies, in more strict fulfilment of those righteous laws which can alone ensure our deliverance.'

'And yet, father, how can we strictly observe laws so few of which we have it in power to fulfil! Where is the altar upon which Moses commands us to raise incense of the blood of rams? or how can our guilt of-

er its atonement, when we have no high-priest to intercede in our cause ?

‘He, who to humble us has laid that altar to the dust,’ replied Imlah, ‘will not require a sacrifice not in our power to effect. He asks of us now only hearts which can boldly assert the rights of Israel, and, amid the scoffs of infidels, can bear to betheir by-word and reproach, rather than yield one atom of our faith. We must discern truth from falsehood, and beware that we intermix none of the new sophistry of impostors with the only true religion of our ancient fathers. Forbearance will be our atonement, Miriam; and a firm belief in the power of Shiloh, who is yet to come, shall be our passport to the favor of God. We have much, indeed, to try our faith; but although the calculations of men have erred, he is faithful who has numbered the year of his coming: and hastening this by a patient obedience to his will, we shall yet sit in heaven his elected people, to bear witness of his truth! But come, my child, we have had enough of study for to-day, so let us ramble to Roland’s cliff, to see if old Isaac has finished the seat which I ordered to be placed for you under your favorite beech.’

Pleased with this proposal, Miriam prepared for her walk, and soon rejoined her father, her countenance beaming with all the smiles of cheerfulness and joy: so soon can the young heart forget the sadness which, in theory only, it has learnt.

The path leading to Roland’s cliff had been cut through a mass of rock forming a powerful barrier along the banks of the soft river, whose waters gliding peacefully below, formed a beautiful contrast to the awful cliffs, which seemed to frown defiance on surrounding nature. Nothing could exceed the luxuriance of the wild foliage with which these cliffs were covered. Trees on either side, that scarcely found a bed for their stretching roots, rose in majestic beauty

above the humbler shrubs, which, clinging to these bold protectors, afforded a rich covering to their mouldering bark; and wilder flowers crept or hung in careless tendrils down the rough crags which lay broken from their parent stock. Steep and varied was the ascent ere the summit of that cliff could be attained which bore St. Roland's name; but the mind could scarce tire where so much of beauty met the wandering eye. Here and there a grotto lay ingeniously concealed within the deep recesses of some narrow cave, embowered by arches of the dark and glossy laurel, and seemed to court reflection where no sounds but those of conscience could disturb that noiseless solitude. This was the favorite walk of Miriam, and often would she wander up and down the wooded banks, heedless of the dangers to which she was sometimes exposed in climbing about the steep precipices to gather the wild flowers which blossomed so luxuriantly in every sheltered nook. For even when not alone, seldom could she confine her own light steps to her father's slow and measured pace; but she would leave him only for a while to run some shorter way, that she might surprise and gladden him by her playful truancy. So now it was, when she stood on the turrets of Roland's tower, beckoning her father, who had turned to look for his wild gazelle, (for so he often called her when thus pleased,) but still half frightened, he found his laughing girl, and saw her raise her eyes, so black and yet so soft, to court some mark of gladness from his own. She left her hiding-place, and taking Imlah's hand gave him a basket of mountain flowers which she had just gathered. He set down and took the basket from his child, for all that pleased her was pleasure to himself; and while thus engaged in looking over her little treasures, Miriam unperceived had linked together some sprigs of small blue flowers, which she playfully threw

across her father's neck, and kissing him asked if he knew the name of that humble plant. 'I fear,' replied he, 'that I must refer you to a more useful memory than mine; but Mendez will tell you both its name and class.'

'O yes,' exclaimed Miriam, 'I dare say he would answer in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—and even tell me on what mountain Noah first discovered it. But it has a name so sweet, and of such simple meaning, that now I never see it without thinking it a fit memorial of my love for you, dear father; it is called 'Forget-me-not:' is it not a pretty name?'

'It is a fanciful one at least, my child,' said Imlah, pressing his fond and playful Miriam to his heart and pleased with her affectionate ingenuity, asked how long she had discovered the magic character of this new favorite, and from whom she had learnt it.

'From that pretty little fair girl, father, whom we so often see sitting at the door of the white cottage, and of whom you once said, it was a pity she should be a Christian.'

'How came you to speak to her, Miriam?' enquired Imlah, his countenance darkened as if disturbed by some new apprehension.

Miriam, unconscious of the solemnity with which this enquiry was made, answered in the same tone of ingenuous vivacity: 'Not many evenings ago, I was rambling about the valley with Corah, and in returning through the coppice we had an argument about this self-same plant. Corah thought it was a species of Campanella, and I said not; so just to satisfy ourselves, I asked the fair girl whom we met, if she could tell me its name; upon which she gave me some which she held in her hand, and said it was called 'Forget-me-not.' I could scarcely help smiling at her simplicity, but before I had thanked her she ran away, as

if she dreaded botanical catechisms as much as I do geological ones, when Mendez is my catechiser.'

'Or rather,' exclaimed her father, his countenance flashing with angry pride, 'she has already been taught to dread contamination from the daughter of a *Jew*!—but remember, Miriam, that although we walk in a strange land, the very scoff of all mankind, we need not stoop, that Christians may trample on the worms they hate. Be Imlah's daughter, and rise above their narrow taunts, by teaching them the dignity they want: but never, Miriam, *court* their vile reproaches, by levelling yourself to their society.'

'I court the society of those who would dare reproach my father's name?' haughtily exclaimed Miriam: 'did I court Lord Crawnford's daughter, when, as we past at Dunstan's Abbey, she whispered in my hearing, 'There goes the swarthy Jew, who is too rich to visit a Christian Earl?' Did I not turn and smile contempt upon her poor scorn, and throw aside my dark hair, that she might better read upon my forehead how proudly I could own the name she thus despised? But these poor humble cottagers, father, are too ignorant to hate us; and in that very ignorance does every peasant of Glencairn offer their simple tribute of respect to the tenants of Fernhill, unconscious of the difference which lies between the Gentile and the Jew. I know it is said, 'an eye for an eye, and tooth for tooth, but surely we are not told to look evil on those who hate us not.'

'To your own discretion then I leave you, my child,' said Imlah, mournfully; for he had now seen enough of Miriam's mind to fear no weakness from one so sternly taught. 'But see the sun is setting, and we have a long walk home.'

Miriam took her father's hand, and pressing it in grateful acknowledgment for the confidence thus reposed in her, left his side no more during their return

home. She saw that he had been wounded, and endeavored to disperse the gloom which had thus gathered round his heart; for though he professed to rise above the prejudice of the world, he felt that he stood among mankind a by-word and a proverb, and it was this very curse which lay so deeply rankling in his breast. But vain were now even the attempts of his child to dissipate the gloom of Imlah, as he thought of the future, in which her happiness lay in such painful uncertainty. He had long resolved that she should never mix with the general society of the world, until her mind had attained its fullest vigor, that she might be enabled to contend with the difficulties of her situation, and follow a more decided line of conduct. But now he saw that like Rasselas in the happy valley, she longed to explore beyond the paradise he had given her, and that it would be impossible to confine her within the limits of his own guardianship. He felt too, that dearly as she loved him, she might well yearn for beings more like herself, to soar with her into that world of fancy in which youth delights to revel. This consideration deterred him from his purpose of forbidding Miriam her rambles to Glencairn, which he had formed on first hearing of her interview with the fair cottage girl: 'for after all,' thought he, 'these humble creatures can do no harm to a mind so far beyond their own standard, and pleased by their simplicity, she may wish to seek no higher novelty. Then let her go, and may their ignorance be our safeguard; that while, like her own mountain weeds, they amuse the hand which stoops to gather them, they can never poison one which soars to pluck the fruits of a more ennobling soil.'

Thus did Imlah reason of human nature; but alas! he knew not the ways of God, who from the mouths of babes and sucklings hath ordained such wisdom as

may often mock the gray hairs of age, and break down the mighty babel of philosophy !

CHAPTER II.

A merry peal of bells, which rose and died upon the breeze as it passed over the valley of Glencairn, attracted the attention of Imlah as he was slowly descending the wood which overspread the sloping declivity of the lower rocks. It was seldom, perhaps, that his thoughts could be diverted from their deep melancholy by any outward appeal of sense or sound ; but now he stopped to hear, and, though he knew not why, he turned to regain the summit of the cliff, that he might better listen to the music which had thus stolen upon his solitude. A merry group of children, decked in the earliest flowers of the season, were dancing in the valley below, in honor of the first of May while all nature smiled upon the scene, as if to celebrate with them the birth of spring.

Imlah sat down to gaze on the little actors of that busy scene, and almost smiled as shouts of laughter came upon the breeze, inviting every heart to throw aside its sorrow, and unite in joyous praise with those to whom sorrow was as yet unknown. Not a spot was seen to dim the brightness of the deep blue sky, save here and there a white and fleeting cloud, which, pass-

ing swiftly, with the wind, seemed but to shed a cooler freshness over the sunny day. The birds warbled their sweet notes in harmony with each other, and even every breeze, as murmuring through the woods breathed a soft sound as if to whisper that universal jubilee was there. To Imlah all this was but as a dream, or like some vivid painting that revived the memory of days now 'gone beyond the flood,' and joys to be realised in life no more. But he had a kind and generous heart, and loved to look upon the mirth of childhood; so now, while he hoped that time would hasten the decline of his own dark day, he almost wished that for these young blossoms it would arrest its swift career, and linger over the season of such buoyant delights. But where was Miriam, while every other young heart was centered in that rural throng?—Imlah arose as he thought of her, and immediately calling to a gardener working near him, said, 'Go to the Rabbin, and request that he will kindly spare Miss Durvan to me this morning, and bid her meet me at Roland's tower.' He was hastily obeyed, and had not long to wait at the appointed place ere Miriam's slight form appeared between the branches which overhung the path. Breathless she ran towards her father, and kissing him a thousand times for this unexpected summons, seemed like a young antelope escaped from its keeper's care, while the warmest exclamations of surprise were uttered, as the landscape opened to her the merry scene below. 'Oh! father how much prettier,' said she, 'is this than a May-day in London, where the poor little chimney-sweepers, covered with their faded flowers, offer but a very uncouth emblem of spring. Do let us go into the valley and see the children with their pretty baskets, singing and dancing so happily together.' Seldom could Imlah refuse a request urged with an expression of such fond assurance: and now as Miriam hung about his neck, her soft eyes

pleading in silent eloquence all that her heart desired, he thought that never had she been so dear to him, so irresistibly enticing! The exercise of running had heightened the bloom upon her cheek, and her cottage-bonnet, thrown carelessly from her face, scarcely concealed the glossy hair which lay parted on her forehead; so that she looked as if nature, in the midst of all that morning's beauty, had still chosen her its favorite. 'Come then,' said Imlah, 'let us go down and see if between us we can untie the boat, that we may lose no time in crossing.' Miriam waited not another moment, but jumping from the stone on which she stood, ran forward, almost impatient at her father's less eager steps.

St. Roland's tower stood on the summit of the highest cliff, and was so called from some turrets which had been circularly placed at the edge of the precipice to secure the safety of those who walked along the eminence, which would otherwise have been dangerous from the deceptive appearance of the wooded beds sloping down to the bank below. Behind it rose a still higher point of rock, in which was a long and intricate cave, apparently formed by the interior having decayed and fallen into several detached arches. This was fancifully called St. Roland's, or the Giant's Cave, in consequence of an immense projecting figure ingeniously cut out of the rock, and which, holding a massive ball of stone, appeared as if bending down to guard the mouth of the cavern. This recess led to a flight of narrow, broken steps, cut for the convenience of attaining the bank beneath, without the necessity of walking a considerable distance to reach it by a better path. Along this declivity Imlah now led his delighted child, and accustomed as she was to the intricacies of such scenery, her pliant limbs were not long in accomplishing the precipitous descent. Arrived at the border of the river, she assisted her father in remov-

ing the boat from an arch, under which it generally rested, and guiding the helm, while Imlah worked the oars, they were in a few moments landed on the opposite shore. Here they stood for a while to contemplate the altered landscape which now lay before them, as if some fairy power had been there, so suddenly did the scene appear transformed from all that was lofty and terrific, to every thing fertile and serene; and as they turned to look at the gigantic cliffs which now rose behind them, they almost felt surprised at the immense height from which they had so easily descended. The valley lay smiling in the fullest verdure of an early spring, while here and there clusters of most exquisite foliage, enriching every sloping bank, softened and adorned the scenery with indistinguishable beauty. The cattle too, grazing on their flowery pasturage, seemed to have their share of rural comfort, and added to the whole an aspect of universal happiness.

The visitors now walked forward, and after crossing a few fields to reach the glen by a shorter way, found themselves at length in the bosom of the village. Here all was hilarity and harmony. Even the aged and the poor seemed to partake in the general mirth, while sitting at their cottage doors or leaning on their long staffs, they smiled to look on the playful truancy in which they could not share. The children were divided into two circles; the one appeared composed of the higher ranks of villagers; the other, though equally happy, seemed that of a poorer class. The former were arranged in little groups round a tall may-pole, which was tastefully encircled with wreaths of well selected flowers. These at the moment of Imlah's first appearing were sitting on the grass, as if to rest from their happy labors, talking and laughing with the usual vivacity of thoughtless childhood; but immediately on seeing visitors, they all as by one consent arose, and arranged themselves in respectful order,

that their flowers might be better seen. Silence for a few moments followed this interruption, when one of the children, evidently the chosen queen of the day, taking a beautiful wreath from the maypole, ran down the mossy mound on which it stood, and as Miriam passed offered it to her with a sweet but respectful smile of recognition. At any other time, none would probably have dared thus to intrude upon the notice of one so haughty and so feared; but this was a day when all seemed united and at ease, as if nature would permit no fetters of human pride to confine the freedom which spring had that day restored throughout creation. The very heart which was enclosed within the chilling atmosphere of misanthropy, now yielded to a more genial sympathy, and Imlah could not withdraw from the unexpected kindness of a simple child, although a Christian's hand thus offered it. He smiled permission therefore as Miriam looked up, uncertain whether she dared accept the wreath, and in a tone of more than his usual suavity, he thanked the little girl, in whom he recognised his daughter's unknown favorite, and then inquired her name.

'My name is Jessie Stuart,' she timidly replied.

'And where do you live?' asked Miriam.

'In that white cottage,' answered Jessie, pointing to one not far distant, 'and if you are tired, I am sure you will be welcome to go in and rest.'

This Miriam refused; but taking off a bracelet of small coral beads with which she was profusely ornamented, she gave it to her young favorite in return for the wreath. Jessie, who had probably never owned such an ornament before, seemed scarcely to believe that this was really intended for herself; but, upon again receiving a request always to wear it, her blue eyes sparkled their brightest thanks, and clasping it round her wrist, the delighted girl felt as if she scarcely knew of which to be most proud—the gift, or the hon-

or of receiving it from Miss Durvan. Many a question would probably have followed from Miriam, who longed to know more about the child and her family, had not the ringing of a bell arrested her attention; and upon inquiring the cause, Jessie told her that it was to summon the villagers to a dinner which was to be given that day at the parsonage. Hearing this, Imlah begged they might not longer detain her, and was about to leave the village, when a young man of prepossessing appearance came forward, and respectfully apologising, invited the visitors to the parsonage; adding, that it might please Miss Durvan to see the children dining on the lawn, as it was altogether a pleasing and gratifying sight. Imlah haughtily, though politely, expressed his inability to prolong his stay in the village, but Miriam pleaded so earnestly and affectionately against this, that he was at length prevailed upon to accompany Mr. Howard to the parsonage; where, leaving Miriam to gratify her curiosity, he coldly bade good morning, saying that he would prefer walking up and down the green until Miss Durvan might be ready to return home.

Miriam looked entreatingly at her father, and felt half tempted to relinquish a pleasure which he would not share; but he had already turned away, and the scene before her soon dissipated every other idea. On a smooth lawn, overshadowed by shrubs now in their fullest beauty, were spread several tables, some occupied by the poorer children of the village, while at the others sat the aged and infirm, and these were attended by the same young people who had before been sitting round the maypole. Mr. Howard placed a chair for Miriam at a respectful distance from the rest, where she might still see all that passed without sharing in more of it than was consonant to her own feelings; then taking his station at the upper table, he devoutly asked a blessing from God on the enjoyments thus

vouchsafed through his mercy for the sake of One at whose sacred name every knee there bowed. The dinner then commenced, and when finished, thanksgivings again filled the air, and all but Miriam rising, the sweet voices of the children were heard uniting in the following simple hymn :

Jesus! to thee we fain would bring
The earliest offerings of the spring;
Did we not know that every flower
Blooms but to own thy sovereign power!

Each virgin lily as she bends,
To thee her purest fragrance lends;
And birds, for thee, delighted raise
Their untaught melody of praise.

So, fain would we some strain prolong,
Pure as creation's sinless song;
But, ah! unworthy of the task,
How dare we thy acceptance ask?

And yet as spring renews the hymn,
Sung by thy saintly cherubim;
Oh! let not *our* hearts be cold,
Nor silent while thy gifts are told.

But give us souls more meet to sing,
The praises of our heavenly King!
Bid every year increase our love,
And fit us more for joys above.

Then, Savior, when this world be o'er,
And thou shalt bid spring wake no more;
Oh! let thy children rise on high,
Their Savior's name to glorify!

There was a touching solemnity, a grandeur, even, in the very simplicity of praises thus so devoutly, and yet so humbly offered; an awful stillness seemed to follow as the last cadence of the song died away, which filled the heart of Miriam with a new, an indescriba-

ble fearfulness! The feeling was oppressive, and yet she scarcely wished it changed, but almost wondered why she dared not mingle her own voice in a hymn so pure, so sweetly simple! Tears filled her eyes, and she sat leaning on her hand scarcely conscious that the song had ceased, so intensely were her thoughts fixed upon the sounds which had thus deeply touched her; till Mr. Howard, who observed how much she was affected, came forward, and with a cheerful smile, expressed a hope that his little flock had pleased her, at the same time diverting her attention by pointing to the poor old people who were then receiving bread, which he told her was a customary gift on May-day. Miriam expressed herself pleased with all she had seen, but as she feared her father would be tired of waiting for her, she politely declined remaining longer, and was leaving the lawn, when one, dressed as a widow, and who appeared far superior to any she had seen, advanced towards her, and apologising for the liberty of detaining her, begged to return the bracelet which Miriam had given away. 'Pardon my doing so,' said she, 'for although I feel truly obliged to you, Miss Durvan, for your kindness to my little Jessie, I cannot suffer her to accept so valuable a gift.' Miriam, who immediately guessed this to be the mother of Jessie, was for a moment surprised by her lady-like appearance and manners, but holding back her hand, as refusing to take the bracelet, she exclaimed, 'Indeed, Mrs. Stuart, you *must* let her have it, for I have more coral than I know what to do with. To me, I *assure* you, it is quite useless.'

'And to her it will be worse than useless,' replied Mrs. Stuart, 'for she will probably never be in a situation to justify her wearing such an ornament. Take it back then, I entreat you, but rest assured that she will equally remember your kindness to her.'

This was said in so decided though mild a tone of

voice, that Miriam dared not further urge the gift; she therefore took it back, promising never to forget the May-day at Glencairn; and then hastily ran forward in search of her father, whom she found sitting on the bank not far distant, wrapt in his usual melancholy musing. He received his daughter with his accustomed welcome, but there was evidently a restraint, an *endeavor* to be pleased, while listening to the vivid descriptions of all that passed at the parsonage. Miriam, however, dwelt cautiously on all that might have excited the animadversions of her father, slightly alluding to the sweetness of the children's voices, in reply to his inquiry as to what they had been singing; but she described in glowing colors the generous kindness of Mr. Howard to the poor people, who seemed to enjoy their dinner, as if such a one were but rarely tasted. Imlah here gave his purse, and desired Miriam to run back and distribute its contents amongst them; adding with a gloomy smile, 'Go, child, and cancel your morning's feast, that it may never be said an Israelite stands indebted to a Christian priest.'

Miriam was too much delighted with the mission to heed her father's sad apostrophe; for she knew that thus his generous heart would always pour kindness when distress or poverty excited its sympathy, although in bitterness he would often bestow it. She therefore ran to deposit the charge with Mr. Howard, requesting him, from her father, to give it where it might be most acceptable; and without waiting to receive his thanks, she was soon by Imlah's side.

On their return home, she talked of little else than Jessie and her mother. 'Is she not a sweet child?' said she, anxious to impress a feeling of kindness towards her new friends; 'and as to Mrs. Stuart, if she were not a Christian, how dearly could I love her! She is so gentle—quite a lady, I assure you, father; and, I dare say, has known happier days, for there is

something very sad, even in her soft smile.' Thus did Miriam talk, scarcely heeded by her father, until, on reaching home, he desired her to go and prepare for dinner, and then calling to Isaac, he asked him if he knew any thing of the Stuarts of Glencairn. Isaac, who was a deep and thrifty Jew, leant upon his spade, as if to recollect himself, while he raised his small keen eyes upon his master's countenance, to see how far he might venture to proceed upon the ground of such inquiries; for he had observed Miriam's visits to the valley, and guessed that she was, in some way, concerned in his master's present curiosity. He therefore replied that he knew them well, and that a 'better family never lived among Christians.'

'Ay,' replied Imlah, 'but the best Christians are the worst apostates; but is she one of those always singing psalms, and talking of her own cursed creed?'

'Never heard her sing a psalm in all my life, master,' replied Isaac, 'and in my heart, I could verily believe she is more than half an Israelite, for she always speaks kindly to me whenever I go that way.'

'To question you, I suppose,' said Imlah, frowning, 'how Jews expect to go to heaven;'—then after a short pause, he added, 'Pray did Mrs. Stuart ever talk to you about religion, or offer you any books to read?'

'Books!' exclaimed Isaac, archly shaking his head. 'No, master, she is too good a lady for that, knowing that I like not to meddle with heresies; and I'd be bound to say, that *she* wouldn't be a Christian if she could help it; but it isn't easy, they say, to get out of the minister's church when once in it, master.'

Imlah, satisfied in his inquiries, and not anxious to prolong the ready rhetoric of his gardener, now left him to his work, and returned home to muse on the past, with little hope for the future.

The following day was to be one of solemn fast to the inhabitants of Fernhill. Imlah, therefore, in pre-

paring Miriam's mind for its celebration, took the opportunity of enforcing the necessity of maintaining a rigorous fulfilment of all the ordinances of Moses, as far as their straitened circumstances could admit; 'To-morrow, then,' added he, 'rise, Miriam, with renewed vows to God and the prophets; for though we have now no high-priest to wave the sacred censor, and to sprinkle the blood of atonement upon our altars!—no temple in which to offer the smoking incense to the Holiest of Holies!—let us still pour out the sacrifices of prayers, fastings, and oblations, in firm reliance on the sufficiency of our obedience unto God for our salvation; while upon our hearts are engraven the covenant of our fathers, in letters, Miriam, not to be effaced by the specious mockery of a May-day, or the low arts of Christian apostacy! But while I thus warn you of snares which encompass the hapless aliens of Judah, and bid you beware how you walk in a land not our own, I can no longer restrict you, my child, to the limited sphere of our household. Jessie then may be your plaything; but remember, Miriam, I charge you solemnly against revealing the sacred mysteries of our own religion, or listening to the cursed idolatry of hers!—and though I believe you far too noble, too high-minded, to stoop to the littleness of infidelity, yet, while I expose you to the choice of it, I swear by all that is sacred, that if ever you apostatise from your religion, or join in Christian worship, that very hour, Miriam, shall I curse you—and in curses, such as never yet fell from a parent's tongue.'

Here Imlah ceased, and pacing up and down the room, seemed as if the very thought had wrought an agony he could not bear; while Miriam, trembling under denunciations so stern, so dreadful, covered her face with both her hands, and for the first time *felt* the sorrow of a wounded heart. The sight of tears, such as before had never bathed his Miriam's cheek, recalled

Imlah to himself, and awakened every feeling of parental tenderness. 'Miriam, my own best child,' said he taking her hand and pressing it to his heart, 'look up again and smile upon me, as thou art wont to do!—I did not mean to wound your fond and duteous heart—I *know* you would not, could not turn from God and leave me desolate! Believe me, dearest, I trust you, fearlessly as I would trust my own heart in all that you could try it.'

Miriam sobbed aloud as she now hung upon her father's neck, but recovering herself, at length looked up and said, 'O father! could you even for one moment doubt the fond obedience of your only child? Let me kneel down, my dearest father, and do thou bless me—with ten thousand fervent blessings, that I may forget those fearful curses before I sleep this night!—and never will I look on Jessie Stuart again, if it can give you a moment's grief.'

Imlah blessed his child, and pressed her fondly to his bosom! 'Now rise, my Miriam,' said he, 'and at dawn to-morrow we shall meet together in the synagogue, where let us pray for each other as for ourselves; and may the glory of Israel be soon restored in us, the waiting remnant of her faithful people.' Miriam fervently assented to this prayer, and left her father for the night: but, for the first time, her young heart was overwhelmed, and wishing to be left alone, to meditate on all that had passed that day, she refused even the attendance of Corah, a young Jewess, who was her usual servant and companion.

Although scarcely seventeen, Miriam was far beyond the general standard of that age, in acquirement and understanding; for besides being naturally gifted with great intellectual quickness, she had been so completely modelled by the rigid tutorship of Mendez, that she was very early led to the study of all that could strengthen and enlarge her mind; so that now her

thirst for knowledge was unbounded, and the more difficult the problem, the more delightful to her was the lesson that taught its solution. Thus too was her judgment matured beyond the narrow compass of a child's comprehension. Her whole character was decisive, vigorous, and enthusiastic; her feelings lofty, and her imagination vivid; yet with much of what the world would call *romantic*, she was perfectly free from the littleness of that romance, which tends so fatally to weaken, if not destroy, each nobler power, while it feeds the worst passions of the human heart. Her mind was, however, always consistent with its pursuits; for though she loved to wander amid the intricacies of science, she as much delighted to run wild in all the simplicity of childhood. It was thus that her feelings had been swayed by the passing events of that day, and that now she sat down in the retirement of her own room, to inquire why her heart felt so sad, so changed from what it ever was before. There was a strange contradiction in the events before her, which filled her mind with emotions of mingled fear and wonder! Brightly had that day dawned, and yet why had it closed so heavily? She thought of Glencairn—of the Stuarts—of Mr. Howard—and with these happiness was associated. She thought of her father and the sorrows of her country, and owned how little could wealth or splendor give that peace, which seemed to rest on the humble cottagers of the glen. 'And yet,' thought she, 'why is it that God thus smiles upon a nation of idolaters, while Israel is left to mourn, a prey to wretchedness and scorn?' She thought of the world since man had first known sin; but at what period had the Almighty suffered with impunity the apostasy of His people? Did He not follow with His dread vengeance the worshippers of Moloch and of Baal? Was it not for the very iniquities of Israel that Jerusalem was smitten—her glory extinguished—and

the sacred vail of her temple rent, till one stone rested not upon another, to mark the place whereon it stood? It was because of sin that Messiah tarried, and that Zion even yet was left desolate, while her daughters stood oppressed, alienated, and accursed! Why then had no darkness intervened between heaven and that hymn of praise, which Christian children had that morning offered in Christ Jesus' name? Peace seemed its only answer, and gladness filled each heart, as the solemn song ascended, while every tear which fell seemed but the overflowings of rejoicing souls! And yet, how could He, who had called himself a '*jealous God*,' thus look down with favor upon a people who idolised, and made supreme, another name but his? These were fearful inquiries, and Miriam wished that she better knew upon *what authority* Jesus had been received as the Messiah. But here again she remembered her father, and those dread curses which had fallen from his lips, even at the very idea of her becoming a Christian, and a flush of shame deepened on her cheek, as she arose, almost surprised, that for a single moment she could thus argue against her own creed. 'O no!' she exclaimed, 'my father need not fear it, never shall Miriam turn apostate from Israel's sacred cause; but rather, may Judah yet be glad, and Mount Zion rejoice in the faithfulness of her daughters. Then,' added she after a moment of deep thought, 'why do I dare question the mighty will of God, because, of finite comprehension, I cannot attain to infinite knowledge? The rod of Jehovah's wrath still rest upon Israel, but it is enough that we know Messiah will yet raise it, in promised pardon of her iniquities, and give her in his own good time, the crown of universal conquest. Then shall the idolatry of this people be put to shame, and all the fancied triumph of its present glory be laid in dust before the all-conquering sword of our avenging Redeemer!'

Thus did poor Miriam drive away the dove of peace, which would fain have left upon her soul its sacred branch of truth: but, alas! that soul loved darkness more than light, and now, in ignorance of heart, soothed by the fatal sophistry of a deluded imagination, she knelt down to pray—but for what?—for a mind more hardened in its unbelief, and but to draw down continued vengeance on her people, as in the language of her liturgy she asked, ‘Let there be no hope to them who apostatise from the true religion, and let heretics, how many soever there be, all perish in a moment.’

She now rose, and strengthened, as she thought, against all further doubtings, she sat down to prepare her mind, ere she slept, for the morrow’s solemn duty.

CHAPTER III.

More than a month had elapsed since the May-day at Glencairn, when Imlah brought a basket of early fruits to Miriam, and giving it to her, said, ‘Here, child, send this, or, if you like, take it yourself to the glen, and give it to your little cottager, for I hear she is ill, and may therefore find fruit the more acceptable.’ Miriam, who since the evening of her father’s displeasure had carefully avoided speaking either of the StUARTS or the glen, now looked up surprised on thus re-

ceiving permission to renew a visit she had almost considered as for ever prohibited; but grateful for so unexpected an indulgence, she took his hand, and with tearful eyes replied, 'Nothing of kindness from you, dear father, should surprise me; but tell me, is it really your wish that I should take this to little Jessie? for believe me, I have no desire to seek pleasure, where your will could be in the least opposed. I have every thing to make me happy at Fernhill, and I should be ungrateful to require any pleasures beyond it.'

'Fernhill, my child,' replied Imlah, mournfully, yet touched by the affectionate obedience of Miriam, 'is but a small portion of a world in which experience must be learnt. Go, then, and see how human beings are linked with sin and sorrow, and drink the cup of Israel's curse, which every Israelite must taste in tenfold bitterness, who stoops to take it from a Christian's hand.'

The Rabbin, who had set silently listening, while apparently intent only on astronomical problems, now sternly raised his deep dark eyes from beneath the clouded brow, which had lowered at every word just spoken, and clenching his swarthy hand upon the huge volume that lay before him, he indignantly exclaimed, 'Beware then, Imlah, how you expose her to the evils you thus denounce. Your prudent warning, methinks, is but a weak talisman against dangers so mighty and so many!' Few could have dared to look thus reproachfully upon Imlah, and none but Mendez would have ventured so to oppose the purposes of that stern Jew; but Imlah, as if half conscious of deserving the rebuke, only bade Miriam depart on her mission, and then turning to the Rabbin, calmly replied, 'It is my wish, Mendez, that Miriam should now establish a character on experience and opinion, and be suffered to act and judge more frequently for herself. She is not now a child, and may soon, perhaps, be left an orphan, with no Mendez to guide, no Imlah to protect her

through a world so full of dangers; and better let her meet them while a parent's hand can counteract the poison of their touch.'

Mendez bit his lips, and turned up the sleeve of his robe, that the sacred phylactery, which bound his wrist might be better seen, and preserve him from what he deemed such heresy, while he answered; 'Is it not said of the Lord, 'sanctify unto me all the first-born of Israel,' and yet can Imlah dare cast a daughter of Israel to Christian dogs, that she may learn their idolatry, and turn from the faith of her fathers?'

Imlah passing his hand across his cold brow, exclaimed, 'Tell me, Mendez, where can a resting-place be found for our children, in which christianity has not raised her fatal bulwarks? Vain must be our attempt to build a nest, over which the accursed vultures would not hover. O Mendez! did you know the bitterness of sorrow, which sometimes rends my very soul, when I think on the future destiny of that lone and beautiful bird, you would more gently touch a string which ever wakens a chord of agony within her father's heart. I have long since devoted Miriam to the Lord, and I fear no weakness from a mind armed with feelings such as hers.'

'My son,' replied the aged Rabbin, softened by the sorrowful forebodings of Imlah, 'human feelings yield to human frailties, else would Israel's glory not now be humbled to the mournful tomb in which it still lies buried. And should Miriam add to its degraded ashes, remember, Imlah, that *I* wash my hands from the guilt of her apostacy.'

'I trust we need not fear it, my good Rabbin,' said Imlah, 'for Miriam is, I am sure, above yielding to the narrow reasonings of mad fanaticism, and those humble peasants can have no power to sway a mind exalted so far above their own. If, then, to play with a pretty child can sometimes beguile the monotony of a life, wrapt as our own must be, within the veil of grief,

surely we need scarce deny so innocent an amusement ; and Miriam will only return from her plaything the more decided in her opinions, when she has seen the fallacy of those we seem so much to fear. It is beneath us, Mendez, thus to tremble at a reed, for not more stable is the sophistry of Gentile fools.'

'God and the prophets defend us from it, and hasten the establishment of Zion!' ejaculated the Rabbín. 'These are, indeed, most awful times, and mine eyes are well nigh wasted with tears, while I wait with longing soul the coming of our great Deliverer !'

The aged man rose, as if to conceal the inward struggle, which almost subdued the stern fortitude of a heart not often wrought to weakness such as this, and ashamed of the feeling, he hastily brushed away the tear which stood upon his wrinkled cheek: then turning to Imlah, he said in a constrained and peevish tone, 'Is it also your wish that Miriam should waste her young days in idle play, and forget those nobler pursuits in which so many years of toil and anxiety have been employed? If so, then is Mendez an old and useless burden in his master's household.'

Imlah advanced towards him, and pressing his hand between both his own, with reverent affection replied, 'Mendez, my friend and father, do not so mistake me. I should indeed be unworthy of the esteem I so much prize, could I be insensible to the parental kindness with which you have educated my beloved child. Be still her guide—her counsellor—the guardian of her mind and education ; nor cease from that affectionate zeal with which you have led her to the cultivation of every ennobling science. You have made her all I could ask or wish ; and it is because I see her mind matured to a decision of principle seldom attained by one so young, that I would now leave her unshackled by the authority of a school-room discipline, to follow the dictates of her own unbiased judgment. She requires no incitement to industry, and I have sometimes

thought her health endangered by too close an application to abstruse study. A ramble to the village now and then will refresh and do her good, and perhaps less evil is likely to arise, if we *authorise*, rather than oppose so natural and innocent a desire. This, Mendez, is, believe me, the result of many wakeful nights and anxious days; for never would I wantonly endanger my sweet child by hastily yielding to the mere weakness of a parent's heart.'

The Rabbin, who had impatiently paced the room, resolved not to heed any vindication of what he conceived a most palpable indulgence, now more closely drew around him his long loose robe, and folding his arms across his breast, which was always a known mark of displeasure, murmured, 'Pshaw! sophistry! every word of it absurd sophistry! The ridiculous reasoning of a perverse and obstinate mind!' But Im-lah heard not these angry epithets, for aware how useless it would be to argue against the Rabbin's opinions, he had left the room, anxious to spare himself further discussion on so painful a subject.

It was not long before the venerable teacher recovered his usual composure; for although violent when opposed, and resolute in his own opinions, yet if once he found it vain to combat another's argument, he would soon forgive the offence of contradiction, and comfort himself with the assurance of being perfectly in the right himself, though every body else whose sentiments deviated a single letter from his own were wrong. So now he again sat down, and exclaiming, as he was wont to do whenever about to appease any mental storm, 'Well! Moses defend me in such awful times!' He renewed his astronomical labors and soon forgot that they had been interrupted, excepting indeed, that whenever a thought of Miriam crossed his heart, his brow would lower, and he would audibly whisper, 'Pshaw!' as if suddenly disturbed by some inward

pang, which he would fain have bartered for indifference.

Nor could any long feel angry when Mendez had reproved, for with all his stern and dictatorial severity, there was so much of warm and faithful zeal wherever he professed himself a friend, that it was scarcely possible not to value and respect him, or to feel insensible to the generous disinterestedness of his disposition. Like an aged patriarch he watched over the family of Imlah as if it had been his own; and although he had numbered threescore years, he had still much energy of mind and character. Few could look at him with indifferent feelings, for although his figure was diminutive and bent with age, he was too commanding a character to be even personally contemptible. His dark eyes were nearly concealed by the long, shaggy brows which overshadowed them; his hair was nearly white, and his peaked beard, which had been suffered to grow long, gave his countenance an expression of such stern decision, as added considerably to his venerable appearance.

In the mean time, Miriam, delighted with her mission, had hastened to the glen, and soon found herself at the gate of the little white cottage, which she had so often longed to enter. But now she stopped, as hesitating how she could best apologise for the intrusion of such a visit; for she had seen enough of Mrs. Stuart, to feel assured that she was above the humble station to which she appeared reduced; and in such a vicissitude there is a sacredness, which, to a delicate mind, forbids even the appearance of obtrusive curiosity. Mrs. Stuart, however, soon relieved her from her embarrassment, for being at the moment employed in arranging her pretty parlor, immediately on seeing Miriam, advanced to meet her, and in answer to her inquiries respecting Jessie, told her that she was still very ill, for although the measles which she had had were passed, they had left an inflammation on the chest, which

was likely to prove fatal. Here tears trembled in the mother's eye, but endeavoring to control the feeling, she added, that perhaps it was scarcely safe to ask Miss Durvan to enter a house where measles had so lately been.

Miriam replied, that having had them she feared no infection, and should like to see the little invalid, if she were sufficiently well to admit her; upon which Mrs. Stuart, expressing herself obliged by such an attention, placed a chair for her guest, and left the room to ascertain if Jessie were awake. She soon returned, and leading the way, conducted Miriam up a narrow flight of stairs to a neat room, where Jessie lay on her little white bed, and a pleasing girl sat by her side with a Bible on her lap, which she had evidently been reading to her. She arose as Miriam entered, and fastening up the curtain that the invalid might be better seen, she mildly asked Jessie if the light were now too strong for her. Jessie shook her head, and asked to be raised, affectionately bidding her sister sit near her, that she might rest her head on her shoulder, as if fearful that Helen should resign her station in compliment to the stranger.

Miriam, who had seen little of illness, could scarcely conceal her surprise at the sad change which one short month had wrought on the beautiful countenance of her whom she had seen playing in all the bloom of health and spirits. And yet she scarcely looked less happy now, for a sweet smile rested on her dimpled cheek, and her blue eyes expressed as much of peace as when lighted by the laughing mirth of a merrier heart; but suffering had softened them to seriousness, and had laid on her young cheek the flush of fever, as if it fain would leave the semblance of the rose its untimely touch had withered. Miriam's warm heart melted at the sight of youth thus blighted in its early dawn; but fearful of evincing alarm to the sufferer, she simply assured her

of sympathy, gave her the fruit, and hoped that she would soon be better.

Jessie raised her languid eyes, and smiled as half bashfully she gave her hand to Miriam, in grateful acknowledgement of her kindness, then faintly answered, 'I shall get better if it pleases God.'

'And if not, my poor little girl,' fervently exclaimed Miriam, 'may you safely rest on Abraham's bosom!'

'I would rather lie on Jesus' bosom,' innocently replied the child: and fondly looking at her sister, she added, 'for Christ will not cast even little children from Him—will he, Helen?—so I ought not to be afraid of dying!'

'No, my Jessie,' said Helen, tenderly, 'for of 'such is the kingdom of heaven,' and whoever comes to Him in humble trust, 'He will in *no wise* cast away!'

A deep flush here overspread the countenance of Miriam, and anxious to change a subject which she felt she dared not hear discussed, she said, addressing Mrs. Stuart, 'It must be a great comfort to you to see Jessie so patient, and so fearless of death; but I hope she will live many years yet, in the full enjoyment of renewed health.'

'It is an *unspeakable* mercy, Miss Durvan,' replied Mrs. Stuart, 'that while my sweet child is thus reduced to the weakness of infancy, her soul seems the more strengthened by that hope in which the Christian need not fear to die; and though it is a pang to part with those we love, I should be worse than selfish, could I wish to retain an angel from her Savior's glory; for as He is faithful, whose word has promised victory over death, so I believe my child will rise justified in Christ to everlasting joy! His grace alone has taught her how to die, and I trust that the same power will give her strength to overcome the last conflict of mortal feeling. To His will, then, I desire to resign her, since in mercy to us all, and not in anger, she is perhaps about to be removed from many a coming evil.'

The fond parent's voice here faltered, so difficult is the practice of the resignation to which her soul aspired; and other thoughts than those of the departing little one rushed on her mind, as thus she sought subject for thanksgiving even in the bitterness of that cup which otherwise she might have dared to wish could pass away. Silence for some moments ensued, for every heart was full, though different were the feelings with which each were oppressed. At length Jessie, who could ill bear to see another pained, pressed Helen's hand more closely to her bosom, and, looking at her mother, with a sweet smile of submission said, 'Dearest mother, don't talk about me any more, for it always makes you and Helen look so sad, that indeed I cannot bear it. Come and sit upon my bed, and if you will feed me, I should like to eat some of Miss Durvan's fruit.'

Mrs. Stuart obeyed her, and the child, playfully putting a strawberry in Helen's mouth, said in a cheerful tone, 'See, mother, I can feed Helen to-day, though yesterday I could not feed myself. I wish Edith were here, she used to be so fond of strawberries.'

Miriam, fearful of fatiguing the invalid by remaining longer, now took her leave, assuring Jessie that she would soon repeat her visit; and taking Helen's hand she begged her not to move, as Jessie looked too comfortable to be disturbed. 'But,' added she, 'I hope, Miss Stuart, we shall very often meet again—and remember, that whenever your patient requires fruit, we have plenty at Fernhill, which I beg you will consider as your own.'

Helen blushed as she simply thanked her, for she was a timid girl, and ever shrunk from the professions of a stranger.

Miriam now left the cottage, but the remembrance of that morning's scene was never afterwards effaced. She had seen death stripped of its terrors, but she knew not by what power; nor dared she ask what was

the Christian hope, in which even a child of ten years old could so joyfully have fallen asleep! No flattering unction of assured recovery had raised the placid smile which sat upon the sufferer's brow. She had heard, as it were, the untimely warrant read, which seemed to commission her young soul away from earth and earthly pleasures; for the pious mother had, with an Abraham's faith, bared the bosom of her child to meet in unresisting submission the death-stroke which hung over her! To Miriam this was a mystery, and she tried to forget that they were Christians in whom she had thus seen the picture of resignation so sweetly realised. 'O would,' thought she, 'that they were Judah's children, then would no delusive voice whisper 'peace' where there can be 'no peace!' and they might indeed rejoice in Abraham's love—that love which now they seem fatally to scorn! And yet must it be that vengeance shall overtake these pure in heart, who perhaps in ignorance, and not in wilful hardness, offend against the living God? Must *this* child be accursed, who seems too innocent for sin? or on whom shall fall the guilt of her idolatry? O hapless apostates of a nation 'void of counsel,' would that ye were 'wise to consider your latter end,' to find your portion in the Lord, your inheritance in the 'lot of Jacob.''

With these thoughts Miriam turned again to look on the sweet cottage, over whose inmates she would fain now have wept. But O, could she have seen the souls of those believers as God saw them, how bitterly might she have wept over her own! She would have poured out her heart in anguish unto Him whom Israel had pierced, and mourned as never spirit had mourned before. She would have seen the bolt of vengeance over her own head, while He whom she denied in pity still held back the wrath of God from her young heart, pleading even in *her* behalf: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' But the scales were not yet removed from her eyes, so that her light was

darkness, and her fancied rock of peace was not, alas! the rock of strength and of salvation. She stood for a few moments on the mount she had now ascended, whence the peaceful cottage of Margaret Stuart was distinctly seen, as it lay embedded in the woody glen. It was one of those sultry days of June which sometimes throw a languor over the heart, scarcely to be defined, although it feeds reflection, and softens human nature to feelings of melancholy sympathy for all mankind. Not a noise was heard to disturb the quietness in which the valley seemed to rest, save now and then the shepherd's whistle answering the distant bleatings of his flock, the hum of bees, and the soft gurgling of the rill, as it fell from its cold spring to seek a wider channel in the brook beneath. The window of Jessie's room was open, but the white curtains so closely drawn told that sickness was its tenant. Little did Miriam know how earnestly were they engaged, who now knelt beneath that lowly roof. Mrs. Stuart had withdrawn to her own room, to pour out her grief to the Savior, whom she well knew had pity and power to bind the broken heart. Jessie was asleep, and by her side the gentle Helen knelt, whose tears betrayed how deeply was her heart concerned, as she asked that God would have mercy upon poor Miriam's soul, and teach her the things which belonged to her peace, ere that time had passed away in which salvation was proclaimed to every believer in Christ—the alone Redeemer of mankind! 'Make her even as this simple child,' said Helen fervently, 'and give her such faith as shall remove the dark mountain of unbelief, and release her from the dreadful bonds of heresy. O may the gracious Shepherd of Israel reclaim her to his fold, and make her indeed a glad daughter of Zion, that his power may be made manifest, and his kingdom established even where the tree has withered and the soil laid barren, beneath the bitter curse of Judah's guilt; and as from the mouths of babes wisdom has been ordained, so may

we even in our weakness be made as strong instruments in thy hands to show the glad tidings of salvation to her who never yet has known them ; so shall this visitation of sickness be remembered as a blessing, and the affliction which has made the hearts of thy servants sorrowful, be sanctified to good, if it but lead to thy purposes of mercy and redemption !'

Helen again arose, and as she looked on the flushed cheek of the sleeping sufferer, she felt that when that sweet link was gone, the chain of this world's joy would be for ever broken, so fondly had the heart of that little one bound itself to hers. But she felt too that all things were wisely done, and resigned her will to God, assured that Jesus Christ was there to triumph over death and sorrow.

Miriam had now left the glen, for she dared not yield to the feelings which oppressed her. She already loved the Stuarts, for although she hated Christianity as a name, she had not yet learnt to cherish that indiscriminate hatred with which a more experienced Jew would look on every Christian, however good or virtuous or gentle they might individually be. So while she could not curse beings whose welfare seemed so interesting to her, Miriam almost wished that she might pray for the mitigation of that sorrow, in which her own heart now so truly sorrowed. She thought not of danger, for she believed her faith too firm to be endangered, but she resolved strenuously to avoid all subjects of controversy with them, and to love them with the pity of a compassionate heart. She therefore rallied herself from her present dejection, and resuming her usual cheerfulness, she again walked onward, and soon reached the bank, where Isaac waited with the boat to conduct her back to Fernhill.

Mrs. Stuart had not always been the humble cottager which she now called herself. Scotland was her native country, and there had she been brought up in all the indulgence of an only child. Her parents, however,

loved her too well to spoil the natural sweetness of her disposition by any of that false kindness too frequently bestowed where in one alone is centered the feelings of parental love. Margaret had early been taught the value of religion, and while God was made the supreme object of her heart, every other tie of duty and affection, governed by that one leading principle, was thus thrown into the same calm channel of pure and unsophisticated virtue; so that she grew up, not only a blessing to her parents, but the delight of all who knew her, and an example to such as were less amiable than herself. She was so sprightly and so fair, that she was called the 'bonniest lassie of the brae,' and Walter Stuart claimed her as his bride while yet the rose of joy played lightly on her young cheek. He was the minister's son, and although scanty is the inheritance of a highland kirk, it was deemed enough for the daughter of Gordon Campbell; for as ambition had not yet taught that riches must buy the heart, so Gordon smiled upon the son of his friend, and blessed him, as he asked the boon so dear on the sole plea of early and long tried love. His virtue was equal to her own, and as Margaret had lands enough for both, it was little heeded that in wealth he was but ill proportioned to herself. Years glided on, and the grave received those fond parents who were loved so dearly; and Walter prayed for himself and his people in the same little kirk whence the prayers of his father had so long and so often ascended. But time brought its calamities, although the blessing of heaven still shed their dews around the dwelling of the young minister. The value of property decreased, and Margaret had little left for the claims of an increasing family, so that her cheek became more pale, though sorrow softened rather than subdued those sweet smiles which still won every heart that saw them; and Walter looked less gladly, though as calmly upon life, as many an anxious care arose over the future destinies of those whom best he loved:

for although Walter and his wife could look back on younger and more sunny days, and felt that the cold hand of time had nipped many a bud of joy, they loved as well to look up and see the rainbow of Almighty love which beamed on every cloud, the bright covenant of that gracious promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and then they would only ask for hearts more sanctified to receive the Redeemer's love, and for faith more clear to see the hidden mysteries of God's unerring wisdom in the distribution of good and evil. Thus it was that they could so patiently await, in undoubting hope, for joys above the transient pleasures of this decaying world!

But Margaret was reserved for duties of a keener trial. Consumption, with its slow and hidden poison, fed on the cheek of Walter, though its hectic bloom deceived, until the hand of death itself had marked the young victim of its power. To his soul it came not as an untimely messenger, for it only summoned the righteous to an early immortality; but to her whom it widowed, it was the harbinger of agony, such as she had never known before. She had followed parents and children to the grave, and many a tear had fallen on the green sod which covered them, but this was the first of sorrow which Walter had not shared, and her lone heart had well nigh broken, had she not in the helplessness of her grief sought pity and support from Him, to whom the widow never knelt in vain! She prayed for strength, and she rose strengthened. She asked for grace to drink that bitter cup which might not pass away, and as she drank, God sanctified the draught, and bade it heal the heart which He had stricken; so that the mourning sufferer was restored to peace, and smiles as sweet, though now less glad, resumed their wonted power over her gentle countenance. Many were the tears which fell when Walter's death was known, for few were loved as he had been; and every heart pitied the widow of the manse, as, on the

first Sabbath evening, she hurried from the kirk, heedless now of waiting to be last, since he for whom she had ever fondly lingered could walk home side by side with her no more! She passed his grave, but knew that the spirit which she loved had risen far beyond that narrow sphere, so she checked the rising sob, and having now overstepped the worst of trials, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and praised God for all his mercies to her sainted Walter; then, taking the hand of her little boy, with that which had ever before rested on his father's arm, she silently hastened onward to her cheerless home. It was a mournful sight to see the widow and her children so early clad in the weeds of bereavement; but all who saw it lingered back, that none might cross her path, for sorrow such as hers, and yet so nobly borne, was too sacred to be disturbed by untimely sympathy. Time passed swiftly on, and another minister tenanted the manse. He was a good old man, and death having left him childless, he took the widow's son and reared him as his own, that the kirk might not pass to a less worthy generation; and as Walter had been dearly loved, so all looked gladly on his child, and loved the grey-haired man for his kindness to the sweet bairn. For his sake it was that Douglas Graham accepted the office, for which he thought time had almost unfitted him; but with a new incitement all the energy of renewed strength returned, and the venerable preacher, clad in the breast-plate of faith, came forth once more to 'fight the good fight' of his Redeemer's cause. In the benevolence of his heart he wished that Margaret would still make the manse her home; but it was too much associated with all that had been dearest to her, and now too sadly changed to be longer one of happiness; and although to trace, in all that met her eye, remembrances of her departed husband was a melancholy delight to her, it was one in which she felt she dared not now indulge. An infant and two elder girls claimed her undivided

care, and she roused from the listlessness of grief as she thought of these sweet pledges, and resolved in the duties of a mother to find that peace such as this world could no longer offer. For their advantage, therefore, she decided on leaving Scotland, to settle at Glencairn where she inherited some small possessions from her mother, and leaving her young Gordon to follow his father's footsteps, under the pious guardianship of the good old minister, she bade farewell to the sweet manse of Dornock brae, which had been the birth-place of all her children and her joys.

The religion which had thus taught Margaret meekly to suffer the will of God, now enabled her cheerfully to fulfil the duties to which she was appointed. Dark had been the night which closed her day of earthly happiness, but it had led her to look up and seek that bright and morning star, under whose guidance only can be found the narrow path to Zion. Time had realised in her widowed heart the peace of God's unfailing promises, and she could now look on the storm which had driven her to the bosom of her Savior, and with a grateful heart acknowledge his omnipotence to save—his omniscience to direct; for she knew that had she guided the helm of her own destiny, this world's wave had overwhelmed her, and she would not thus have found the haven of heavenly rest; so she looked not back with repining restlessness, nor onward with presumptuous anxiety, but casting all her fears at the foot of the cross, she morning and evening renewed her praise to heaven, satisfied that in the daily return of blessings she was but receiving the earnest of future blessedness, or in each care but renewed sureties of her Savior's watchful love. She had, however, met with few vicissitudes to checker her abode at Glencairn, and many temporal mercies gladdened her humble dwelling. Of Gordon she often heard, and always with tidings such as filled her soul with gratitude, for Douglas Graham had called him a second Walter, and said that he was

scarcely less beloved by the people of Dornock brae. Helen, too, now in her twentieth year, was all a mother's heart could wish, and but for one, Margaret might have owned herself singularly blessed in all her children. But many a pang was silently endured, as she thought what the future destiny might be of a girl, beautiful and affectionate, wild and wayward, as this one was, over whom she could breathe a sigh of regret. Edith was not now at home, although her mother often wished she had never suffered her to leave it; but she had done it for the best believing that a few years' experience of the world might tend, not only to enlarge her mind; but convince her that happiness was not always the attendant of pleasures such as she sighed for, nor pleasure essential to happiness, if the heart were rightly attuned to receive it from its own pure source. Thus had Mrs. Stuart been tempted to consign her to the charge of Lady Beauford, who, during a visit to the former residents of Fernhill, struck with the beauty and vivacity of little Edith, had become extremely fond of her, and some time afterwards had offered to receive her in her own family, to share the pursuits and education of Lucy, her only child, for whom a companion was deemed desirable. So many advantages appear combined in this proposal, that Mrs. Stuart scarcely knew how far she might be justified in declining it, and further urged by the friendless situation in which her children might hereafter stand, when left dependent upon their own exertions, she was induced to acquiesce, and to conquer all those parental misgivings at heart, which perhaps ever assail a mother in parting from an inexperienced child. She candidly avowed to Lady Beauford the disposition of Edith; but under the control of strangers, and the discipline of a school-room, it was generally hoped that she would become a different girl, and probably far more tractable than she had hitherto been with her own family, in a retirement which had limited her views of life to the mere ideal

world of a vivid and ill-judging imagination, and thus had created so great a dislike to the straight-forward, quiet, Christian pursuits of her own village home. But Lady Beauford assured Mrs. Stuart that she would carefully watch over the morals and temper of her charge, and as she declared herself very strict in many religious duties, the mother was reconciled in believing that religion would not be neglected in the midst of worldly advantages.

To Edith, life now seemed as one unfading wreath of pleasure; for in the promise of living in London with the family of a rich baronet, she surely thought she had attained all that her young heart had longed for. She loved her mother, she loved Helen, and little Jessie had been her favorite plaything; but to her, their pursuits, their enjoyments were irksome and uninteresting, and she felt that she could leave them all, though never to forget them. She was one day expatiating to Helen on all her anticipated delights of London gaieties, when her sister warned her against indulging in visions such as life might never realise; 'For depend upon it, said she, 'the pleasure that the gay world is said to afford, is often dearly bought at the very time of its enjoyment, and that no happiness is so sure, so lasting, as that found in the calm duties of a christian's life.'

'Ah, well!' replied Edith, 'every one have their different tastes, and should be left at liberty to follow what best pleases them. To me, there is no pleasure in always thinking of death and heaven, in reading the Bible and teaching the dirty children a few texts and catechisms! Now, Helen, *you* like all this, but there can be no harm in liking any thing else a great deal better or in being happy at the thoughts of leaving a stupid village for a gay town.'

'But is there no *danger*,' exclaimed Helen, 'in following a shadow and losing the substance? Dearest Edith, it grieves me to the heart to see you opposed to

every thing that is rational, and to know how distant from each other we must walk through life; for I dare not turn aside from the only path to which my Saviour leads me, and why will *you*, Edith, leave his sacred fold, where you might be so happy both here and hereafter!

'O,' answered Edith, carelessly, 'I do not think that God loves us the more for being melancholy, nor less because we like gay people and gay things whenever we can meet them. He is too merciful to give us enjoyments, and then punish us if we love and taste them.'

'Beware, Edith,' said Helen, 'how you dare to impugn the noblest attribute of God, by lightly and irreverently charging him with folly! He has indeed given us *every* enjoyment, and bids us drink of them freely; nor is it because we choose to misname his gifts, and to call that irksome which is happiness, or that happiness which is too often but a curse, that we can throw upon God the inconsistency which is only in ourselves. The Bible is our chart, and if we follow its precepts and its warnings, we shall surely find joy in Christ and happiness in heaven! But if we presume to mark out our own destiny, and go the road we are commanded to shun, where will be the injustice of our punishment? No, Edith, God is truth, and too holy to swerve one letter from his word; then trust to no hopes but those which He for our comfort has revealed.'

'Ah! well,' replied Edith, impatiently, 'when I am old then I will read the Bible and be quite a saint! but don't let us talk so seriously any more, for we need not quarrel though we do not think alike.' Then, throwing her arms affectionately round her sister, she added, 'Dear Helen, you are so good and gentle that I shall always love you, and very often wish for you when you are no longer near me; but I never *can* like religion as you do, it is so very tedious, and makes me

feel so sleepy ; but you need not hate me, Helen, because I cannot understand your feelings !'

'Hate you !' exclaimed Helen, with a deep sigh, 'how gladly would I die, could my death but lead you to him whose love for you only can exceed my own ! I hate you, Edith ! have we not grown together—lived together—learnt together—slept on the same pillow since we were both infants ? And when you go away, where shall I find a companion so near to me in age and heart as you have been ? Oh ! why then should our hopes be separate, and these too so awfully divide us ? For how can we wish to meet again in heaven, if we both love not those pure joys which in heaven must unite us ? And where, Edith, but *there* can we meet, to part *no more* ?'

Edith was an affectionate girl, and touched by the tender solicitude of Helen, now sobbed upon her bosom. But it was ever thus such arguments would end, and vainly did Helen reason and entreat on a subject in which alone, perhaps, the sisters never yet had met ; for transient were the promises of amendment wrung from the mere feeling of momentary contrition, so soon did Edith resume her levity, and forget the pain by which it had for a moment been disturbed.

Time hastened on, and at the expiration of a few weeks, Edith left the sweet home of her childhood, and ah ! as she has since said, the scene of all her happiest days ! but pleasure beckoned her away, and tears only fell when her mother fondly blessed her, and the pale, silent Helen, pressed her to her bosom. But not so transient were the feelings of those who saw her go, although few words were suffered to express them. Helen, indeed, stood at the little gate with Jessie by her side, till Edith could be seen no more ; then stooping down to kiss the tears which stood on Jessie's cheek, she checked her own, and throwing her arm around the child both returned silently to the house. It was near the hour of tea, and Mrs. Stuart, to beguile

the time, was busily preparing the meal. The usual number of cups had been set upon the table, and with a sigh the widow took one off again, and placed it on a higher shelf of the cupboard. The tea was made, but little food was eaten, and there was a silence in every room, in every heart, which alone told that something now was wanting which never had before been missed. The linnet faintly twittered in its cage, Helen arose and fed the little prisoner. It was Edith's bird, and thus had she been ever wont to give his evening meal. Jessie watered Edith's flowers, and the mother taking some books which Edith had left in her charge, wrapt them in silver paper, and placed them where no injury could reach them. Thus was the absent one in every heart, and yet scarcely had her name been spoken. At length little Jessie, weary of being spiritless, asked to go to bed. Their only servant was called in, and the pious family assembled to close the day with thanksgivings unto Him from whom the blessings of that day had been received. The mother's voice at first was weak, and expressed a heart subdued; but it strengthened as the Spirit of Him to whom she prayed, gave utterance to her soul; for 'two or three' had 'gathered together' in his name, and in the midst of them there had his promised presence descended. So, in peace they again arose, and in love they parted for the night.

How dreary was now to Helen the room where, for the first time, she was to sleep alone! It seemed as if it were half unfurnished, and yet but one trunk had been removed. It was still strewn with all the usual litter of packing up. Drawers stood half open, but alas! they were empty, and Helen resolved that on the morrow she would have them filled. Everything bore marks of past confusion, but now all bustle had ceased, and not a sound was heard to break the silence of that cold and joyless scene. Ah! is there one who never yet has known the first desolateness of a young heart,

bereaved of its earliest tie, the companion of its every thought, its every wish? Who then but can understand the feelings with which Helen sat down, and in her loneliness re-called each scene of childhood where Edith had been dearest? The walks, the songs, the flowers which they had shared together, all, all returned! In every joy, in every playful hour which time had buried, Edith was remembered, her faults alone were now forgotten!

It is in trials such as these, that the christian's soul may sink and be reduced to all the weakness of sorrow, such as religion, it is sometimes said, should neither know nor feel. But religion cherishes rather than forbids the tenderness of nature; and though it heals and sanctifies, it cannot exempt the human heart from human sufferings, nor does it always avert its frailties, though it has power to cleanse and to subdue them. So Helen sobbed as bitterly as if the source of heavenly peace were closed against her, and for a moment she had well nigh forgotten the joy which 'cometh in the morning;' but soon the waters passed away that overwhelmed her soul, the dove returned, and she remembered the covenant with God, that 'as thy day, so shall thy strength be,' and she sought that strength whence alone she knew it never failed. The moonbeams faintly fell upon her bed, as by its side she knelt, and seemed in their pure and radiant light to bear some mission of peace, in earnest of future glory to the young, believing, lowly Christian, who asked to love her Savior more singly, and all else more subserviently, that earth might 'twine no more about her heart,' nor earthly cares divide her from her God!

It was a lovely night, and tempted to linger for a while, Helen softly opened her little casement window to think once more of Edith, for often had they stood there side by side, to watch the moon, as it slowly sailed along, or quickly seemed to roll over the high arch of heaven. The evening mists were lightly falling,

and hung in glittering drops on the rose leaves which embowered Helen's room, and the new-made hay scattered in the fields around, lent its sweet fragrance to the dewy air. Every leaf was still, so gently did the breeze pass by; and while all nature seemed to sleep, the pensive nightingale alone raised her sad song to wake the melody with which her deep and tender note filled every neighboring wood. The moon in partial rays silvered each sloping hill, and threw into deeper shade the dark perspective of the distant cliffs; while nearer rose the little peaceful church, whose rustic walls were now dimly seen between the branching elms which sheltered them.

Such sounds, such scenes, were no novelty to Helen, but ever was her heart peculiarly susceptible to the harmony of nature, and the awakening majesty of creation. She loved to contemplate the works of her Creator, whether in the mighty scheme of man's redemption, or in the varied wonders of His universe. But never was her soul more raised above the world than now, as she gazed on the scenery before her. 'Oh!' thought she, 'if God for sinful man creates a world like this, what must be the throne of Jesus' glory! or the dwelling place of his redeemed?' Again she thought of Edith, and guessed that even now she might be travelling. 'God grant,' exclaimed the affectionate girl, 'that she may be journeying heavenward, that we may meet again at Zion's gate, and both find an advocate in Christ to plead our entrance there!' Her eyes were full of tears, and she dared no longer think of Edith, for sadder thoughts than these returned, and fain would she forget them. She closed the window, retired to rest, and soon slept sweetly, for the peace of God was over her!

The next morning the little family again assembled, and all their wonted cheerfulness returned. Jessie was playful as ever, Helen as busy, and Mrs. Stuart as calmly resigned. Edith was often spoken of, but tears no

longer followed her name. Her bird was fed, her flowers watered, but the task was not now painful; the parting hour had passed, *she* was happy, and every regret yielded to the fond wish that she might ever be so.

Thus had Edith left her mother at the age of fifteen, to be the companion of a spoilt but amiable and warm-hearted girl, a twelve-month younger than herself. She had once since then returned, and appeared in many respects an improved character; but Mrs. Stuart still saw, that in the most essential principles she had gained but little progress. Pride, vanity, and a love of dress and pleasure, were still the predominant errors of her mind. She was, however, happy, in her situation, and was loved by her benefactress, so that all seemed well, and she again left her mother and Glencairn. But often would Mrs. Stuart question how sisters of the same parents, modelled on the same principles of education, could be so opposite as Helen and Edith had ever been? The one so gentle, steady, and retiring; the other so vain, high-spirit, and self-willed. Helen ever shrank from observation, Edith as eagerly sought it. Helen, indeed, possessed no talents to attract, but her mind was strong and perceptive, her judgment clear, and her principles decided. Her feelings were susceptible, and perhaps too quick, but they were so well controlled, that they seldom betrayed her to weakness, and only those who understood her, could perhaps know how keenly she sympathised in all that could pain another. She had few personal attractions, and early accustomed to hear herself called a 'plain girl,' she had sought for treasures of more intrinsic value, so that, heedless of the rest, she was now unconscious of the sweetness which threw over her countenance that best of beauty—the soft expression of a pure and pious heart. Edith was fair and beautiful; so fair, that all who saw her, turned again to smile on beauty so attractive! But, alas! Edith loved not God, and vain were the efforts of her mother to raise the seeds of righteousness in a heart where God was not.

Who that reads human nature with a mind unprejudiced by pride, can deny its inherent love of sin, its enmity to holiness? 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?' Then 'why boastest thou thyself, O mighty man? 'There is none righteous, no not one;' where then can be found that *innocence* of heart, of which man so vainly boasts? O how fatal will be the delusion of such as will claim no other plea to enter heaven, than that of a *self-righteous* soul! No, the grace of God is alone able to work in us 'both to will and to do of his good pleasure,' and those who presumptuously reject his guidance, in fancied security of their own strength, will be left to stumble on the 'dark mountain,' whence no road to heaven can be found; and must finally lose the prize of our high calling, offered to *all* who will 'fight the good fight of faith,' armed only with the shield of Jesus' power! Our good Shepherd holds forth His arm of strength to lead each wanderer to the fold of Zion, but if rejecting this we go astray and *will not* listen to his sacred call—ah! who can save us from the lion, and snatch us from the jaws of death? We have a chart, on which the gracious hand of God has, with a foresight and faithfulness too wonderful to be conceived, marked every quicksand, gulf, and rock which can betray the soul to ruin; and with an equal mercy has there fixed the 'eternal word,' that every eye may behold and follow the 'light, the life, the resurrection!' We must not think that education is Christianity, or Christianity the mere *knowledge* of spiritual things. A learned divine may be an infidel, an ignorant peasant may be a child of God. The *heart* is the test by which we shall be weighed. It must ascend to heaven with the pure flame of faith, borne on the wings of humble, unassuming hope! Its credentials must be Jesus Christ, its desire his glory, its only plea *his* merits! This is the work of God alone, and in this the hand of man can bear no part;

and although parents and guardians will indeed stand awfully responsible for the education of those with whom God has entrusted them, they will be accountable only for the care with which they were cultivated, and not for the fruits which they shall bear. They must be trained heavenward, moulded on the gospel, nourished by the religion of Christ, and sheltered by the example of piety. But if with all this care thorns spring up instead of fruit, and weeds where flowers were planted, then at the great harvest of mankind the laborer shall be free, but the unprofitable tree be withered, and bear no part in paradise. So will it be with parents and children, masters and servants, ministers, and people. Each must give an account of his own stewardship, and according to faithfulness in that which they have received, shall every one be finally rewarded.

CHAPTER IV.

The visits of Miriam to the glen became so frequent as to excite the most painful anxiety in the mind of her tutor. Imlah had of late been too much engrossed by affairs of a public nature, to heed the prophetic forebodings, with which Mendez continually endeavored to arrest his attention to the alarming progress of Miriam's intimacy with Helen Stuart, which the Rabbins considered as nothing short of heathenish apostacy.

But mortified by this determined opposition to his parental lenity, and vexed that his child should be so mistrusted, Imlah grew deaf to all remonstrances, and at length only the more resolutely forbade all interference where her pleasure was concerned. He was indeed become so much accustomed to see her seek enjoyment beyond her home, that he ceased to fear evil consequences from an intercourse, in which he thought none now could arise, although he would probably have felt less secure had not a new scene of ambition diverted his mind from the present to the future welfare of his daughter, whose career of glory he fondly hoped was even now beginning to dawn. Private intelligence had reached him relative to a secret mission from Palestine to the principal rabbis in Germany, which promised an early restoration of their rights in that country, if forwarded by the combined assistance of such as were most in power amongst the German rulers, and Imlah was now entreated to return and aid the advancement of so glorious a cause. Delighted with this revival of confidence, poor Imlah thought only of his country, and the certain restoration which this reunion of power would insure to Israel; nor will we venture even to sketch the mighty visions which his imagination now wrought of the new Jerusalem at hand, Messiah's conquest, and the total overthrow of all apostacy; neither will we stop to count the hours which Imlah paced his room, while realising to himself the glorious triumphs which he was about perhaps to aid and share. It was in one of these reveries that he was startled by the unusual intrusion of Mendez, who, in the full dress of his sacred office, as if to add to the supposed importance of his mission, slightly apologised for this interruption, and demanded a few moments attention to a subject of too serious an import to be delayed. Imlah, who only now thought of his child, hastily enquired if any evil had befallen her?

'Not of bodily injury,' sullenly murmured the Rab-

bin, as if he thought that were a very secondary apprehension; 'but her soul is seared with the iron of infidelity, and what but a miracle can heal the deadly wound which your own obstinacy has left to canker?' Here he turned pale, and casting a reproachful look on Imlah, threw aside the sleeve of his robe, whose folds concealed his talismanic warning, pointing significantly to the phylactery, on which was written in letters of gold, 'Sanctify unto me all the first-born of Israel.'

'Speak!' exclaimed Imlah with an angry frown, irritated by the reproof which this action so dubiously conveyed, 'speak not in these dark conjectures, which, by all that is sacred, I will not bear; but tell me plainly upon what grounds you dare allege so foul a charge against the daughter of Imlah Durvan?'

'May the spirits of our fathers descend and calm the anger of your soul, my son,' solemnly replied the Rabin, 'and defend us from the dangers of these dark times! But had you, Imlah, earlier trusted to my *conjectures*, I had not now to mar your peace by this fearful truth, that Miriam has received from the accursed hands of the apostate Helen—a Christian's Bible!'

'I ask you again,' exclaimed the astonished Imlah in breathless agitation, but still resolved to be incredulous, 'upon what evidence you dare allege this charge?'

'Upon the evidence of my own sight,' said Mendez, 'as within this hour I walked on Roland's cliff, where Miriam passed me with her friend, and received the book as a parting token from the young heretic.' then, after a pause, as if he would fain have been without this emollient to offer, he added, 'but I must own it was accepted with a promise not to open it without your consent. I have therefore hastened to warn you of the request, that you may for once be prepared to sacrifice your weak indulgence to the saving of that poor girl's soul, since I find that *my* consent and *my* advice are now quite unnecessary to Miss Durvan.'

‘Meddling dotard,’ whispered Imlah to himself, as now relieved he wiped the drops of agony which his feelings had wrought upon his brow; then turning to the Rabbin, he replied: ‘You might well have spared me this anguish, Mendez, until quite convinced that it was necessary to inflict it. I was sure that Miriam could not so abuse my confidence as to enjoy it to our mutual ruin. But all is well, for doubtless she will avow to both of us the circumstances which have induced her to receive a Christian’s Bible, if indeed the book you saw were one, and this is all I could require of her.’

Mendez, who had before dreaded the effects of tidings which he considered so terrific, now looked upon the apparent indifference of his patron with mingled surprise and contempt, while again inclosing his meagre person in his long robe, he exclaimed, ‘Fond and sanguine fool! whose soul can feed upon such fatal, such absurd sophistry, rather than mar the wayward fancies of a spoiled and self-willed child!’ Then meekly folding his arms across his breast, as if he would fain have quelled the angry passion which labored within, he earnestly ejaculated, ‘O Lord God of our fathers! the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, awake, and graciously remember the covenant which thou swearest unto thy people Israel! Renew our days in this long captivity! Remember thy children in a land not their own, nor suffer aliens to approach them to their hurt! O shield the remnant of thy chosen from heresy, and save, especially, this hapless daughter of our race, now in the time of danger and great tribulation. O Lord! hasten thou the coming of our long-expected Deliverer!’

‘Amen!’ fervently exclaimed Imlah; ‘and now, Mendez, sit down and listen patiently, while I open my heart to you without reserve, on a subject in which I hope to meet your counsel and assistance. You have thought me negligent in our sacred cause, but little did

you know how it has of late absorbed my every thought, while night and day I have labored to restore its fallen power. You are now old, my friend, and require rest from these anxious toils which well nigh break the heart of those who bear them, else would I not thus have left you ignorant of the mighty scheme which is about to waken Israel from her slumbers, and call her sons to glory. But now I fear no failure, then read these documents, and let their hidden import be sacredly confined to your own bosom, for remember on secrecy depends the final success of our purpose.'

Miriam's apostasy and the Bible were now forgotten, while the poor old Rabbin, with a countenance suddenly changed from sullen sorrow to glad surprise, took with trembling hands the packet which Imlah laid before him, and having attentively perused the most important of its papers, exclaimed, clasping his hands with grateful joy, 'Moses and the prophets be blessed and praised! But Imlah, my son, why are ye idle here, when Israel demands thy wealth and time, and all thou hast? Will ye not go to Hanover, and unite with the holy conclave now assembled in the righteous cause of Judah? And then,' added he, with a smile of triumph, as he suddenly recollected his morning's terror, 'our beauteous daughter will be safe from the jaws of this accursed host of infidels, which, like the great Leviathan, is lurking to destroy her spotless soul.'

'Aye,' replied Imlah, mournfully, recalling his youthful ardor, 'but bitter experience has taught me, my good Rabbin, to follow prudence not impulse, and to prefer the dictates of a cool judgment, rather than the mad enthusiasm of an impetuous mind. Our great and learned Rabbi, Menasseh Ben-Israel, is my present adviser, and he reasons well on the necessity of my remaining here until my personal presence is required in Germany, lest my return should excite suspicion, and awaken the vigilance of the ecclesiastical government. In the mean time he has my free

permission to claim from me whatever sums of money he may stand in need of, which at present is principally required for the expenses, and insuring the fidelity of emissaries necessarily employed between our parties in Palestine and Germany. Respecting Mirjam, she is already the affianced bride of the young Aben Ezra, a powerful ally, and only son of Menasseh Ben-Israel; an alliance to which I have now pledged my faith, and thus,' added he, rising from his seat with an air of dignified triumph, as if he already saw the crown of glory upon his daughter's head, 'will be at length united the only scions of the illustrious David which we can trace amidst the scattered tribes of our race. But here, Mendez, we ask your assistance and patient toil. In establishing our claims it will be desirable, nay, absolutely essential, that we should be enabled to collect proofs of our descent—a point which the negligence of our ancient rulers has at present left dubious, and which has given so great an advantage to the Gentiles against us, in making it appear that the man Christ was the last of David's line, whose genealogy can be traced: an assertion which it now behoves us to refute, not only for the overthrow of calumny and imposture, but to establish the credit of our own Messiah, whose reign is doubtless now at hand. To you then, Mendez, we now consign these papers,' pointing to an enormous pile of parchment scrolls, 'which have been lately collected by Menasseh, for the purpose of drawing out a clear and correct genealogy of our descent, not doubting but that your presevering zeal and patient labor will surmount the difficulties of so arduous an undertaking.'

The Rabbih shook his head, and timidly acquiesced. This was indeed a task, the difficulties of which he too well knew to promise or even hope for success; for in his youthful zeal he had often secretly attempted the herculean labor, but had never yet been able to connect the branches of this broken tree, and it still re-

mained an anomaly to him, which required the very faith of an Abraham to overcome, while still he would not doubt the possibility of restoring so important a document. 'I will do my best,' said he, scarcely venturing to look upon the appalling heap. 'But what do you intend to do respecting Miriam?' added he, anxious to change the current of his thoughts; 'would it not be advisable for me at once to convey her to Hanover, and there await your arrival?'

'We must proceed more patiently, my good Mendez,' replied Imlah, smiling; 'but I think you need now fear nothing for the safety of her soul. She must, however at present know nothing of her intended destiny, although I trust a few months, nay, weeks only, will elapse before its final accomplishment. In the mean time, she must, as usual, be left at perfect liberty to continue her intercourse with the Christian Stuarts, nor shall I longer restrict her even on the subject of their religion, for she must know, before she can refute their folly, and soon, Mendez, she will probably stand as the ambassadress of a cause, in which I hope she will prove herself competent and worthy.'

Imlah had now completely wrought himself to a delusion, in which every ambitious hope, every anxious wish, which he had fostered from childhood until now, seemed already realised, and he could only see in Miriam the mother of Messiah, and in himself the avenging hero of his cause. Mendez, too, excited by these renewed hopes of freedom, was scarcely less deceived. Time seemed within that hour to have snatched a score of years from his venerable features, and his countenance brightened with the importance of so glad a secret; he was about to leave the room which he had entered with such different feelings, such different forebodings; but Imlah detained him, reminding him of his injunctions to secrecy. 'And remember,' added he, 'that Miriam must know nothing

beyond the probability of our return to Germany, of which I shall myself immediately inform her; but of Aben Ezra I shall say nothing, lest in the waywardness of woman's will, she should be tempted to negative our proposal. We shall have time enough for this when other things are done.' So saying, he gave his hand to the rabbin in token of renewed amity, and they parted like faithful allies, each to pursue their separate avocations in the same cause of mutual interest.

Miriam was now summoned to her father's study. She had observed the rabbin hastily leave the cliff, as he caught sight of Helen Stuart, who was with her on her return from her morning's visit to Glencairn, and therefore guessed what the purport of so unusual a summons might be. But the ingenuous girl had nothing to fear, so she willingly obeyed, with a light heart, to answer her father's interrogations on the conversations which she felt sure must have been overheard by Mendez. 'Here I come, dear father,' said the laughing girl, as she entered the room with a Bible in her hand, 'to plead the cause of Mendez versus Miriam, and as counsel for the defendant, do I pronounce my hapless client innocent of every charge against her of apostacy and disobedience.' Then playfully presenting the book, while falling on one knee, she continued in the same strain of assumed solemnity, 'and also, most honorable judge, do I surrender this banner of infidelity which so unhappily fomented the wrath of our august rabbin against my client, who now humbly pleads 'not guilty' of treasonable intent in receiving such a badge of heresy from the opponents of our noble cause, but rather for the obtaining your lordship's signature and seal to the very laudable design of refuting the same to the conversion of Gentiles, and for the furtherance of our own religion amid these dark mountains of heathen ignorance.'

'Rise, then, most learned advocate,' replied Imlah,

smiling, and taking the hand of his prostrate pleader, with the same playful gravity, 'let the cause be fairly tried, and so shall it be adjudged accordingly. But methinks the pretext weak; upon which your client justifies her suspicious contempt for our laws, which you know are strict against every connivance at heretical interference, and such, at least, we conceive is her possession of this apostate creed.'

Miriam, whose patience was by no means inclined to keep pace with the tedious proceedings of legal pros and cons, which this mimic tribunal threatened, threw aside her assumed character to plead for herself in her own plain words. 'A truce to law, dear father,' she exclaimed, 'and I will seriously tell you that Helen Stuart lent me this book, at my own request, conditionally that I would not even open it without your previous knowledge and permission, which I willingly promised to do.'

'And for what childish curiosity, Miriam,' said Im-lah, 'do you desire to penetrate that veil of mystery and imposture, which at the peril of my curses, I have so solemnly commanded you never to touch?'

'It is for no curiosity of my own,' replied Miriam, with a countenance imploring forgiveness, 'but because I wish to convince Helen that our scriptures are divinely authorised, and that the New Testament cannot possibly prove that the predictions of our Messiah were really fulfilled in the person of Jesus Christ, which she has promised to believe, if, in comparing it with our scriptures, I can improve them inconsistent with each other, which surely may easily be done, if you will but help me in the task.'

'But how, Miriam, dared you even discuss a subject which I have so often cautioned you to avoid?'

'Most sacredly have I ever done so, my dearest father, until last night, when reading the book of our prophet Zachariah, I was struck with the promise, that

in the latter days ten men shall take hold of the skirts of a Jew, out of all languages of the nation; and immediately my heart rejoiced, and I thought of dear Helen's love to me, as being surely of the Lord to aid her conversion; for may not I be one of those Jews, my father, of whom even this Gentile family may take hold and say, 'we will go with you for we have heard that God is with you.' The design of leading them all to this, has ever since so filled my mind, that I was unwarily led to open the subject with Helen this morning, even before I had obtained your permission, but it was, believe me, with no intent to conceal from you a single word of what might pass between us.'

'Silly child,' exclaimed Imlah, while he could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his artless Miriam, 'you know not the mass of obstinacy and superstition you will have to contend with, before you can awaken conviction in a Gentile mind. You must leave the task to abler hands, my child, although I hope the day is already beginning to dawn, which will forever end this long, long night of Israel's captivity! Yes, Miriam, when the avenging sword of our Messiah shall slay these proud usurpers, then, but not till then, will Gentiles gladly lay hold of an Israelite's skirt, and ask mercy from those to whom so little mercy has been shown! That glorious day is now, I trust, at hand, and you, my Miriam, may soon be called to a nobler mission, than converting the peasants of Glencairn!'

Miriam looked surprised and half-alarmed, as she asked her father's meaning. He then told her all that he thought necessary of the embassy in which he was engaged, only concealing from her that which more immediately concerned herself; but when he mentioned the probability of their so soon leaving England, all the joy, betrayed in her bright countenance as she heard of the probable restoration of her people, yielded to such an expression of mingled sorrow and surprise, that Imlah, disappointed, asked her, 'if she were weak enough

to regret the prospect of freedom from their gloomy exile ?'

'O no,' she mournfully replied, endeavoring to rally her thoughts. 'I am glad, very glad we are going, if you will be happier in Germany than here; for I have often wished that you, too, had friends to allure your thoughts from sorrow;' but here again her feelings overpowered her, and totally overcome by the strange confusion of ideas which lay so suddenly floating on her mind, of wars and conquests, vengeance and power, hope and ambition, which her father's vivid detail had so readily excited, she threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed in all the violence of contending feelings. Imlah pressed her fondly to his bosom, but for some moments attempted not to check her tears, which he knew to be only the overflowings of a heart as yet unused to the emotions of surprise. But the feelings of youth are transient, and soon was the countenance of Miriam restored to its wonted cheerfulness, as now, half laughing through her tears, she asked a thousand questions, and listened with renewed delight to the novelties of her anticipated destiny.

'In the mean time, dear child,' said Imlah, 'you are no longer restricted in your intercourse with your Gentile friends. Hear what you will of their religion, that you may the better be enabled to establish your own, should you hereafter be called upon to refute our opposers. But remember, that this alone is the purpose for which you are thus entrusted with so unlimited a power of judging for yourself, and in the utmost confidence of your firmness and integrity it is yielded to you. At your peril then, Miriam, abuse a father's trust, for I once more repeat, that every curse a parent can call down from Heaven should be the forfeit of your apostacy. But this I do not fear, for I believe my noble girl has a mind beyond the reach of superstition, and a heart too fondly linked with her father's happiness, to yield either the one or the other to the mysterious spells

of Christian idolatry. Take, then, this jumble of their faith,' added he, scornfully throwing the New Testament before her, 'and see how well ignorance can feed upon the dregs of superstition. How, while the mysteries and miracles of our great prophet have been slighted, the idle tales of a few infatuated fishermen have been accredited and received!'

'Never shall they deceive *me*, dearest father,' exclaimed Miriam, while with thoughts occupied with a far different conversion, she added, 'and be assured, I shall read this book with a better design, than to mar your happiness, or the faith which God and the prophets have revealed to the remnant of their chosen servants.'

'But still with one condition, must I limit this indulgence,' said Imlah, thoughtfully; 'it is, that you will consult the rabbin on every difficulty which can possibly excite a doubt, ay, the shadow of a doubt, in your mind; for I well know those specious fools have so artfully entwined some truth with their mass of falsehood, that it may require a more experienced head than yours, my child, to discern the one and detect the other. Now leave me, Miriam, for I have papers of importance to despatch ere the sun sets, and the day is already ebbing fast away. But remember, you must carefully conceal all that has passed between us, save the prospect of our leaving England, which I shall wish you rather to report as a certainty; and with such tidings, you may if you will bear my thanks to Mrs. Stuart for her kindness to you, and above all, for the forbearance with which you say she has desisted from interfering with our opinions. Then, after a pause, he added, as a generous feeling kindled in his bosom at the remembrance of her honest worth, 'Yes, she has been kind and unobtrusive, which is more than might have been expected from a Gentile to a Jew. So I may thank her,' said he haughtily, 'and may almost wish a blessing on them all, for I believe they are

amongst the few Christian apostates, who err more from ignorant simplicity than willful apostacy.'

Never before had Miriam heard a blessing fall from her father's lips upon a Christian soul, and, as if the sweetest boon had been bestowed upon herself, she took his hand, and pressed it gratefully between both her own in silent acknowledgement of such welcome praise. She dared not speak, lest she might, by one unwary word, touch the spring of some slumbering ill, and change the current of his thoughts to their wonted bitterness. So she only blest him in the expressive eloquence of her soft dark eyes, and hastily left him to meditate upon those strange events, which in a few hours seemed to have changed the whole tide of existence.

The next morning Miriam arose, after a night of dreams, in which Germany and Glencairn alternately filled her mind. The one with visions of vague and indefinable happiness, the other with the anguish of parting, perhaps for ever, from those whom next her father she most loved on earth. So in her waking moments was her heart oppressed with a thousand varying feelings, as she stood at her window looking on the peaceful valley where she had passed such joyous hours, and scarcely thought the change could be a happy one, which must remove her from those sweet haunts of her childhood. But again the promise of her country's freedom roused the wonted energy of her mind, and she only wondered why she felt not happier when her earliest and fondest wish was so soon about to be realised. Helen's little bible caught her eye, and recalled the design which but yesterday had so absorbed her very soul. She took it up, and opened at the second chapter of Acts, in which a mark was placed. She read it, and was surprised to find so many references to the Old Testament, and immediately compared the texts, in which certainly appeared no inconsistency; 'but after all,' thought she, again carelessly closing the

book, 'St. Peter gives us here no *proof* that Christ was he whom David prophesied should see no corruption, and as my father says, some truth must be mingled to make the fiction plausible.'

She now obeyed the summons to breakfast, and having hastily finished the meal, she repaired to Glencairn for the two-fold purpose of informing her friends of her father's proposed departure and converting Helen Stuart to the cause of Israel. With a light and happy heart she descended the cliffs which raised Fernhill above the luxuriant valley, now rich with the first colorings of autumn and the freshness of a September morning added to the elasticity of her usual spirits, while her imagination grew full of future happiness, and every care lay for a time forgotten in the fertile hopes which fancy created in her susceptible mind. But in reaching the sweet glen where she again caught sight of the white cottage, whose peaceful beauties time had increased rather than marred, since it first attracted her childish praise, her heart became heavier and she seemed to wish that the prospect of leaving it lay in more distant perspective. 'Never,' thought she, 'shall I be happier than I have been here! And though I may indeed be more flattered and distinguished in another country, I shall never be so loved again as by the grateful tenants of this humble dwelling.' Tears filled her eyes, and scarcely were their traces gone ere she was met by Helen, to whom the purport of her mission was soon related. 'God's will be done,' said Helen, thoughtfully raising her eyes to heaven, 'and may his blessing ever follow you! I had indeed hoped, and fervently have I prayed that'—but checking the expression of her wishes, she simply added, 'if it be right for you to go, doubtless it will tend to your welfare; but in you, dear Miriam, we shall indeed lose a kind, generous, invaluable friend.' Miriam, grateful for this affectionate eulogium, now caught the full sadness of Helen's

own forebodings, and unwilling to trust her feelings, she silently entered the cottage. Mrs. Stuart sat industriously occupied with work, while at the same time she was listening to her little Jessie, who by her side was attentively reading Bishop Horne's beautiful Commentary on the Psalms. She paused as Miriam advanced and ran forward to welcome her, but was checked from her usual expressions of delight by observing the tears which now more freely fell from Miriam's eyes. Silence for some moments ensued, till Mrs. Stuart anxious to know the cause of such unlooked-for sorrow, mildly enquired what had happened. Miriam, unable to answer, fell on her bosom and wept bitterly, as she recalled all the maternal tenderness with which Mrs. Stuart had for months brightened her solitary life with almost a mother's love. 'Miss Durvan is going to leave us,' at length replied Helen, 'and in a few weeks will probably be for ever settled in her own native country.' Mrs. Stuart thus relieved from more serious fears, pressed the grateful Miriam to her heart and bade her be comforted, 'For it is we alone, I hope,' she added, 'that can in this prospect need consolation, since you should rather be congratulated on what your father has so long desired.' All that she dared reveal, Miriam now repeated to her anxious auditors, and Mrs. Stuart recalling only the advantages of her return to Germany, soon restored the cheerfulness which had been for a time disturbed. Jessie alone would not feel reconciled to the prospect of losing her favorite companion. She had sat down on a little stool by Miriam's side, and resting her arm upon her knee, silently fixed her blue eyes on Miriam's face, while deaf to all that was passing, she could only think of what that sweet girl had been and still was to her. How, like another sister, she had so fondly nursed and watched in her illness, and was ever willing still to amuse or teach her, whether she wished to play or learn. Thus filling her young heart to over-

flowing by these associations, she at length covered her face with both her hands, and laying her head in Miriam's lap, she softly cried in all the pettishness of childish sorrow. Miriam was now the comforter. She dearly loved that child, and tried to soothe her sorrow by every promise calculated to make the parting less appalling.

Miriam then mentioned the permission she had obtained from her father to read the New Testament, and she challenged Helen in an argument on its contents, playfully defying her to prove its authority upon the testimony of the ancient inspired writers. 'Now do not be obstinate, Helen,' added she, laughing, 'but remember your promised acquiescence, if I can prove the inconsistencies of your scriptures with our own.'

'Yes! if indeed you can do so,' replied Helen, 'I will that moment yield my creed to yours.' She looked at her mother as she spoke with a significant smile of delight, her whole countenance brightening with so unexpected a mercy, while inwardly she asked the blessing of God upon the engagement.

The widow was even still more deeply affected by what appeared so miraculous an indulgence on the part of Imlah. She was indeed ignorant of the conditions and purport, by which the privileges had been compromised, but she too well knew where to trace the blessing to call it one of chance; so in her heart she praised 'the fountain of all goodness,' and was thankful for any circumstance which had opened the Bible to the young Jewess, believing that her comprehensive mind would readily embrace the truth 'as it is in Jesus,' when offered in the plain convictions of scripture. Mrs. Stuart, however, judiciously forebore pressing the subject, lest she should appear unfairly to overrule the objections of the opponent, before she was prepared for the trial; she therefore only expressed the pleasure she should have in becoming a party in so interesting a discussion, and assured Miriam that she too would be

a willing proselyte if she succeeded in establishing her threatened clause.

Poor Miriam, delighted by this encouragement, thought the conversion of the whole family was now insured, and already did her vivid fancy picture them 'laying hold' of her 'skirt,' not from fear, but from sterling conviction, and leaving all to follow her father and the sacred cause of Israel. So she took leave of her friends with a lighter heart, under an engagement shortly to meet again to combat with Helen the interesting subject in question. Whenever the principle and practice of piety is found united, its force carries an irresistible appeal to every heart which can candidly estimate the value of religion, however different from its own may be the opinions on which that principle and that practice be founded. The conscientious discharge of duty according to the faith professed, is the most powerful evidence through which we, in our limited judgment of each other, receive the testimony of the soul's desire to be right; and whenever this evidence is met by a mind unbiassed by prejudice, whether exemplified in Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, we must at least revere the endeavor thus evinced of serving God, although we may regret and pity the errors upon which we believe that practical obedience established.

It was this beautiful consistency, so strikingly manifested in the conduct of Mrs. Stuart and Helen, that had softened the feelings of Imlah Durvan towards them, and changed his rooted aversion for Christian individuals to a more lenient enmity against their creed alone; and that had at first endeared them to the generous heart of Miriam, who almost unconsciously found her sweetest enjoyment now centered in their affection and society, while often would she wish the barrier removed, which so sadly separated them in those first principles, by which a more intimate union of heart and feeling might otherwise have been openly cement-

ed. In Helen, however, she found a companion, if of an humbler standard in mental acquirements, still equal to herself in good sense, and that refinement of mind, which flows from the spring of true piety, and throws a lustre over the character which raises its possessor far above the mere creature of rank or education.

Such was Helen : and Miriam thought it no condescension to love her modest worth, or to appreciate the affection of one, whom she now, with the humility of a truly noble mind, regarded as an example to herself. Helen, indeed, had been early trained to the practice of self-denial, and as time unrolled the vicissitudes of life, she became the more convinced of its necessity, even in those daily trials, which are often thought too unimportant to call forth the exercise of Christian virtues. To this watchfulness over self, she owed that equanimity of temper which enabled her so sweetly to bear and forbear. Her unsophisticated mind followed the simple principles of truth, such as her Bible had taught her, and her endeavor was to keep her mind constantly under the subjection of divine influence ; while firm in every purpose of duty, she had nothing of that unbending reserve which too often accompanies what is called — *decision of character*. Such a mind was peculiarly fitted to guide and influence one, who with many virtues, wanted those of self-control ; for the education of Miriam had not been favorable to the discipline of the heart, and often satiated with the unvaried splendor which so coldly dazzled around her, and yet too sensible of the indulgence which had raised it solely for her sake openly to complain, she began to feel that something beyond these perishable baubles was indeed necessary for the happiness of the soul ; for with all that human wishes could require, she was restless and dissatisfied, and gladly would she sometimes have exchanged her useless talents and unvalued wealth for the peace and industry which blessed the simple cottagers of Glencairn !

He had early been taught to believe that the happiness of Christians was derived only from a temporary triumph of successful fanaticism, permitted for a time to humble Israel, and to accomplish the prophecies of its unerring justice. But she had seen *that* happiness too surely realised in peace of mind which this could not give, longer to doubt its value, though hardly could she understand the principle from which it sprang. Nor could she but frequently compare her home with that of her Christian friends, and when she did so, Judaism seemed to throw a gloom of mystery coloring over the one, which darkened not the other. She had seen Christianity tranquilise the soul, mould the heart to the most patient endurance of all ills, while her own religion produced no evidence of its boasted power; and she trembled, as she strove to solve this mystery, at the threatened risk of her father's malediction. It is true, she had never seen much of the Jewish world beyond her own circle, but she knew that both her father and the rabbin were acknowledged as high standards of the Jewish character, not only in talent, but in principle, and yet, were either of them happy? They talked of certain deliverance, seemed not to shrink from the trials of their temporal bondage. But how did they enjoy this boasted peace, or how was this submission evidenced? She had seen her father sinking beneath the rigors of self-imposed fasts, and yet the sacrifice bestowed no brighter peace to tell that peace was the result; and while he strove to rise above the scoff of man, he lived and died being amidst mankind, as if he dared not meet the glance of pity. The rabbin, if less the victim of despair, was not more influenced by the faith of which he boasted. Infatuated, from his youth, to believe that he should see Jerusalem restored, and live to the personal presence of Messiah, the poor old man now stood, as it were, on the verge of the grave, of apprehension, and irritated by this un-

longing old age daily became more irksome, although he would fain have retarded the rapid flight of time, lest death should disappoint the ambition for which alone he wished to live; and thus had the natural tenacity of his disposition increased to a moroseness miserable to himself, and trying to all around him. In this spirit, did the inmates of Fernhill mutually hail with delight the prospect of a new career, which seemed to change the whole tenor of their thoughts from melancholy to happiness. Imlah no longer bore upon his brow the gloom of inward and concealed despair. He was active in his pursuits, and almost cheerful in his hours of recreation. Mendez, too, diverted from spleen and discontent, heeded no ills while occupied in the important task of restoring the broken genealogy of Israel's tribes; and even Miriam, when she could forget the Stuarts, was as much elated at the thoughts of a busier life, as her father could desire.

CHAPTER V.

A favorite grotto, formed in the interior of St. Roland's cliff, was dedicated by Miriam to retirement and study. It was her sanctum, in which none, unasked by her, dared venture to intrude, and was the extent of boundary which Imlah had prescribed for Christian intercourse, beyond which no Christian tread was suffered to approach the magnificent mansion of Fernhill.

It was a spot well calculated for repose and meditation. Shaded on every side from observation by the luxuriant covering of over-hanging foilage, none could approach its entrance, without a timely warning of such intrusion to the recluse, who might be engaged within its glittering precincts. A fountain, of the purest marble, fancifully played before it, whose sparkling waters mingled with the calm Avona, as they fell from their fairy spring into the stream beneath the cliff; while in the distance lay the fertile glen, always to Miriam so welcome a perspective. The interior of the cave was furnished with such sources of amusement as Miriam most delighted in; and here would she often enjoy the toils of literature, or in lighter hours, the music of her harp, to which her sweet voice would answer in some mournful song of Zion. It was in this retreat that Miriam and Helen were now contesting the arguments in favor of their respective creeds; the one puzzled amid intricacies and contradictions of the Talmud, the other firm in her simple persuasions of Christian revelation, while she endeavored to prove Jesus 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' the 'one oblation offered for the sins of all mankind,' upon which alone salvation could depend. 'Then according to your view of the subject,' exclaimed Miriam, 'the sin-offerings of Moses and the inspired prophets were raised to heaven in vain, and all expelled from the favor of God who had no blood to sprinkle upon their altars—of a man not then thought of—whom Christians persist in receiving as their Redeemer. You cannot, of course, believe the Scriptures concerning Moses and the prophets, since you deny the efficacy of those types and ceremonies, by which the covenant of a Messiah was divinely established between Jehovah and ourselves?'

'Most sacredly do I believe them all,' earnestly replied Helen, 'nor do I consider them the least contradictory to the covenant fulfilled in the Redeemer. We

differ not in our views of the promises of God, but widely in the method of their accomplishment. We believe, by a thousand well-attested and unanswerable evidences, that the Messiah then predicted was fulfilled in the person of Jesus Christ, while you, denying his divinity and mission, still await the deliverance which is already completed. But far be it from any Christian to deny the works of your great lawgiver, typical as they all were, of those which afterwards sealed the work of redemption. The sin-offerings of Israel were but mystical of that one sacrifice made for all mankind by the blood of our spotless Lamb; and these accepted, I conceive, only so far as they were spiritually offered as sureties of faith in the efficacy of God's appointed means, not for any virtue or atonement in themselves. These have ceased, according to prophecy, since the coming of Messiah, which in itself, offers so obvious a proof in favor of Jesus Christ, that I am surprised you can deny it.'

'For the sins and iniquities of our father,' answered Miriam, 'Jerusalem was to become a reproach, and for this cause doubtless we are still left without altars and without sacrifice. What further proof can you adduce from the Old Testament that Messiah is already come?'

'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah *until Shiloh come*,' replied Helen; if, therefore, he be not come, it is not extraordinary that at the coming of Jesus, the sceptre immediately departed from Judah. And, again, the prophet, whom you have quoted, declared that after seventy weeks, 'shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself,' and the 'people of the prince that shall come, shall destroy the city and the sanctuary;' 'that he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week He shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease:' all which was wonderfully accomplished at the coming of Jesus Christ. I am not learned, and you can, doubtless,

more clearly comprehend the calculations respecting the seventy weeks, than I can explain them, but I see that the works of Christ, and the destruction of your temple, declared Him to be the subject of the prophecy both as to time and event.'

'But Daniel himself acknowledged that he did not know the time of Messiah's coming,' said Miriam, 'for when he asked the Lord, the Lord answered him, *'Go thy way, Daniel; for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end.'*

'Yes,' replied Helen, 'the prophet is here, doubtless, speaking of the second coming of our Lord; of that time, concerning which Jesus himself predicted, *'the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, to judge the ends of the world.'* Else would Daniel's prophecy be inconsistent with itself, when he declares the time revealed *to be* the end of seventy weeks. And why, if prophesy had not awakened expectation, did so many false Christs arise among your people at the very time, in which, by the computation of the ancient Jews, the Messiah was expected? Why was Herod so anxious to destroy the children of Bethlehem had, not his jealousy and alarm been aroused by the fulfilment of so many prophecies, even in the birth of Jesus? and did not this very jealousy, which caused the infant slaughter, wonderfully aid the fulfilment of prophecy spoken by Jeremy, *'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not.'* While the miraculous escape of Jesus into Egypt completed it, *'Out of Egypt have I called my son!'* The same of whom God by his Holy Spirit afterwards declared, *'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'*

'Remember, Helen,' said Miriam almost pettishly, 'I argue alone from the Old Testament. This was said to David on the day the Lord had set him as king

on his holy hill of Zion, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.'

'David surely here spoke in prophecy of Messiah,' replied Helen mildly; 'for he would have been a blasphemer had he said of himself, (which occurs in the same psalm,) 'Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way, when his wrath be kindled, yea, but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.' Now trust in David would be idolatry.'

Miriam was silent, and after a few moments of deep thought, in which she could find nothing to refute this last argument, noted it without remark on her tablet, as a question for the rabbin. She then asked Helen how she could reconcile her opinion, that Christ was the Messiah, with the promise, that his coming was to lead 'captivity captive,' 'and restore joy to Israel.' 'Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Jerusalem! behold thy King cometh unto thee.' 'Let the children of Israel be glad in their King.' 'Now,' added she, 'by the coming of Christ, Israel was not restored, but scattered, great lamentation was heard in Rama, Christ was received only by the Gentiles, and has brought desolation rather than rejoicing to our hapless country.'

'Because,' replied Helen, 'the people of Israel would not receive Christ as their king, notwithstanding He so clearly verified the prediction, that He should come unto them 'lowly and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass.' Therefore did he turn to the Gentiles, to whom the promise of a Messiah was equally given, as Isaiah saith, 'I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles;' and again, 'the Gentiles shall come to thy light.' And now, ere your restoration be fulfilled, which it doubtless will be, you must 'look on him whom you have pierced,' for your rejoicing 'city dwelt carelessly,' according to the prophecy of Zephaniah, and 'how is she become a desolation?' Because 'she obeyed not the voice of the Lord,' so is she 'scattered and left desolate. But God

in his great mercy, has yet retained a remnant of his afflicted people for the accomplishment of the covenant sworn unto Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. And He, whose words are faithful, shall 'redeem Israel from all her sins,' and then shall the 'daughters of Jerusalem rejoice, and be glad in their King.' O then, my beloved Miriam, earnestly exclaimed Helen, as she recalled the words of truth in behalf of Israel's remnant, 'why so long delay to come to Christ, 'the everlasting covenant betwixt Jehovah and yourselves;' you who are thus chosen in the remnant, why prolong the captivity of your people, by adding 'iniquity unto iniquity.' Believe, now is the accepted time; O, then, receive the salvation offered by the blood of Christ, that you may sing and rejoice that 'all the judgments of the Lord' may be taken from your soul. Raise not fresh difficulties and doubts in your mind by perverting the Scriptures to your own destruction, but let me entreat you to read, with an unbiassed mind, and much prayer, the history of Christ, written by Jews, witnessed by Jews, authenticated by Jews, in the face of thousands, who would gladly have contradicted events, had they been falsely reported; and see, Miriam, how every work and word of Jesus our Redeemer bears evidence of his divinity, his power, and his mission, in exact coincidence with all the predictions of God and the prophets.'

Silence for some time ensued, and both the combatants were too much agitated by the interest of their subject immediately to resume it. Miriam was surprised to find Helen so well furnished with arguments from the ancient scriptures, and felt so far staggered, that she began to fear her cause was lost respecting Helen's conversion; but still unwilling to yield her own ground, she simply assured her, she would carefully read the New Testament, although she could not in any way see the justice of what was there maintained. But within herself she thought, 'if it can

prove all this, then indeed it must either be the most plausible falsehood ever framed, or we are deceived.'

The friends now parted, on a mutual agreement of meeting again the next day to renew their argument. Miriam repaired to the rabbin with her notes, and Helen slowly returned home, full of the pious hope, that the 'Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings was rising over the soul of Miriam to dispel the darkness of Judaism, and to disperse the prejudice by which her mind was blinded. She was indeed grateful that even *she* had been thus chosen as an instrument of awakening the attention of Miriam to the important inquiry, 'Art thou indeed the Christ?' but too humble in her own powers to rest satisfied without further assistance, she was vainly endeavoring to recollect some written refutation of the argument to elucidate the difficulties which she might be incompetent to meet. With thoughts anxiously engaged in this research of memory, she reached her home, where she was delighted to find Mr. Howard awaiting her return, assured that he would advocate her cause with zeal and interest, and procure for her the means she sought. She therefore related to him what had passed, and then asked him if he could furnish her with any book likely to facilitate the truth.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Howard, smiling, 'I have a book against which I defy all the Rabbis and Talmuds in the world. I myself will be its bearer here to-morrow, if you think Miss Durvan will admit me in the challenge as your second.'

'Under the hope of making converts,' said Mrs. Stuart, 'depend upon it she will gladly increase the number of her opponents. I was admitted as one of them with the promise of becoming a proselyte, could she make good her argument, but as I think two to one enough, I will yield my claim to you; and only be a witness, not a sharer in your triumphs.'

'O mother,' exclaimed Helen, laughing, 'you

need not be quite so scrupulous, for remember Miriam is a host within herself, doubly fortified as you may rest assured she will be, with all the rabbi's erudition.'

'Well, let it be a single combat then,' said Mr. Howard, 'and I as rightful champion to the cause, will alone take up the gauntlet, the Bible only both my sword and shield.'

'With such defence,' replied Mrs. Stuart, 'you need not indeed fear to meet a host of spears, and may our dear Miriam be as vulnerable to your attacks, and as weak in her opposition against them, as I believe her destined to be. It is impossible to suppose that a mind so earnestly desirous of imparting what she believes the truth, shall seek the truth for itself in vain.'

'Never,' exclaimed Mr. Howard; 'and already has the power of God manifested itself too evidently in her behalf to leave us doubtful of the issue of his work.'

'And yet I would not have you too sanguine,' said Helen, notwithstanding the advantages which appear on our side; for she seems strangely to pervert the very texts upon which conviction hangs; and her time with us is probably short, after which, remember she will have no Christian influence to urge her forward in her enquiries.'

'Depend upon it, Helen,' replied Mr. Howard, 'that no human influence is required in a work belonging to Him alone, in whose hands we are but passive instruments, powerful only so far as he chooses to make us so. Neither is he limited to time or place, but can make one moment fulfil the work of years, or ages await his sovereign will in the accomplishment of every design. Enough for us to know if we will but steadfastly believe, that what he begins he will complete, and whatever he promises that he will faithfully perform.'

'But here,' said Helen, 'we have no evidence as to

what his purposes may be respecting Miss Durvan, who appears to me as blind against the truth as ever.'

'Nay, Helen,' replied Mr. Howard, 'is her desire to obtain knowledge no evidence? and if her mind be still as dark, surely her heart is not so hardened, or she would not now love you, or delight in works of kindness to Christian sufferers; and He who has made her do so, will not leave her a victim to unwilling ignorance.'

'True,' said Helen, her sweet countenance beaming with hope and pleasure; 'and as I see your faith is more fitting the mission than my own, I trust your influence will prove more awakening than mine has been. Miriam is, indeed, a lovely girl, for with all her wealth and talents she has a mind so enlarged with heavenly desires, and a spirit of such genuine humility, that she seems a jewel made for the crown of glory.'

'Ah! Helen,' replied Mr. Howard, playfully shaking his head, 'I see that frail human nature will be foremost, even in the best of us; and human judgment with all its weak partialities will still claim the pre-eminence of wisdom even in your simple head. The jewels of heaven are not chosen for brilliancy of form or coloring, for He to whom the crown belongs is no respecter of persons, but will choose the gems which on earth are too often despised, the poor, the meek, the humble, and the contrite souls of his faithful and believing servants. These alone in his pure sight will be jewels meet for glory, and they, who alas! have trusted to more splendid claims, will find how vain are the perishable baubles of worldly honor to obtain a place in heaven.'

'Amen, of course, to all you say,' replied Helen, 'for you always put my wisdom to the blush.'

'Well, I will take this palm branch and begone lest another gauntlet be thrown down before me by Miss Durvan's little page in yonder corner,' said Mr. Howard, looking at little Jessie, whose countenance

somewhat betrayed displeasure, on hearing the praises of her favorite so readily smothered by the minister's philosophy. 'Indeed, Mr. Howard,' she exclaimed, 'you will do well to go for if *I might I could* say, that if Miss Durvan does not go to heaven, I know who, I think, will not.' Here the mother was about to interpose her authority, but Mr. Howard rising to depart, prevented further reply. .

Arthur Howard, the curate of Glencairn, was one of the truly faithful pastors of our church. His studies had been completed at Oxford, in the midst of those advantages and temptations which are said to be usually combined in college life; but naturally of a contemplative mind, domestic habits, and an ardent thirst for knowledge, he had embraced the one with honor to himself, and escaped the evils of the latter. He had, indeed, like other young men, probably often pursued the follies of pleasure and repented their consequences, but no charge of vice or dissipation had ever been levelled against him, even by those who were ill disposed to look kindly on principles and feelings which reproached their own. Among the most worthy and learned of his fellow-laborers he was beloved and encouraged, and by the rest, if sometimes ridiculed he was always respected.

He had few ties of family connection. A mystery hung over his birth which he had in vain attempted to unravel. He only knew that his mother had died in his infancy, and was never spoken of, that his father was a proud, indolent, and well connected citizen, who either from indifference, or a natural dislike to children, had seldom shown him much personal kindness or affection; but had consigned him to the care of an elder sister, sufficiently satisfied with her promise of attention to the child, without taking any further part in it himself. He had since died. leaving his son provided with little beyond an excellent education, and the patronage of a rich relative, whose guardian-

ship his father had, in the compunctious visitings of death, earnestly claimed for that son whom he felt he had in life so shamefully neglected. The baronet, to whom the appeal was not made in vain, interested in the character and situation of the young student, had liberally fulfilled his promise of support, and to him was Arthur now indebted for the curacy of Glencairn, which together with a fellowship, satisfied his unambitious views.

The good old aunt who had reared his childhood, was well remembered. She, too, was now 'gathered to her fathers,' but Arthur never forgot the pious precepts and example which early banded his mind to the love of Christian virtue; such as was ever afterwards the helm of his own conduct. He had not taken orders carelessly with an oath of mere form, which is too often broken the hour it passes the lips; but impressed with the solemnity of so sacred a charge, he had dedicated himself to the church 'in spirit and in truth.' So had his ministry at Glencairn been conscientiously fulfilled with credit to himself, and to the comfort, nay—may we not add?—to the saving of many souls, by the zealous teaching of the gospel 'as it is in Jesus.' Previously to the period in which our story commences, he had taken possession of his curacy only a few months, and it was not surprising that he very soon learnt to appreciate the society of a family so congenial to the whole tenor of his mind as that of Mrs. Stuart. From his peculiar situation in life he felt an isolated being, for on the death of his benefactress, the only tie was lost which had taught him the feelings of domestic love. Naturally susceptible, perhaps to a fault, he was keenly alive to the stigma which hung over his birth, in a world where parentage is too often the only passport into society: so that life would have become a blank to him, had he not wisely learnt to rise above the narrow prejudices which divided him from its social claims, and to place his heart

where alone real happiness can be found. Thus disciplined, Arthur had fully experienced the nothingness of earthly promise, and to value only the good hope which shall be more than realised in that blessed home, where 'faith is lost in sight,' and every bliss realised in the endless presence of our Redeemer. In Glencairn, however, he was exposed to no trials but in the remembrance of the past. He had enough of earthly riches to possess every moderate comfort for himself, and largely to contribute to the relief of others, with time and inclination to fulfil the duties of his stewardship, without that exhaustion of health and mind, which, in a more extensive parish, is sometimes the sacrifice of ministerial labors. In his preaching he was simple, faithful, and comprehensive; always what might have been called (by those who like the distinction) truly evangelical: but in his feelings he was liberal and slow to condemn, and averse to all that pharisaical formality which so often causeth 'the weaker brethren to stumble.' Time had endeared him to the heart of Mrs. Stuart almost as a son. She knew his worth, and often loved to trace in his pious conduct associations which powerfully recalled the character of her beloved husband; for Arthur, grateful for her kindness, and appreciating her esteem, regarded her as one in whom Providence had replaced for him the sweet claims of that maternal affection, which God in his sovereign wisdom had so early seen fit to sever. So to her were often repeated tales of his childhood, or the sorrows of maturer years without disguise of thought or wish. It was said that towards Helen he had even a tenderer feeling, but he had never asked more from her than a sister's love, and she had too much good sense and too little vanity either to mistake his meaning, or to suppose herself an object of deeper interest. Prudence on his part probably alone denied the thoughts of marriage until the possession of a living, to which he looked forward, would

enable him to sacrifice his fellowship without difficulty.

The morrow now came on which Miriam was to meet Mrs. Stuart and Helen as her antagonists ; and having obtained much strength in her own opinions, by the plausible reasonings of Mendez , which she conceived must altogether confound her opponents, she reached the glen full of renewed zeal and assured hopes of conquest. She was not, therefore, at all intimidated on finding that Mr. Howard had united with the force against her, so far from it, she felt that she could the more freely advance difficulties, which delicacy towards the unlettered Helen might otherwise have prevented. Decorated with more than an ordinary profusion of jewels, as if anxious to display both in dress and character every insignia of her peculiar sect and country, never did she look more lovely, or feel more confident, than when challenged, she gave her hand to Mr. Howard, in token of the heart's good will, although she came, as she said, with the full hope of leaving him 'vanquished on the field of argument, to the immortal glory of Israel and herself.' She then desired Corah, who had accompanied her as the bearer of her Talmud, to lay before her the talisman by which she thought to overcome all opposition. It was magnificently bound, and seemed to defy, if, size, and beauty of covering could do so, every attack against its boasted truth. Mr. Howard, smiled as he took from his pocket a small plain Bible, evidently much used, and placed it beside its formidable rival, saying, as he drew his chair to the table, 'All I possess shall be forfeited, aye, to my very soul, Miss Durvan, if that book of yours can, upon evidence, contradict one single assertion of this most sacred and precious deposit of our faith.'

'So let it be,' replied Miriam, throwing off her bonnet, and arranging some notes she had collected to assist her memory, 'my conquest shall be one of mercy, for to Israel only, and not to death, shall your posses-

sions be consigned, where, believe me, your soul will be in far safer keeping than where it now stands.'

'A lady tells me so,' replied Mr. Howard, smiling, 'and I dare not contradict her; therefore to arms, my fair antagonist, and let our swords adjudge the cause between us.'

'Enough,' said Miriam, impatient to commence a more substantial argument. 'And now, Mr. Howard, tell me upon what grounds you Gentiles have thought proper to usurp the privileges of a Messiah, when certainly to Israel alone, and not to you, was the Messiah promised? I offer as a proof of this, the covenant sworn to our fathers, 'The Redeemer shall come to *Zion*.'

'Pardon me,' calmly replied Mr. Howard, 'if I say that in no part of the Old Testament will you find that Israel alone was to enjoy the covenant of a Messiah; so far the contrary, that the very first predictions of Scripture which can possibly relate to the subject, were given at the time, when the distinction of 'Abraham and his seed' and 'the families of the Gentiles' began, and promised that in the Messiah *all* nations and *all* families of the earth should be blessed. How then can you separate us Gentiles from the promise?'

'Yes,' said Miriam, 'but the Gentiles were not to be gathered in until the restoration of Israel was accomplished, which event the coming of the Messiah only can fulfil. How then do you reconcile the present alienated state of our people with the opinion that *He* is already come, who was to restore not to scatter us, to vanquish our enemies, not to become one of them himself? for the Lord said, 'Israel should be *glad*,' and the 'daughter of Zion rejoice.' 'That the punishment of her iniquity should be accomplished,' and she should be carried no more away into captivity. Has Jesus Christ fulfilled this prophecy? and if not, of what use is his coming to us?'

'He accomplished the pardon, and turned away the

captivity of every Israelite who *received* him as King and Saviour,' replied Mr. Howard. 'All Israel were indeed called upon to rejoice and be glad, but this is by no means a single instance of the disobedience of Israel to the exhortations and even commands of God. They had here cause greatly to rejoice, but they themselves turned the blessing to a prolonged curse by their unbelief and rebellion. They rejected and even crucified their Redeemer, and persecuted, with unrelenting fury, those who became his followers: as the Apostle truly said, 'Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?' But the prediction was, notwithstanding, fully verified, even here, in the person of Jesus Christ: he did enter Zion 'lowly and riding upon a colt the foal of an ass,' while thousands hailed him with hosannas, confessing him the 'son of David, come in the name of the Lord.' Was his mission then useless to Israel, when thus multitudes of Jews actually did embrace the covenant in him, and received the *accomplishment* of their iniquity? But in no part of Scripture is salvation promised to the wilfully unbelieving and impenitent. Upon these a curse has fallen from all ages, past and to come. The mission of Moses was to bring Israel as a nation out of Egypt, but says God, by Ezekiel, 'they rebelled against me, and would not hearken unto me, then I said, I will pour my fury upon them to accomplish my anger against them in the midst of Egypt;' and notwithstanding the intercession of Moses and Aaron in their behalf, and all the entreaties used to bring them to obedience and belief, was any thing sufficient to curb their rebellious spirit save the most dreadful judgment? 'Yea, they despised the pleasant land, they believed not the word of the Lord.''

'All this,' interrupted Miriam, 'is surely irrelevant to the argument in question. We are discussing the

mission of Messiah, not of Moses. We do not deny the iniquities of our fathers, and we own our punishment just, which still we bear from generation to generation.'

'The rebellion of the ancient Israelites against Moses, who was a type of the Messiah, is nevertheless a powerful argument Miss Durvan, to prove the extraordinary blindness and unbelief of Jews, even in the face of evidence—of signs and wonders—of entreaties and threatenings. As they rejected the word of God, and the mission of Moses, so here ye rejected the fulfilment of the law and Jesus your Messiah: and thus many a design of mercy towards you, in the time of Moses, as in the time of Christ, has been frustrated by wilful perverseness and unbelief. God would most surely have accomplished the *full* pardon of Israel, when in the person of his Son the claims of justice were sealed for ever; and for this purpose, was the Messiah promised, doubtless, more particularly to the Jews; but notwithstanding all the signs and wonders which accompanied his birth, his ministry, his death and resurrection, Israel would not believe: 'Yea,' as Isaiah says from the Lord, 'thou heardest not, thou knewest not:' so that Messiah turned to the Gentiles and 'spake peace' to them, for they came to him with believing hearts, as prophecied by Jeremiah, 'The Gentiles shall come unto thee from the ends of the earth.' 'I will call them my people, which were not my people, and her beloved which was not beloved; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, ye are not my people, there shall they be called the children of the living God.' Surely these prophecies require no father comment to prove its entire relation to the conversion of the Gentiles.'

'Granting then, said Miriam, coloring, 'that the Gentiles shall eventually be converted, this prophecy is no proof that Messiah is already come, since I repeat that by him was Israel to be restored, and that it is not

yet so, is an undeniable evidence of his still tarrying. Even your Testament, Mr. Howard, does not venture an assertion that such a restoration is accomplished; and if not, the Scriptures must be contradictory, or your traditions altogether false.'

'Not in the least' replied Mr. Howard, 'if you candidly compare the one with the other. Read St. James's application of the prophecy of Amos, 'God at the *first* did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name, and to this agree the words of the prophets; as it is written, *after this* I will *return* and build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set up.' Now certainly here is implied a conversion of the Gentiles *previously* to the restoration of the tabernacle of David. The unbelief of your people my dear Miss Durvan, provoked the Almighty to prolong your captivity, for they *would not* turn to the Lord their God, that they might be healed. 'O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea!' And how well does this appeal agree with our Savior's exquisitely touching lamentation over you, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which were sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye *would not*!''

'This appeal of Isaiah,' said Miriam, apparently not hearing the latter text, 'was in reference to the disobedience of the children in the wilderness, for which our punishment has been so great.'

'Nay,' replied Mr. Howard, 'Isaiah could not predict what had already occurred many centuries before. *If* ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but *if ye refuse*, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Miriam, 'by the sword' was Mes-

siah to conquer his enemies ; as it is elsewhere said, 'Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against the nations, as when he fought in the day of battle ;' and it is also declared, that 'the Lord is a man of war.' Now, the man Christ never used the sword.'

'These texts,' replied Mr. Howard, 'compared with their contexts, will be found to bear a spiritual meaning. The first promise of a Messiah was, that He should bruise the serpent's (or devil's) head ; the most important and only conquest which could ensure eternal happiness, and man's restoration to holiness. Thus, Satan, sin, the world, and death, are especially those enemies which we need most fear, and which Messiah was to subdue. It is with these deadly enemies of our souls, Miss Durvan, that the Messiah daily fights and conquers, and will conquer until all enemies are put under his feet.' Thousands of believing Christians have been, and, thanks be to God, tens of thousands *will be*, delivered from their enemies by those 'weapons which are not carnal, but mighty through God,' and will become 'willing subjects in the day of his power.' Yes ! the Lord indeed destroys, not with the sword, but by his word, for the '*breath of his lips* shall slay the wicked,' and 'the word of God is a two-edged sword ;' and hath not his vengeance too surely followed you from the destruction of your temple even until now, although no *earthly* sword ~~is~~ unsheathed against you ?'

'A very proof,' exclaimed Miriam, 'that Messiah is not yet come else would our temple be restored according to the promise given in the covenant sworn to our fathers, and who shall dare say that the word of Jehovah can fail ?'

'You appear to me,' replied Mr. Howard, 'to confound the first with the second coming of Messiah, in the same way that you do the temporal with the spiritual promises of God towards you, and in these errors I believe many of your difficulties to arise. God,

who foresaw the obstinacy of his people, in remembrance of the covenant sworn to Abraham, mercifully remedied the evil which justice would have otherwise required, of the total annihilation of Israel, by preserving a remnant of Judah, in whom his promises might be accomplished. On the coming of Messiah, oblation and sacrifice, which were required in the first or Sinai's covenant, were to cease; a prediction so wonderfully accomplished since the coming of Jesus Christ, that it is the most powerful evidence of his being the Messiah, which we can offer to a Jew, who will not receive the testimony of our Scriptures. The first was established as a type of the second or everlasting covenant.' It consisted of circumcision, fasts, oblations, and sacrifices; all typical of the one oblation and sacrifice, offered by the blood of the Redeemer, and stood betwixt Jehovah and his people, as a seal of promise on the one side, and of faith on the other. But in the *fulfilment* of this promise types were no longer necessary. The shadow was lost in substance, the ceremonial law was abolished, sacrifices ceased, and the new or everlasting covenant was eternally established; no more of *works*, but in the circumcision of the *heart*, by which all may be brought to repentance through the 'mediator of the new covenant,' in whom was to be '*accomplished* the iniquity' of all mankind, who would humble their hearts to receive him. The ritual law indeed contained 'mercy and grace' to Israel, but on the personal coming of the Messiah, and after his crucifixion, this was virtually abrogated, and the atoning blood of Christ, which sealed the salvation of mankind, replaced and abolished those outward ordinances by which reconciliation was before offered to every faithful Israelite. If Jesus then be not this 'new covenant,' how did his coming so immediately abolish the old or ritual law? and to what do you now trust for acceptance and forgiveness, since your means of

atonement are destroyed, and that sacrifices of blood avail you nothing?’

‘To our obedience to the laws of God, proudly replied Miriam, ‘so far as we are enabled to fulfil them, which is all that He requires of us in our present state. It is true our temple is a ruin, and our altars are destroyed; but we can, and do still, offer the sacrifices of oblations, fasts, and prayers, as commanded by the law of Moses. For thus saith the Lord, by Ezekiel, ‘Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and though I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come;’ and ‘the sacrifices of God,’ saith David, ‘are a broken spirit and a contrite heart.’ Thus then, on our yearly day of atonement, do we enter our ‘little sanctuary,’ there to fast, to pray, to mourn, and to receive forgiveness of our sins. Do you suppose then,’ added she, tears filling her eyes, ‘that these are not accepted of the Lord?’

‘I dare not judge but by the righteous words of him to whom judgement and salvation belong,’ solemnly replied Mr. Howard. ‘By the mouth of Isaiah, the Lord hath said, ‘Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me. Your new moons, and your appointed feasts, my soul *hateth*, they are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them and when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood.’ O Miss Durvan! *whose* blood here demandeth vengeance? Not the innocent blood of goats or rams, for this was expressly *appointed* to be offered. A better covenant than this then must ensure your acceptance; and this covenant was Jesus Christ. He alone is the acceptable sacrifice, and in him *alone* can be remission of sins.’

Miriam was silent, and Mr. Howard after a few mo-

ments' pause, finding that she made no reply, continued—'The 'little sanctuary' was always in reference to those places of worship where *atonement* sacrifices were appointed to be offered, and were doubtless sanctified to those few pious, humble Jews, who there worshipped the Lord in sincerity. But since the coming of Messiah, we cannot possibly believe that any worship is accepted from any—whether Jew or Gentile—who *reject* the substance of those types. We acknowledge indeed that a contrite spirit and a broken heart, mourning for sins, and longing for salvation in Christ, are *spiritual sacrifices*, most acceptable to God; but let me ask you, are these appointed by Moses in the days of atonement, and offered in obedience to the ceremonial law?'

'No,' replied Miriam, 'but they are substitutes of those ceremonial sacrifices which are not in our power to offer. All we can, we do.'

'True,' said Mr. Howard, 'but this is the very thing we maintain; that God, in proof that the ritual law is abolished, has rendered the observance of it, in all its *essential* requirements, *impossible*. Some parts of it indeed may be performed by Jews in their dispersion, but take away the *sanctuary*, *priesthood*, and sacrifices of innocent blood, which form the very centre of the law, and the rest must appear but the fragments of a fabric, once beautifully perfect as a *type*, but now, irrecoverably destroyed and superceded by that new and everlasting covenant, sealed by the blood of Jesus Christ the Messiah, our great high-priest.'

'You consider Jesus to have been a greater prophet than Moses, I believe,' said Miriam, unable to refute the arguments of Mr. Howard, otherwise than by raising what she conceived to be difficulties, 'and yet the Lord declared in Deuteronomy, 'And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses.'''

'Whether that chapter in Deuteronomy were written by Joshua, or some other prophet, previous to the cap-

tivity, or subsequently, by Ezra,' replied Mr. Howard, 'the writer simply stated the fact, that at *that time* there had not arisen 'a prophet in Israel like unto Moses;' but so far from asserting that there never should arise such a one again, the Lord himself declared, 'I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren like unto thee, (alluding to Moses,) and I will put my words in his mouth, and it shall come to pass, that *whosoever* will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, *I will require it* of him.' This prophecy can refer to no other than Messiah, and if you compare the works and miracles of Jesus Christ, during his ministry on earth, with those of Moses, you cannot but trace the resemblance, and own that a *greater* than Moses is here, inasmuch as that Christ wrought wonders in his *own* name, Moses only in the name of God. But as Christ says, 'Do not think that I will accuse you to the father; there is one that accuses you, even Moses in whom ye trust, for he wrote of me; but if ye believe not his writings, how can ye believe my words?'

'I beg to argue only from the *Old Testament*,' said Miriam, 'until you can better prove to me the coincidence of the two. The Lord also said in continuation of the text you have quoted, 'The prophet that shall presume to speak a word in my name which I have not commanded him to speak, even that prophet shall *die*.' Was not the man Christ put to death, because he presumptuously made himself the Son of God?'

Mr. Howard taking up the text, continued, 'If thou say in thine heart, how shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, *if the thing follow not*, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken.' Now tell me, Miss Durvan, a single instance wherein the words of Christ failed in

their accomplishment, and that very moment will I yield all further argument against you.'

'I repeat,' said Miriam, 'that the true Messiah was not to see death, and yet Jesus was slain as a malefactor by thousands, who would surely not all have conspired with one voice against him, had he not proved an impostor.'

'His death and sufferings, the cruelty and injustice of his enemies,' replied Mr. Howard, 'is the very fulfilment of that stupendous design of redemption which is the sum of all the prophecies, and which must ever stand as the most undeniable evidence that Jesus was in truth the Messiah. But how do you translate the prophecy of Zechariah, 'Awake, O sword, against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts. *Smite my shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.*' This certainly implies death and violence against the Messiah, who is alone the fellow of Jehovah.'

'No,' said Miriam, 'we interpret that text as allegorically alluding to Israel the beloved, or fellow of Jehovah. Israel was *smitten*, and the Israelites are scattered.'

'And to what does the whole of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah relate?'

'To Israel, and not to any individual,' replied Miriam; 'and how often does Jehovah thus exemplify as one person his elected city.'

'I grant it,' said Mr. Howard, 'but in this instance, the whole bearing of the prophecy would be contradictory and irrational, for you must then render the eighth verse thus translated, 'Israel was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of my people (Israel) was Israel stricken.''

'Certainly,' replied Miriam, 'for the transgressions of Israel, Israel *has been* and *still* is stricken.'

'And according to your own interpretation of the latter clause,' said Mr. Howard, '*Israel* was 'cut off out of the land of the living!' In which case, how do you look for its restoration?'

Miriam deeply colored, but soon recovering herself, said, 'We always understand that expression in the text as figurative of the degradation of Israel 'cut off from its glory, to be a shame and reproach in the land of the living.'

'It appears to me,' said Mr. Howard mildly, 'that it is trifling with the word of God, thus to give figurative meanings to any sentence or prophecy so *obviously* conveying a simple truth. No, Miss Durvan, the text, wherever it occurs, can bear but one allusion to the Messiah, 'the Prince who was to be cut off, but not for himself,' and infers, without a doubt, the infliction of 'a *violent death*.' Here Mr. Howard gave Miriam a Hebrew Bible requesting her to compare, in the original tongue, this with similar passages in Genesis and Exodus, which he said could scarcely be mistaken. He then again referred to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, assuring her that a candid examination of that prophecy, with the events recorded in the New Testament, would clearly prove to her the exact and wonderful coincidence of the latter with the former.

'But if the Messiah died,' said Miriam, 'how can you reconcile the assertion of David, 'Thou wilt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption?' for you will surely allow that corruption is a necessary consequence of death.'

'By his resurrection ere his body could know putrefaction, which Messiah himself predicted by the mouth of David, 'My flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.' Here the person speaking evidently considers himself about to *die and be buried*, 'My flesh shall rest in hope,' he foresaw that his body would become a corpse, but should not see corruption. His soul was doubtless to go into *Hades*, the unseen world, else he would not have said, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,' all which undeniably proved that death, without corruption, must pre-

cede his ascension, and terminate his heavenly mission, after which, '*All was finished.*' The sixty-ninth psalm is another prophecy of the Messiah, wonderfully fulfilled in Jesus, of Nazareth, 'Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness, and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none.' 'They gave me also gall to eat, and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink;' and again in Isaiah, 'I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.' Compare this with the history of the death of Christ, written and attested by Jews, who found not one single witness to refute what, if the history had not been faithfully related, thousands would gladly have done.'

'Much of the prophecy might be easily fulfilled by any one well acquainted with its predictions,' replied Miriam, 'who like Jesus could so impose upon others, maintain his assumed character even in his sufferings; thus I conceive could he give his 'cheek to the smiters,' and offer his face to 'shame and spitting,' as well as enter Jerusalem upon the foal of an ass, amidst the hallelujahs of his own proselytes.'

'Yes, Miss Durvan, and his enemies parted his garments among them, and cast lots for his vesture, and when he said, 'I thirst' they gave him vinegar to drink—the sun was turned to darkness, and the moon into blood—the veil of the temple was rent in twain—the earth shook—the graves opened, and they which looked upon these fearful signs, trembled and exclaimed, 'Truly, this was the Son of God!' All, all to assist an imposture, and to deny the predictions of our omniscient, omnipotent Jehovah! O Miss Durvan! for your soul's sake, do you now aid the accomplishment of mercy towards the remnant of God's people, and with a penitent heart 'look on him whom you have pierced,' so shall a daughter of Zion rejoice and be glad in Jesus her king; your sins though they be

scarlet, shall be white as snow, though crimson, shall be like wool! for the Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty. He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rejoice over thee with singing.' Can you longer reject such an appeal of love, and harden your heart against the tender compassion of Him, who thus for the restoration of Israel, for the redemption of all mankind, poured out his soul unto death; who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows! Who was bruised for our iniquities, and bore upon himself the chastisement of our peace; who died the just for the unjust, and now liveth for ever to make intercession for transgressors.

Miriam turned pale and trembled, but made no reply. The subject, which had hitherto been one of boasting, now became one of fearfulness and terror; yet she was not convinced, and after a few moment's pause, she exclaimed, clasping her hands before her eyes, 'O God! *if indeed* these things be so, enable me to see them, or strengthen me to overcome this weak and fearful doubting.'

'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord!' exclaimed Mr. Howard, seeing Miriam now bathed in tears. 'Yes, Miss Durvan, thank God it is my mission to speak comfortably to Jerusalem, and I doubt not, but that great mercy is intended you, if ye will but listen to the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed in the gospel of Jesus our Redeemer.' He then devoutly knelt down, and prayed for some moments that he might have grace to counsel and aid the work of inquiry which was thus begun in the heart of the young Israelite, and that she might receive with meekness the engrafted word to the saving of her immortal soul. Mrs. Stuart and Helen united fervently their 'Amen' to this good hope, and again rising from their knees, they endeavored cheerfully to encourage Miriam, without appearing to suppose her vanquished. None of the party, however, felt disposed to enter on any in-

different conversation, and Miriam pleading the lateness of the hour, proposed to return home, desiring Corah to replace the Talmud in its case. She blushed as she did so, and looked at Mr. Howard, for that book had been useless to her, and she could not but feel how greatly the advantage had been against its boasted power. But Mr. Howard, too delicate to triumph over his opponent, returned no look of victory. He gave his hand at parting, and blessed her with that mild benignity of Christian love; which, when offered to a generous mind must soften, if not reconcile, the distinction, which alas! separates the Gentile from the Jew!*

CHAPTER VI.

The appearance of a post-chaise in a village like Glencairn, where few of the luxuries of life were common, attracted general curiosity, and little Jessie, diverted from her industry by the shouts of children now assembling in groups to watch the destination of so unusual a visitant, was about to summon her mother to the scene, when the carriage suddenly drawing up to her own garden gate, soon changed her surprise to delight. Throwing down her work, and all that stood between herself and the door, she loudly exclaimed,

* The author is indebted for much of the argument in this chapter to the Rev. J. Scott's admirable refutation of Rabbi Crool's 'Restoration of Israel.'

'O, mother! Helen! here is Edith, our own dear Edith!' and eagerly ran forward to be the first to welcome the alien to her home. Her joy was, however, somewhat damped by the sight of an elderly stranger, who had alighted from the chaise, and was arguing with the postillion in no very gentle accents, on the imposition of over-rating his time and trouble. Jessie now saw no other traveller. Was it then an apparition which for a moment had bore the semblance of Edith to deceive her? but she had no time to solve the enigma, ere her mother and Helen, alarmed by her exclamations, hurried down to inquire what they meant. No Edith, indeed, met their eye, but Mrs. Stuart, ever alive to anxious forebodings, turned pale, although she struggled to repress the emotion by which her heart was agitated, and was about to hasten forward to the travellers, when a female springing from the carriage, too surely realised the mother's fears, for Edith, pale, trembling, and dispirited, rushed wildly past her into the arms of the terrified Helen; but suddenly disengaged herself, and clinging only to Jessie, she exclaimed, 'O no, not you, Helen, for I shall break your heart!' And after a moment's struggle, in which she was oppressed almost to choking, she calmly added, looking timidly around her, 'And yet why should I be afraid, for I have done nothing to shame you and the heart must be weak indeed which could not bear the woes, even of such a day as this, for one that it loves.' The last word faintly died upon her lips, and falling exhausted on a chair, her high spirit again gave way, and she piteously exclaimed, 'O mother, dearest mother! speak to me, I implore you, for I can bear any thing but this dreadful silence. I will hide my face forever, if you will only spare me now, and tell me that you forgive me, for I am dying! Yes, my heart must break.' Helen and Jessie now supported the afflicted girl, who sunk in this last effort, insensible to the sorrow she both suffered and inflicted. Mrs. Stu-

art stood motionless by her side, for in all the anguish which death, and poverty, and care, had alternately mingled in her varied life, never, never had she tasted a bitterness like unto the bitterness of that hour; while ten thousand frightful apprehensions filled her mind with a dreadful uncertainty as to what might now lay before her.

The stranger had not immediately entered the cottage, for his kind heart felt averse to witness a scene where he knew even sympathy could offer no relief; but now he joined the afflicted family, as if he would fain divert them from the hapless object of anxiety and sorrow. His presence, indeed, once more roused the widow to exertion, as with a look of unutterable woe, she exclaimed, 'Whoever you are, sir, tell me, I beseech you, what all this means? and why is my poor child come back thus stricken to her home? God knows how earnestly I wish she had never, never left it!'

He to whom she thus appealed, although uncouth in manners and appearance, had a heart peculiarly alive to the sorrows of his fellow creatures, and on his rough countenance was now betrayed the feelings which he in vain endeavored to repress, while pacing the room, he assumed an air of impatience at distress, which he felt was beyond his power to ameliorate. 'Well, well,' said he, 'you have her now safe enough, and you may thank God for it! She has only the fault of a pretty face, and that has led many a one farther astray than she has gone, so take the poor creature to your heart again, for I warrant you, hers is sore and sorry enough, and may be sorer yet, if she will be foolish enough, to fret for a villain.' The old man here wiped off the tear which trembled his eye, as if ashamed of the pang which had called it there, but it was one of deeper agony than that of sympathy, and he would fain harden his heart against the yearnings of kindred tenderness which might have wished justice

less severe. 'Aye,' added he, recovering himself, and calmly sitting down, 'you may well bless God, Mrs. Stuart, that the poor child there is only broken hearted; and the more fool she, for I wish with all my soul she grieved for one as innocent as herself: then might my gray hairs go down to the grave as honored as your own. O!' continued he, again overcome by the bitterness of shame, 'if ye knew what it was to have a base and heartless child, you would not grieve so sorely over a silly one.'

Mrs. Stuart thus relieved, clasping her hands, exclaimed, 'O! if indeed my child is safe from wilful sin, I shall all my life bless God for it although weak must be my poor praises to render him his due for such great mercy. But where is Lady Beauford? What is your name, and why have you brought Edith home?'

'Lady Beauford!' exclaimed the stranger, 'I know nothing of your great people, excepting that they turn the heads of all young ones to the ruin and misery of every honest father, who has not a coronet to clap upon a boy's head; and as to my name you will hear that time enough, for the last dying speech of Edward Forrester will soon be in the mouth of every beggar, though God grant that my funeral prayer may be over first.'

A faint groan from Edith for a moment occupied every thought, but that of pity for herself, when Mr. Forrester, rising and endeavoring to assume composure, added, 'Well, we must all say God's will be done! So take that poor child to bed, for she needs rest and comfort, though she is happier now, than when sense and memory come back; and I'll go and see if that fellow of a driver has taken as good care of his horse as he does of himself.' So saying, the kind-hearted man left the sufferers without further apology, but returning in a moment, he said, alternately looking on the lifeless Edith and her family with a countenance of the most benign compassion, 'Aye, take that poor

unhappy girl to bed, and be kind to her, for we are all weak and sinful in our way, and would be badly off if God were as slow to forgive us our sins, as we are to forgive the frailties of our children, because they bruise our proud hearts. I shall send the doctor to her, and let her have wine or any thing else that can do her good, for I have money enough to pay for it all; and mind me, lady, ask her no questions, for it is cruel to probe a wound which can't be healed. I'll be back again to ye by and by, and will tell you all that you need know, and remember if there is any thing to be done, in which a fellow-creature can assist or comfort you, send for George Forrester, and you'll not find his old heart backward to serve you.' He then left the cottage, and if indeed any thing earthly could have comforted the afflicted mother, it was the assurance that in him at least Edith had met a kind and generous friend.

Mrs. Stuart relieved from a dreadful suspicion, had taken her child to her bosom, and still sat supporting her endeavoring, by every tender appeal, to rouse her senseless mind to a conviction of pardon and security, while Helen, in her silent agony, affectionately bathed her cold cheek, patiently enduring her own share of the trial for the sake of those who now so largely needed her fortitude and forbearance. But Jessie sobbed in unrestrained violence, nor did any one attempt to check her tears; neither was a word of comfort spoken, for the cup of sorrow seemed full to overflowing, and the sufferers knew not how to lessen it. Edith alone was dead to the agony around her, till with reviving animation came back a dreadful sense of over hanging evil, and soon changed her insensibility to wild delirium, in which her incoherent terror betrayed the secret source of all her misery. In this state she was removed to bed, but not until violent remedies had been applied, did she evince signs of returning reason, and then, overcome with weakness, fatigue, and anxiety, she fell

into a feverish sleep, which, unrefreshing as it might be, was watched as a harbinger of mental restoration. Mrs. Stuart then left her to the care of Helen, and anxious to receive the promised communications of Mr. Forrester, she again joined him, and heard those circumstances which had placed Edith under his protection. But to avoid the tediousness of a 'twice told tale,' we will omit the narration of Mr. Forrester, and offer the melancholy detail of Edith's life, from the period in which her folly first led to the errors of deceit and every subsequent evil.

Lady Beauford, from a natural indolence, together with—perhaps—an amiable aversion to any thing like severity or reprehension, seldom attempted to control the waywardness of youth; consequently, her indulgence, both to her daughter and Edith, often amounted to a weak and sinful yielding of right principle, till at length her authority became altogether disregarded, and her advice useless. She indeed duly endeavored to warn them against those dangers to which the young and unsuspecting must be exposed in a world, where sin, disguised in the sweetest semblance of pleasure, seeks to destroy the simplicity of every virtuous feeling. But the precept failing to impart conviction, her conscience was satisfied in the effort made to do so, and generally closing her gentle admonitions by the sage prediction, that 'if young people would go their own way they must abide by the consequences,' she left experience to teach the lesson more effectually than her kind admonitions had done. Had her daughter been less amiable, this mistaken mode of education must have been fatal to every good principle, which in early childhood she had imbibed from an excellent and judicious father, but her good sense preserved her from this, and a generous heart taught her to appreciate a mother's indulgence without despising its weakness, or abusing the liberty it gave her. But to a proud and self-willed girl like Edith, no situation could be more

dangerous or fatal. Her affectionate vivacity won upon the tenderness of Lady Beauford, and evaded even the censure which sometimes would have checked her thoughtless gaiety ; while her beauty attracting universal admiration, exposed her to that indiscriminate flattery which, alas !, has power to poison even a stronger mind than hers. She had shared with Miss Beauford the advantages of many excellent masters, but, too unsteady to avail herself of their instructions, she had gained little beyond a superficial knowledge, and seemed to think that elegance of dress, and refinement of manners, would compensate for the want of mental acquirements. With these feelings, poor Edith soon forgot that she had a soul to discipline and prepare for another world. She lived alone for the false pleasures of this, and when reminded of a better by the pious admonitions of her mother and sisters, her sickly mind turned from the awful picture of eternity till she tried to believe religion a prejudice, and the Almighty a being whom to acknowledge, without serving, was enough.

It would be tedious to repeat the many evils to which this loss of principle exposed her ; and how, by degrees deceit, falsehood, and vanity influenced her conduct. She lived 'without God' in the world, and every good feeling necessarily became a wreck ; for where is the potency of mere moral virtue to subdue the passions of the human heart ? The appeals of that 'still small voice' which speaks in every bosom was unheeded, and Edith followed only the dictates of her own ungoverned will, until remorse humbled that will, and taught her to feel the necessity of a better guide. Her education completed, she was initiated in all the gaieties of a London life, and in the midst of its pleasures she almost forgot the ties which still bound her to an humbler sphere, till she ceased to feel pleasure in her intercourse with home, and gladly found excuses to neglect it.

In fashionable society, where friends, or rather acquaintances, are *received* not *chosen*, the circle must be formed of very indiscriminate, if not uncertain characters; and it too frequently occurs, that those are most appreciated who can bring the recommendations of talent, wit, or wealth. Among the many who now visited Lady Beauford was Edward Forrester, a young man whom no one knew but every body liked. He was pleasing in person, and witty in conversation; and these qualifications, rendered him a desirable companion wherever such a one was wanted, either to trifle away time, to make up the number in a dance, or as an escort where ladies could not go without one. He had, on the death of his parents, been adopted by his uncle Mr. Forrester, who loved and cherished him as his own son, and who had placed him in a respectable mercantile house under the hope of fitting him for his own successor. But wild, profligate, and extravagant, Edward soon grew weary of the restraint of such an office, and found means gradually to extricate himself from the toil of business, by associating with gamblers, amongst whom, for a time, he was too successful to heed the warnings and advice of his employers. He was introduced into society, professed himself to be what he was not, and was received as many young men are, who have a handsome person and gentlemanly manners to recommend them.

Unhappily poor Edith became the victim of his artifices. He really loved her, but conscious that his own situation in life was too precarious to enable him openly to own such an attachment without a certain repulse from her family, he secretly engaged her affections, deceiving her with the pretence of great expectations, and won her young heart to believe that their future welfare depended on present caution and disguise. Edith was not at first quite so deaf to the appeals of conscience, as to listen without repugnance to an avowal so fraught with danger; but alas! the

first step of error often leads to a labyrinth of guilt. She had lost the only helm which can safely guide the soul, and every other was too weak to preserve her in the path of honor: so she listened till she believed, and at length yielded to the intreaties of her lover in engaging herself with the promise of concealing his proposals until he should leave her at liberty to avow them.

It would scarcely be possible to detail the endless deceptions to which this engagement exposed the unhappy girl; but too much blinded by her ill-placed affection to see the depth of sin into which she plunged, every day only the more familiarised her to its consequences, until she lost all shame of falsehood, evading by every species of deceit both the anxious scrutiny of her young companions, and the curiosity of Lady Beauford.

Some months had elapsed of this uncertain misery, and Edith was no longer the gay and sprightly being who had before won the love or envy of all who saw her. Her spirits sank beneath the pressure of anxiety, and wearied by the repeated, but fruitless, promises of her lover, she began to feel the precariousness of her situation, and to dread the issue of hope so long delayed. In this state of mind, she was one morning meditating on her uncertain prospects, and perhaps looking back on the scenes of her happy childhood, with a wish that she had never exchanged them for the world; when young Forrester unexpectedly entered the room and assuming an air of peculiar cheerfulness, tenderly reproached her for thus yielding to despondency, adding, that she might now dry her tears, for the power was hers to be for ever happy, if she would only consent to unite her destiny with his own without loss of time. Edith looked at him with surprise, as she timidly asked the meaning of this sudden proposal, for with all his professions of love and promises of happiness, there was a mysterious confusion in his man-

ner which alarmed her. His voice trembled, his cheeks were flushed, and though he laughed at all her fears, his whole countenance betrayed such an uneasiness of mind, that she could not forbear expressing her surprise that he should be thus agitated, if he had no evil tidings to communicate. He impatiently upbraided her for so mistrusting him, but suddenly checking himself, as if afraid of betraying his real feelings, he took her hand, and artfully endeavoring to calm her, said, 'I have lately been too little accustomed to joy, my Edith, to bear it well; but no time must be lost this day in idle fears. This very evening you must be mine; every thing is prepared for our leaving London, and once lawfully united, no power on earth can again separate us.'

Edith turned pale as she exclaimed, 'Tell me, I beseech you, Edward, what you mean. How can we be married this day, and why this urgent haste?' Forrester arose, and giving her a letter, averted his eyes from hers, for he dared not meet an inquiry, even from *her* confiding countenance; while she, too eager to peruse what she supposed might influence her fate, saw not the dreadful expression of conscious guilt which darkened the brow of Edward as he now paced the room. The packet was addressed to him, and bore the signature of his uncle, containing a draft to a considerable amount, accompanied by a request that he would immediately repair to America, with a commission of too much importance to be intrusted to a less faithful emissary. The enclosed sum of money was offered as a compensation, with a promise of continued supplies; the whole concluding with an affectionate farewell. Edith's unsuspecting heart seized only on the prospect thus apparently opened to them both of competence and liberty, and clasping her hands, her beautiful countenance beaming with delight, she exclaimed, 'Then I may now tell Lady Beauford, and Lucy, and all of them, how much we love each other.'

O Edward! you know not half the wretchedness from which, thank God, I am now released; and never will I again consent to meet the miseries of concealment. But surely we need not go this very day?’

‘This very day or never,’ impatiently replied Edward; ‘and mark me, Edith, no human being must know of our intended flight, until we are safely beyond the reach of our followers. My life’—then immediately recollecting himself, he added, ‘at least, Edith, the success and honor of my uncle’s house depends on the secrecy of the embassy. You know nothing of business, and I have no time to explain the mysteries in which it is sometimes enveloped. One day’s delay may be of fatal consequence; prepare then, dearest, to go with me, and this day over, I promise to release you from all further disguise.’

‘Your uncle’s letter does not imply this necessity for concealment,’ said Edith, faintly, while for the first time in her life, she looked reproachfully on her lover, and fixed a countenance of such suspicious scrutiny on his, that he turned unmanned from her steady gaze. Soon recovering himself, however, he replied, ‘Edith, my love, do you suppose I would thus urge a step so repugnant to your feelings, did not necessity compel it? To-day, I, at least, must bid farewell to England, or by refusing to do so, forever forfeit the favor of my uncle, become a beggar, and yield all chance of our long-promised union. Yes, Edith! this ruin is and shall be the alternative, if you will not yield to my entreaties, for I *cannot* leave you. No; I will beg my bread, bear infamy, shame, poverty, any thing but to go an exile from her whom I love above all earthly gain. O Edith! if you loved me as you have sometimes told me that you did, you would not be a coward now—refuse to share the perils of one day, and relinquish the happiness which wealth and devoted affection offer you. But what a vision was my faith in love so light as yours!’

'O Edward!' meekly replied the trembling Edith, 'do I deserve this cruel reproach, because I shrink—not from perils, for gladly would I meet all danger for you—but from the shame of secretly leaving home and friends, whose confidence I have, for your sake, already too justly lost.' 'No! it will break my poor mother's heart! I cannot, dare not go. Leave me then, Edward, and forget me; you will soon find one more worthy of your love, and though ill can I bear it from you, I deserve every reproach, for I have forgotten God, and yielded my very soul to falsehood and to you.'

She could speak no more, and covering her face with both her hands, she longed to find relief in tears, but her full heart refused to shed them. Edward could not withstand grief so expressive of mingled tenderness and remorse, but taking her hand, was about to confess his situation and to yield the dreadful alternative to which it had tempted him, when the remembrance of his difficulties recalled him to the necessity of an immediate decision, and he had not courage to meet the distress in which his imprudence had involved him. So again he urged his cause with all the tenderness of love, reproaching himself for the unkind words which in the bitterness of his heart he had unwarily spoken, until touched by his affectionate appeal, the unhappy Edith, half yielding to his entreaties, contradicted him no more, but faintly asked upon what plea she could leave Lady Beauford, if she might not reveal to her their situation. Edward, who well knew the weakness of woman's heart, hastily seized a moment so propitious to himself, so fatal to his young victim, and again pressing upon her feelings the danger of further delay, appeared to suppose all opposition yielded, and urged her to deceive Lady Beauford by a pretence of a summons from home requiring her immediate departure. He then entreated her to be ready for the appointed hour that evening, and dreading the effect of a moment's reflection, he hastily took leave of her, re-

peating the most ardent protestations of happiness and affection. Alas! to what a dreadful length of guilt do the feelings sometimes lead, which are not fortified by principle and checked by a sense of that almighty presence which penetrates, not only an omniscient, but an observing eye, into the deepest recesses of the soul. And O how many pangs of remorse, how many hours of self-reproach, what days of agony, might be spared to every one of us, if we would but practically 'set the Lord always before us' in motive, thought, and feeling, as well as in those outward actions which are exposed to human scrutiny. We seem to think that God in his majesty looks not on those 'small beginnings' of good or evil, which gradually and almost imperceptibly increasing, form the basis of our most important actions. But it is an awful truth to those who would thus limit the power of infinite perfection; that not one thought escapes our bosoms, either unobserved or unrecorded by him whose knowledge embraces all time and space, and comprehends the inmost thoughts of all mankind, and watches the minutest varyings of every soul, as if each one solely claimed his providence and attention.

Edith, again left to the solitude of her conscience, looked fearfully for a moment at the precipice on which she stood, and would have given empires to recall her acquiescence to a proposal so fraught with shame and deceit, or to have found strength to resist the dreadful temptation: but the situation of her lover, and his passionate determination to meet ruin and bear its consequences rather than leave her, overcame her better feelings, and she converted the wholesome bitterness of self-accusation to the dangerous opiate of self-excuse. 'There could be no great sin,' thought she, 'in a private marriage under such peculiar circumstances. Thousands had married so before her and were not thought the worse for it. She was old enough to be her own mistress, and her mother surely would soon

forgive her, when she saw her living respectably, the happy wife of a rich merchant. It was far beyond what could reasonably be expected, situated as she really was in life; and as to Lady Beauford, she could have no right to controule her or to interfere with her prospects. In short, any thing was better than to make Edward wretched, and perhaps driven to some desperate measure by unkindness, she would have to reproach herself as the cause, and never know another happy moment.' Thus deceiving herself, Edith sought Lady Beauford, and told her that she had received an immediate summons home in consequence of the dangerous illness of her sister. Lady Beauford seeing Edith pale and agitated, expressed all the sympathy which her kind heart really felt in the supposed, distress of her young friend and immediately offered an old and faithful servant to accompany her part of the way, regretting that she was prevented taking her under her own protection. Here Edith was perplexed, knowing that the kindness of Lady Beauford was not easily overruled, but alas! the human heart is always a ready accomplice in sin, so she found little difficulty in evading the threatened intrusion of a third person, by saying, that Mr. Forrester, who had brought her the unwelcome tidings, was commissioned by her mother to convey her some miles on her journey to a place where a female friend would meet and take her safe home. Lady Beauford, who had long been deceived by a belief that young Forrester was connected with the Stuart family, (a pretext on which both Edith and himself had artfully grounded their intimacy with each other,) saw nothing improbable in this arrangement, but rather felt relieved on finding Edith was to be so well attended. She had for some time past observed with pain, that she was restless and unhappy, and within her own mind suspected the truth, that her heart was more interested in Edward Forrester than she chose to avow; and finding that her advice was disregarded, all her affectionate entreaties for confidence

evaded, and that in many respects Edith was no longer a desirable companion for her daughter, she had resolved on the first favorable opportunity to part with her, not only to free herself from the anxious responsibility which such a charge had become, but because she felt that a mother's vigilance and authority were really necessary to control a character so dangerously self-willed. With all the delicacy the occasion permitted, she therefore candidly expressed her feelings to Edith, and concluded by giving her the charge of an explanatory letter which she had written to Mr. Stuart to the same effect: Edith was of course little affected by all this, although it served as a plea for the agitation of mind which she vainly struggled to conceal. At length the appointed hour of her departure came, and with a guilt stricken heart did she bid farewell to friends, whose affection she had so ill-deserved. This she felt, and scarcely could she bear the last parting kindness of her benefactress; but Edward summoned her away, and endeavoring to subdue all sense of shame and the reproaches of conscience, she hastily obeyed him, and gave herself up to his will and protection.

The fugitives pursued their journey with a rapidity which, under less precarious circumstances, might have alarmed an inexperienced traveller like Edith; but dreading now only an untimely discovery, she thought of no danger save that of being overtaken, while from time to time she anxiously enquired how far they had yet to go ere they reached Liverpool, the place of destination, where Edward told her a clergyman was appointed to unite them, and whence they were as soon as possible to embark for America. But the feelings of Forrester, although thrown into a different channel of alarm, too much resembled her own to soothe her apprehension, and while he bade her fear nothing, betrayed so much herself, that she could not but increasingly dread the issue of their flight. In this anxious state of mind they silently travelled without rest or mo-

lestation, until they reached Berrington, a small village near Liverpool, where, being so near the close of their journey, they began to look forward with brighter hopes. Scarcely, however, had they alighted at the only inn which the village afforded, to take some slight refreshment, when two strangers, who had arrived a few moments previously, approached Edward, and slightly touching his shoulder, produced a warrant for his immediate apprehension. The culprit turned deadly pale, but offered no resistance, anxious if possible to evade the curiosity of Edith, by quietly drawing the officers to a private room, entreating them to spare him from public disgrace, assuring them he would passively submit to his own fate, if they would only first allow him to secure the safety of his young and unprotected companion, and to communicate privately to her the sad tidings of his arrest. But Edith was not to be deceived by the plausible excuses by which Edward, when returning to her, endeavored to remove her apprehensions; she had observed his countenance on being addressed by the stranger, which, corroborating the suspicion excited by his frequent agitation during the journey that something was concealed, now roused her to the most dreadful sense of evil; and wholly ignorant of the crime of which he stood charged, she could only in the consciousness of her own guilt accuse herself as the cause of all his misery. Deaf to every persuasion, and indifferent to the crowd she was attracting, she rushed before the strangers and piteously enquired what Edward had done to deserve this detention, entreating that they might be left unmolested to pursue their journey.

The officer somewhat touched by her distress, gently raised her to a chair, and replied that he had no power to grant her petition; but that although he was under the painful necessity of forcibly detaining Mr. Forrester on a charge of forgery, she was no way implicated in

his mission, and therefore at liberty to go where she pleased, without fear of molestation.

'*Forgery!* it is a false and cruel charge,' exclaimed Edith, looking fearfully at the unhappy prisoner, who now sat before them, his hands clenched in agony on his cold forehead. Edith seemed to await his own exculpation, as in breathless terror she for a moment fixed a look of anguish on his guilty countenance: but finding he made no reply, she threw herself on her knees before him, and exclaimed, 'O Edward, *you* accused of forgery? No! I am sure it is all false: have pity on me then, and only tell me you are guiltless of such a charge, and I will bear any thing with or for you. Speak only one word of comfort, I beseech you!'

'For Heaven's sake, Edith, spare me!' said Edward, springing from her grasp, 'leave me to my fate, for there is no hope of mercy.' Then suddenly changing his tone, and clasping her cold hands, he mournfully exclaimed, 'O my Edith, forgive the wretch who has so basefully deceived you; and yet it was all done in love to you, and could we have left England before this dreadful hour, all might have been well! Yes, dear Edith, you at least should have been happy.'

'Happy!' said Edith, disentangling herself from his embrace, and calmly rising, 'I happy! as the wife of a forger? the partner of guilt so disgraceful? but I do not wonder you should think so, and yet, Edward, have I deserved this cruel, this unmanly deception?'

Edward covered his face, and groaned in real agony of soul, for he felt how justly he deserved reproaches which still he could not bear under such accumulated misery from her, whose sympathy alone, of all he loved on earth, could have mitigated the thoughts of an ignominious end. 'Edith,' he exclaimed, 'did you know the weight of sorrow and of guilt which must weigh down my soul in death, you would have more pity than thus so bitterly to scorn me! but you do well, perhaps,

to remove the only boon for which I could cling to life, that I may have nothing to regret, when on the scaffold justice shall claim her dreadful revenge, and seal my hopeless, everlasting doom! When that has closed, my Edith, you will, I know, forgive the wrongs and ruin that I wrought you, and think only of the love which ventured all for yours!'

He said no more, for although he could thus talk of death as if he were prepared to meet it manfully, there was such an awful terror in its very name, that gladly would he now have hailed a hope of life, even with all its present wretchedness, rather than meet the tribunal of a just and angry God!

The elder officer interrupted the sufferers, reminding them that their time was short, and their orders peremptory to remove the culprit that night to Liverpool; but touched by the situation of Edith, he kindly offered to procure her a female attendant to accompany her to her friends, urging her immediately to return.

'Friends!' exclaimed Edith, with a look of despair, 'I have no friends, and whither should I go but to the same prison where he must be? No, you shall not part us, for the same scaffold shall end our mutual woes, and pay alike the debt of all our sins.'

'Young woman,' mildly replied the stranger, 'you know not what you say. Return, unhappy girl, to your family, for we can do nothing for you. Our warrant concerns Mr. Forrester alone, and we dare not take you with him.' He then requested Edward to be ready for departure in a few minutes, while with a delicacy not always the attendant of such an office, he desired his partner to guard the room from the outside, and to offer no further interruption to the prisoner until he again returned.

Thus left to themselves, the unhappy sufferers gazed on each other, unable to give vent to the indescribable anguish with which their hearts were overpowered; till Edward, at length roused to a sense of their mise-

rable situation, and the importance of seizing the few moments spared him, to expostulate with Edith on the means she could now best adopt for her safety and comfort, calmly but earnestly implored her to return without delay to her mother, giving her at the same time a pocket book, containing several notes of value, for her present wants.

Edith shrieked, and covered her face with both her hands, at the sight of a book where she had seen the fatal draft with which he had deceived her, to the ruin of both, and forgetting all but this, she renewed her reproaches in a tone which wrung the very soul of the unhappy culprit. 'No, Edward,' said she, 'base as you think me, I will not touch one farthing of your ill-gotten wealth. I can bear beggary, hunger, any thing—but villany like this!'

'Edith!' exclaimed Edward, patiently enduring reproaches which he felt but too justly his due, 'have mercy on me, for death is easier to bear, than looks of scorn from you; and for the sake of our past love, refuse not the last, the only boon I can ask of you on this side eternity. Take this money, I beseech you, and return to your home, if you would not add to the many torments of a guilty conscience, the tenfold agony of knowing you exposed to wretchedness and want; and, if you can, forget the wretch whose life must soon pay the forfeit of all wrongs! Now leave me Edith; and yet, let us not part in bitterness, for you would forgive and pity me, did you know the black and dreadful hopelessness of death to such a soul as mine!'

'Death!' exclaimed Edith, again roused to all the tenderness of woman's love, as Forrester thus recalled the awful doom too surely awaiting him; 'what! do they really mean to take your life? No, they may take you from me, and bid us never meet again, but you shall not—must not die! We must both live to make our peace with God, for what would become of

us, were we called to meet him now? O Edward, how could you do a deed of such dreadful penalty? better to have starved together, than be as we now are!' So saying, she arose, and throwing back her hair, which had fallen over her flushed cheek, she seemed to have received a sudden incitement to energy beyond herself; while again tying on her bonnet, and taking the money she had before so scornfully refused, her whole mind appeared full of new and busy thought. 'Now, Edward,' said she, calmly, 'let us lose no time, but tell me quickly who can have power to save your life. Your uncle will not, cannot refuse to purchase that, cost him what it will. Tell me, then, where I can find him, and on my knees I will implore his mercy for you!'

Edward, mournfully averting his eyes from her, as if to express the utter despair of his mind, replied 'There is no hope of mercy for me, my Edith, for he who might indeed have saved me, is the very man whom alone this deed has wronged. O rather, then, would that I could hide it from him, for he will only come and curse me on the very scaffold, and break his kind heart, when he knows how deeply mine has sinned against him! And yet, I did not mean to wrong him,' added Forrester, vainly trying to find an unction for his hardened conscience, 'for I only drew for that which I knew was saved for me: he could not suffer from its loss.'

'Deeply, indeed, have you sinned,' said Edith, thoughtfully, scarcely heeding this coward plea, as the whole truth now rushed into her mind, 'That letter, then and its contents, were false! O Edward how could you so deceive yourself and me?'

'Because those accursed gamblers, whose villany wrought my fall, made me a ruined man, and I—I forged that fatal bill to save myself from the shame and ruin which my many creditors threatened. O! could we but have evaded these men of justice only one day

more, I had been safe, and you—but 'tis vain to think of what *might* have been. Death is now inevitable and God grant me strength to meet it like a man !'

'This is but a poor and useless boon,' said Edith, 'for a dying soul to seek: but ah! Edward, if I thought that you could meet death like a *Christian*, gladly would I walk this hour on your grave, and hail the summons which might call you from a world like this! Yet I do not approach you, for I too have deserted God, and am now too justly left by him. Yes, my poor Edward, I have done even worse than you. I have scorned the pious precepts of a Christian mother, and laughed at the righteous warnings of my sweet Helen—yet now—O what would I not give to be the very being I have so often spurned and derided—a child of God—a methodist—any thing to be but safe within the fold of heaven.'

Edith had touched the spring from which flows the tenderest feeling of natural affection. In one moment the home of her infancy seemed realised before her, and she vainly wished that she could be a child again to choose that 'better inheritance' which in childhood she had so fatally rejected. She clasped her hands, and in the bitterness of self-reproach, she now shed tears of such heartfelt penitence, that although she could not utter one plea for mercy, He who has pity upon all mankind, looked on her sorrow, imparted strength and power to fulfil the painful duties of that trying hour. Her heart, relieved by tears, and strengthened with an inward conviction that God would accept her desire of leaving the path of sin, however feebly she could attempt it in herself, she resolved to submit to the humiliating trial of returning to her mother, whatever sacrifice of selfish feeling it might cost her, if she could but first secure the pardon of him whose life was but too fatally linked with her own happiness.

Her heart, indeed, failed her as now she gave her

hand to Edward, in token of entire forgiveness, for ill could she bear to leave him perhaps for ever, at a moment in which he most needed the sympathy of human kindness. 'God knows,' said she, 'how tenderly I both love and pity you; and if a woman's pleading can save you, dearest Edward, you shall not die? To your uncle, then, this very hour will I go, and though he may spurn me from his door, and tell me I have been a curse to him and you, he will not refuse a boon on which your precious life depends; and if he be a Christian, as the injured he will the more readily forgive his injurers and spare the blood'——Here her voice faltered, and Edward turned so pale, that she lost courage to speak again of parting; but sensible of the importance of immediate exertion, she struggled to overcome the weakness of feeling, and continued, 'Now must we part, my Edward, but let us hope a happier meeting will be the issue of my errand. Farewell, then—pray for yourself and me, Edward, for remember that God is long-suffering, and will hear you even now.' She then rushed towards the door, anxious at once to escape ere feeling could again subdue her better resolutions, but alas! it yielded not to her touch: it was bolted, and for the first time, she felt that Edward was indeed a prisoner. Thus unexpectedly repulsed, she timidly looked back, and met the eyes of her lover fixed unconsciously upon herself in an expression of such unspeakable anguish, that she could bear no more, but sinking on a chair beside him, she wept in the full bitterness of a breaking heart. Edward at length was roused by the violence of her sobbing to the reality of their situation, which had seemed to him before like the delirium of some frightful dream. 'Edith!' he exclaimed, 'why do you not rather spurn the wretch who has brought you to such woe as this? better could I bear it all, than your generous and unequalled love. No, my noble minded girl, you must not go to meet more misery for my sake.

It would only embitter my remaining days, and there can be no mercy for me. Leave me then to the fate I too justly merit, for I can bear it, if you are but safe, and will be comforted. And after all,' added he, endeavoring to shake from his mind the terror with which death hung over him, 'to die is but the evil of a moment, and almost as soon will my name and my crimes be alike forgotten.'

Edith, still sobbing, shook her head, but was prevented replying by the bustle which warned them that their parting was now indeed at hand: 'Once more,' said Edward, 'I entreat you, Edith, to go home, for useless must be the attempt to save me, and how could you, an unprotected girl, meet the perils and fatigue of such a long and anxious journey? My uncle will only curse you, and all Carlisle be ready to scorn or pity the hapless victim of a condemned criminal.'

'If indeed,' said Edith, calmly, 'he could do so to a poor broken-hearted girl, pleading for another, not herself, surely the curse would return to his own bosom, and not fall on me. No Edward, I fear nothing for myself—but hark! they are coming;' then looking towards the door, and suddenly taking the prisoner's hand between her own, she hastily added, 'Farewell! may God have pity on us both.'

The officers now entered, and required the immediate attendance of Mr. Forrester, every thing being in readiness for their departure. Edith, who seemed anxious to avoid the trial of seeing him thus forcibly removed, was about to quit the room, when Edward, notwithstanding his boasted courage, caught her hand again, and exclaimed, 'Edith, go quickly to Carlisle, and on your knees implore the mercy of my uncle for me. He cannot let me die a death so dreadful, and he has power, if but the will, to save me. Now go, but when my doom is fixed, come to me again: from this I know you will not shrink, however sad

must our meeting be. Say, Edith, will you promise that we meet again ?'

'Sacredly do I promise that we shall meet *once more*,' she replied, and without venturing another look, she rushed from the room, and in a few moments was on the road to Carlisle, while the prisoner was conveyed to Liverpool, there to await his fatal trial.

CHAPTER VII.

Edith, wholly insensible to the fatigue she had already encountered, and which yet lay before her in her long and melancholy journey, thought only of its issue in all the varyings of alternate hope and fear; and aware of the importance of expedition, every moment seemed an hour in which she was delayed. In this state of mind, the unhappy girl lost all sense of personal suffering, travelling night and day until she reached Carlisle, allowing herself neither rest nor food beyond that which she felt really essential to support her sinking frame. Here, when she was asked to whom she wished to go, her heart died within her, and for the first time she shrunk from the painful mission which she came to fulfil; but it was only the fearfulness of a moment—the life of Edward was at stake,

and forgetting all else, she desired to be immediately taken to Mr. Forrester's. Her story was soon told, and the good old man, who had been only a few hours previously informed of the treachery of his nephew, sympathised too truly with her to condemn her opportunity, and regarding her as the victim, rather than a sharer of guilt, he bade her be comforted, and to rest assured of his protection until she could be safely intrusted to her mother's care. 'As to that ungrateful boy, he deserves to be hanged,' added he, turning away from the heart-broken Edith, and walking up and down the room to conceal the feelings with which his own mind was agitated, 'so what is the use of saving him? If he had a thousand lives, he would disgrace them all, and come to the gallows at last.'

'Oh! if you had but seen him as I have seen him,' exclaimed Edith, 'you would be more merciful in judgment against a fellow creature; you would not heap such coals of fire on his burning head, but would forgive him, even as you hope to be forgiven by heaven. Save him then, I beseech you, for your own soul's sake; for, remember, the guilty have more need of life than those who need fear nothing at the judgment-seat of God. Let him live then and repent, and the day may come when you will rejoice over the redeemed soul of him who now pleads for mercy at your hands. O, Mr. Forrester, stain not your own soul by the blood of an *infidel*! Leave his life to him who has power and mercy to turn the sinner's heart, and blessing without number shall be given you in return.'

'Ah!' replied Mr. Forrester, mournfully, 'I wish with all my heart his life were in the power of those who love him as I have done, then, ungrateful as he has been to me, not a hair of his head should be touched. But justice must have its due, and you and I might call long enough for mercy if the law condemn him.'

Edith looked surprised: 'I thought you only had

power to arrest him,' said she, 'who then has dared to do it?'

'The bankers from whom the money was demanded,' replied Mr. Forrester, 'who, discovering my name to be forged, obtained a warrant for his arrest, and the king alone has now power to save him.'

'Then cannot you go to the king?' eagerly enquired Edith. 'He has so benevolent a heart, that surely he would in pity to us all vouchsafe a pardon.'

'The king would have enough to do if he were to be troubled with every villain's story in his dominions who deserves death,' replied Mr. Forrester; 'and although, heaven be praised, we have as merciful a sovereign as ever sat on England's throne, his people would not like to be cheated out of their laws: and yet,' added the kind-hearted old man, 'God knows, all I can I will do to save the poor boy's life, even if it cost me every farthing that I can call my own.'

'Pray God bless you for that,' earnestly exclaimed Edith, clasping her hands, 'then we may hope he will not die!'

Mr. Forrester shook his head, but forebore contradiction, unwilling to check the hope which he observed brightening the wan countenance of the unhappy girl: 'Yes, I forgive him,' said he, 'although I have done with him for ever as a son. Aye, young woman, by the sorrow of your own heart you may guess in part what mine must feel. I have nursed that boy from his very cradle; for him alone have I toiled, and thought of his happiness and his well doing far more than of my own, and yet this is the return he makes me.'

'Doubtless he has deeply sinned against you,' said Edith, 'and we all strangely sin one against the other, even where we love the most. I too have almost broken my poor mother's heart, and yet I feel that if she will but take me back to her again, and it please God to spare my life and reason, I shall be to her all that a

tender child can be. Edward, I am sure must feel the same towards his injured uncle.'

Mr. Forrester was silent, for his heart was full to overflowing, and he would not yield to the relief of unmanly tears. Edith was now about to leave him. Her mission was accomplished, and nothing further to rouse her, she felt that her exhausted frame could bear no more. Mr. Forrester, however needed not the teaching of benevolence, nor to be told what was too evident to be disguised. He saw how much she required rest, and insisting on her remaining under his roof, he immediately gave orders for her to have all that could possibly tend to comfort and repose. Poor Edith, who had little expected such a reception, was overcome with gratitude; and worn out by excessive fatigue and anxiety, she gladly retired to bed, where renovated in some degree by the refreshment that had been given to her, she slept more composedly than might have been expected from the feverish state of her mind.

The next morning Edith was really ill, although she refused to acknowledge the sufferings of mind and body which she knew could meet no relief from any human remedies; and Mr. Forrester, seeing how much she needed the watchful nursing of a mother strenuously urged her to go home without delay, promising not only to accompany her, but to act as mediator betwixt herself and her aggrieved family. This was indeed a trial which she most dreaded to meet, and much as she yearned for the affectionate sympathy of those whom she well knew loved her still, fain would she have deferred it till another day, had not Mr. Forrester warmly advised her against it, convinced that the evil would only be aggravated by such a procrastination. He further assured her respecting his unfortunate nephew, that he would take every means of obtaining the royal pardon, and would himself see that the culprit had every personal comfort during his imprisonment, which could soften the rigors of confinement.

This benevolent promise again renewed the hopes of Edith, and anxious that Mr. Forrester should not be detained from such a purpose, she no longer thought of her own feelings, but declared herself ready to accompany him to Glencairn, whenever he thought proper to take her thither. Gratified by her compliance, he was not long in preparing for their journey, and in a few hours the travellers reached the glen, where Edith was received as a prodigal, indeed, for whom the 'fatted calf' would gladly have been killed, and the best garments prepared, could these have healed the wounds which, alas! conscience too readily probed within her self-accusing heart!

But as the scene of her return has been already related, we will continue our narrative from the period in which Mrs. Stuart had received from Mr. Forrester those sad communications, which filled every heart in the village with sorrow and surprise.

The illness of Edith, which terminated in a brain fever, for many days endangered her life. In all the ravings of delirium, the accusations of conscience were beyond description dreadful; while she loudly prayed for mercy and prolonged life, that a timely repentance might be granted her. Mrs. Stuart had found Lady Beauford's letter in Edith's trunk, and its contents too evidently betrayed the base deceit which had been practised, and which alone sufficiently accounted for those heart-rending reproaches with which the poor sufferer's mind was continually agitated. The prayers of the pious family, however, were not long unanswered. It had been to them all a season of deep humility and earnest supplication, and for the sake of Him in whose name they had implored the blessing of restored peace, hope once more dawned upon them, and turned their sorrow into praise; for Edith gradually recovered her reason, and with it expressed the deepest sense of her unworthiness, while, with the humility of genuine penitence, she related to her mother all that had passed,

concealing nothing of her own misconduct. Neither did she attempt to disguise her anxiety respecting her lover, and aware how unequal she was, in her present exhausted state, to execute her promised return to him she implored her mother's permission of writing, that he might not suppose himself deserted by her in a moment of such awful suspense. All that could pacify her sickly mind was readily granted, while not one word of reproach was ever suffered to awaken a doubt of entire forgiveness, for her own remorse had silenced every tongue against her. To Helen more particularly did she open her heart on the subject which so engrossed her every thought, and exacted a promise from her that she would faithfully communicate whatever tidings might be received of the prisoner's fate. Mr. Forrester, since his departure, had punctually informed Mrs. Stuart of all that was passing, but his intelligence was daily less sanguine as to the success of the petition, which had been offered to the king's mercy. The case was so aggravated, that to have pardoned such an instance of guilt would have been compromising the laws of our just and excellent constitution; a short reprieve was all that could be granted, and that without the most distant promise of further lenity. At length the dreadful edict was publicly issued which announced the day appointed for the execution of the unhappy prisoner. It was immediately forwarded by Mr. Forrester to Mrs. Stuart, together with a letter from the prisoner to Edith, entreating to see her once more. The wretched man expressed no hope but that existence would end with life, and incoherently mentioned death, judgment, and salvation, as if he had but a confused idea of the religion which might have taught him how to die, and preserved him from an end so appalling to his guilty soul. This was a moment of trial to Mrs. Stuart, which nothing but divine strength could have enabled her to support. She dared not tell Edith the contents of that fatal packet, yet aware that the culprit's death

could not ultimately be concealed, she believed it better to prepare her for the issue, by at least communicating to her the hopelessness of his situation. Helen, to whom the trembling mother appealed for counsel as to how this could best be done, hastily replied, 'Indeed, mother, it would break our poor Edith's heart to think that he must die. You know not how she clings to the hope of his release, and in the certainty of this alone has her mind resumed its composure. Tell her any thing but the truth—say that he is pardoned, but banished for ever from the country; this will silence further inquiry, and end her anxiety for his life, and surely it will be a very innocent deception?'

'Helen,' said Mrs. Stuart, 'is it in a time of such deep tribulation, and under a visitation like this, that we can dare add the guilt of falsehood to sorrow which sin has already wrought us? Let us not tempt the Lord to withdraw his gracious promise from us, for without his strength how could our weakness bear the burthen of this calamity? No, my poor child has sown evil for herself, and she must bear its reappings, suffer what we will.'

Silence for some moments ensued, for Helen could not but feel the justice of her mother's reply, although neither the one nor the other had courage to decide the anxious question. It was therefore left undecided, and Helen, unwilling to resume it, returned to Edith, whom she found asleep, and Miriam sitting by her side, silently watching her restless slumbers. The latter had a small Testament in her hand, which seemed so intently to occupy her mind, that she did not immediately observe the entrance of Helen, but started when she did so, and slightly coloring, re-placed the book in her work-bag, evidently anxious to conceal it from the observation of her friend. She had been a daily visiter at the glen ever since the illness of Edith claimed the sympathy of her kind heart, and had been to them all such an instrument of comfort and support, that her

very presence seemed now like a sunbeam brightening their clouded path; while, with a delicacy which none but the truly generous can understand, did she administer to their temporal wants such relief as her observant eye discovered to be most needed. Neither was her own heart left unimproved by the lessons of practical Christianity taught her in that house of mourning. Truly, indeed, did she weep with those that wept; and no longer averse to Christian instruction, she would listen to the pious exhortations with which the invalid was from time to time encouraged to repent and hope, with as much interest and silent deference, as if her own soul had been the prodigal addressed.

It was the afternoon of that day that Mr. Howard had appointed to administer the holy sacrament to Edith and her afflicted family. She had never before wished to 'bind herself,' as she expressed it, to the necessity of being religious, fearful of not pursuing such a course of holiness as was, she thought, required from those who became partakers of the solemn feast. But Mr. Howard had taught her not only the fallacy of her scruples, but the benefits to be derived from a frequent partaking of this memorial of our Savior's love, which when spirituality received, must tend to awaken feelings of gratitude, and a desire of holiness, best calculated to lead the soul to Him, who could sanctify, forgive, and redeem the weakest sinner who rested only, and confidently rested, upon his merits for the fruition of all hope. And to the plea which Edith would sometimes urge, that she was not '*fit*' to receive an institution which appeared to her only intended for those disciples of the Lord who were '*really religious*,' Mr. Howard would ask her then how she was fit to die, and appear before the tribunal of a just and angry God, where every unrepented sin—either of omission or commission—must appear against us? We might indeed, he said, presumptuously defer to a later period

obedience and repentance, but could we defer death, over whose mission our will has no power, and which comes even as a 'thief in the night,' often when the careless soul felt itself most secure from its summons? No: and in ourselves the very best of us could find no plea for acceptance, since all our righteousness is but corruption in the pure sight of God?

Edith confessed it an awful consideration, and at length convinced of the truth of such an argument, she now longed as much as she had before dreaded, to be admitted as a communicant in that sacred ordinance. These circumstances seemed so favorable to her present situation, that Mrs. Stuart, on much anxious deliberation, determined that after the administration of the service, Mr. Howard should prepare Edith for the trial which lay before her, as her mind would doubtless be then peculiarly fortified to bear the will of God with comparative submission. The melancholy packet, containing the dreaded tidings, had arrived that morning by an express, and as the letters were never delivered till late in the evening, Edith was perfectly unconscious that any could have already been received; but never did the hour of post escape without frequent enquires as to its result. Mr. Howard, therefore, promised to remain with her, and to take upon himself the painful task of communicating the fatal intelligence whenever she might resume her interrogations. Miriam, willing to share with them the anxiety of such a moment, in case of being able to render any personal assistance or comfort, pleaded her wish of witnessing a ceremony of which she had often heard, to remain with them till night; and was still sitting by the bedside of Edith, diverting her mind from melancholy thoughts by cheerful and judicious conversation, when Mr. Howard arrived to fulfil the duties assigned him. It was truly an hour of deep and touching solemnity. The feeble hands of Edith for the first time raised to receive the 'body and blood of Christ,'

expressive of her desire to be henceforward united to Him, while her plaintive voice could but faintly utter her resolutions of an amended life, seemed figurative of that infant helplessness with which every new-born soul should enter the covenant of the Lord. The heart of the mother struggling against contending emotions, could scarcely support the feelings with which it was overwhelmed. God had indeed never yet forsaken her, but had hitherto rather 'stayed his rough wind in the day of the east wind,' and she wished even now to trust more fearlessly to his supporting providence. But nevertheless it was a severe trial of her faith thus to await the impending storm, and her courage well nigh failed as time hastened the bursting of that heavy cloud. Helen felt it yet even more insupportable. She tried to overcome—to believe—to trust! but no effort could dispel the terror she endured; and as if some mortal wound were about to be inflicted, she poured out her soul to God, while still her heart yielded to human weakness, and sank beneath the agony of that anticipated blow! She could no longer trust herself to look on Edith, whom she now regarded as its certain victim, but immediately on the conclusion of the prayers, she hastily left the room, and retired to her own, there to give free vent to the inward bitterness of her heart, which she had so vainly endeavored to suppress. It was seldom that her fortitude was thus conquered, but she was no heroine, exempt from the frailties of human nature; and wholly unable to suppress her feelings, she sank upon her knees humbled and self accusing, while earnestly she prayed for greater strength, and a renewal of divine grace. Had the thoughts of Edith been less intently occupied by the service in which she had just been participating, the evident agitation betrayed on the pale countenance of her mother, and the sudden escape of Helen, must have excited her suspicion as to the cause, but it passed wholly unobserved by her; and Miriam, always

watchful over the feelings of others, seeing that it was so, endeavored still to attract the mind of Edith from outward objects, by immediately questioning Mr. Howard upon the nature of the institution she had witnessed. 'For surely,' said she, 'it is the height of superstition to believe that the flesh and blood of your prophet can substantially exist in bread and wine made by the hands of men.'

'We do not in the least believe them to be so;' replied Mr. Howard; 'Catholics alone hold the doctrine of transubstantiation. We receive them simply as *memorials*, of the love of our dying Savior in shedding his blood, and giving his body to die on the cross for us; and we recommend a frequent partaking of them, as a personal renewal of our faith in his promises and atonement, upon which we believe a blessing peculiarly rests, and not because we suppose that we virtually eat the substance of which they are but types.'

'Then why hold it in such sacred esteem?' asked Miriam, 'or suppose, as you appear to do, that the neglect of it is so great a sin in the sight of God?'

'We certainly esteem it, as we do all the commands of our Savior, as requiring our implicit fulfilment in token of our allegiance to Him, if I may so express myself; but not as being, more than any other act of obedience, a meritorious plea for his favor and acceptance. But notwithstanding *no virtue* can possibly attach to any of our imperfect services, whatever be the form in which we offer them, yet we feel that a rejection of the positive command, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' is more especially disregarding that sacred bond of union which Christ then condescended to establish between Himself and his people.'

'Then what is the virtue you ascribe to the bread and wine, which you seem to consecrate as something in themselves holy?'

'As symbolical only of the body and blood of Christ,

who suffered for our sakes,' replied Mr. Howard, 'we consider them consecrated elements, but unless they are spiritually received as such, and as tokens of the faith which we thereby profess in the efficacy and necessity of his precious blood for the remission of all our sins, the bread and wine can no more nourish our souls, than food could support and restore our dead bodies.'

'But if received in faith,' said Miriam, 'you believe the sacrament not only a safeguard against sin, but as capable of imparting forgiveness of the past, and strength against future temptations?'

'We believe that nothing but the grace of God can do either the one or the other,' solemnly replied Mr. Howard; 'but we consider it as a *mean* of great spiritual benefit—as peculiarly directing our minds to the important sacrifice with which our salvation is sealed, exciting us to grateful praise, and enlarging our faith, by so immediately bringing to our view the stupendous design of mercy towards us fulfilled by the death and righteousness of Christ; It leads us to a review of our past lives, awakening us to an humble and penitent sense of our guilt as it stands before God, while it encourages us to hope for pardon and mercy through the very love of which the sacrament is a memorial. It is a mean of greater separation from the world, as especially abstracting the heart and affections of a Christian from temporal to spiritual longings, and rouses us from that tame and lukewarm spirit, which, perpetually creeping over us, lulls us imperceptibly to a false and dangerous security. All this, Miss Durvan, is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to such as piously receive it, and we conceive few Christians who have considered the privilege of such an institution, can willingly neglect a banquet so replete with blessings, a duty so incumbent upon all who love our blessed Lord and Master.'

'I own,' said Miriam, 'that the Christian faith ap-

pears to me very incomprehensible, as separating merit from works, and yet so strictly requiring obedience to the precepts of your gospel. Is not this an inconsistency, since you consider works necessary to salvation, if their fulfilment be nothing meritorious ?'

'They are certainly so far necessary,' replied Mr. Howard, 'as a manifestation of the sincerity of our faith. An habitual purity of heart and conduct, though not our meritorious title to heaven, is an indispensable evidence of our meetness for it. 'Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.' 'This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works: and it is certain, that they who wilfully indulge in any known sin, or disregard holiness of life, however they may profess, and with their lips call Jesus 'Lord, Lord,' can have no spiritual part in him. They are but hypocrites in the sight of God, and must come under an awful condemnation. Surely there can be no inconsistency in this doctrine of united faith and works.'

'Then you of course believe that those who have embraced this faith can never sin ?'

'The natural heart is so intimately connected with sin,' replied Mr. Howard, 'that there is none righteous, no, not one;' and every hour has the most pious believer to lament his utter inability to preserve his soul from violating, by thought, word, and deed, the sacred requirements of the divine law. Consequently many even visible errors may often appear in a Christian, and thousands more committed which are known only to God and his own soul. But he will not remain a willing subject of sin. None lies unrepented in his bosom—he attempts no self vindication, but feeling himself guilty, the conviction produces a genuine sorrow and earnest prayer to be delivered from its penalty and power. He flies to Christ for refuge, and to the Holy Spirit for renewed grace and sanctification.'

'If all men are then so incapable of goodness,' ask-

ed Miriam, 'upon what grounds can any us of expect to enjoy heaven as our reward?'

'Upon none whatever,' replied Mr. Howard; 'if heaven were only attainable as a reward for human goodness, no human being would ever reach that vision of spotless holiness; since the slightest violation of the law, which all intelligent creatures are under an unchangeable obligation to obey, incurs the wrath of our just and holy Creator, and renders us unfit for his presence. The righteousness of Christ who fulfilled the law for us, can alone be our plea for the favor of God, and restoration to happiness; for we do most fully assert, that all men naturally, without Christ, are in a state of guilt and condemnation. On the fall of Adam a curse passed over all, and we universally became partners of his guilt, the children of disobedience, lost in darkness more than light, as the tainted scions of a corrupt tree, which can no longer bear good fruit. But in Christ we are again renewed, and become righteous in the sight of God as being united to him—the grafted branches of the 'tree of life.' His holy Spirit is instilled throughout our souls, renewing in our hearts desires after holiness, and enabling us to walk, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. Thus only does Christian hope and expect heaven as the fruit of God's unfailing promises, made to such as would accept the covenant, ordained for all mankind in the Messiah. But he expects it only as the free and unmerited result of God's unbounded love: obtained not by our merits, but for us, solely by the sacrifice of his Son, in whom justice found an ample atonement for all our sins, and entire reconciliation for man to God.'

'Then you admit,' said Miriam, coloring, 'that good works be fruits and evidences of sanctification; that persons who lead good and virtuous lives are safe from the curse, although they cannot hold the doctrine of the heart's natural corruption, but rest on their obedience to God, so far as they are enabled to fulfil his

mands, as sufficient for salvation ; a hope quite consistent with the promises contained in our scriptures, you surely must often very uncharitably judge and condemn your fellow creatures.'

' Judgment and condemnation belong to Him alone,' replied Mr. Howard, ' who only can search and know the human heart. Many may appear strictly moral characters in the eyes of men, who, wanting the very spirit on which salvation depends, are doubtless, before God in a fearful state of Pharisaical self-righteousness, which I do not hesitate to assert, is a state of fatal delusion. But I believe conscience is always our own judge. That 'still small voice' will ever whisper in our souls whether we are children of darkness, or heirs of glory. It will tell us whether we conscientiously walk according to the *light received*, and be a faithful reprover of whatever is wrong within us. This will, I believe, condemn or acquit us, since we are accountable for the motives of our actions, not for errors committed in unwilling ignorance. Vain will be the boasting of the Pharisee, while many a trembling penitent, led to the Savior by an inward sense of guilt, longing for pardon and acceptance, humbly walks with God in a state of justification, although condemned and rejected by the world. Believing on Him who justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness, because he is acquitted and pardoned *in Christ*, not in himself ; and your scriptures, my dear Miss Durvan, assert the same things in other words, when David declares, ' Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity ;' he does not say, blessed are they who *do no iniquity*. Now surely this is clearly testifying that a righteousness *not our own* must cover our sins.'

Miriam shook her head, but made no reply, and Mr. Howard, after a moment's pause, added smiling. ' As to your charge against us of illiberality towards each other, it is somewhat a heavy one, and often, I fear, too

justly our due. We cannot, however, avoid in a degree judging of others accordingly as we may their actions influenced by good or evil, although certainly ought to do so in a spirit of meekness lenity. For instance, if we see a professing Christian lukewarm in the service of God, neglecting the bath, evidencing a dislike to spiritual employments, satisfied with a superficial knowledge of the Bible leaving it from day to day unstudied; anxious for things of this world, but careless in those of eternity are we not justified in concluding that there is no religion, no principle of godliness in that man? he—just as we might fairly call him an infidel who only avows sentiments of infidelity. But in neither would we dare assert that such are not equally within the care of Providence, equally subjects of his all-suffering mercy.'

'May I ask,' said Miriam, 'how faith can be credited to you for righteousness? In this sense you cannot merit in the very power of believing, which appears to me far less deserving it, than those works of obedience and self-denial, over which the will has actual power for faith may be deemed wholly a mental property, depending upon the degree of capacity given to each of us, of forming just opinions through the medium of certain impressions received upon the mind.'

'That there are different degrees of human understanding all will admit,' replied Mr. Howard, 'God has not left truth, on which depends the salvation of every soul, limited to the comprehension of the learned only. Faith is a passive feeling, depending on no abstract principles, and is equally open to the capacity of every rational mind. It is simply the reception of God's written word with childlike simplicity, without human innovations, or speculative enquiry. The most illiterate peasant earnestly praying to be taught the road to heaven, hears the admonition, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' and

submits to the conviction that Christ is 'all in all,' and man altogether nothing, because God tells him so; he presumes no further to question his sovereign decrees; and thus submitting, he stands securely upon that rock, where all things necessary to his salvation shall be added to his meek belief.'

'But what is the righteousness imputed to your faith?'

'Our justification is not by the merit of faith itself, but only by faith as that which embraces and appropriates the merits of Christ. If we receive it not entirely as such, our system of faith is nothing more than a refined mode of justification by works. 'Faith,' says a pious author, whose views on the subject appear to me very clear, 'does not justify us because God foresaw that it would produce good works, but simply, because it apprehends and accepts the atonement of Jesus. It is true that faith is counted to us for righteousness;' but not in the same sense in which 'Christ is made unto us righteousness,' that is, as the meritorious cause of it. When God imputes faith for righteousness, He has regard, not to the merit or excellence of faith as it is in us, but to the merits and excellence of that Divine Redeemer on whom our faith terminates. But this subject can scarcely be better explained than it is by our Church, in her admirable homily on the salvation of mankind. 'St. Paul declareth nothing upon the behalf of man concerning his justification, but only a true and lively faith; which nevertheless is the gift of God, and not man's work without God. And yet that faith does not shut out repentance, hope, love, dread, and the fear of God to be joined with faith; but it shutteth them out from the office of justifying. So that although they be all present together in him that is justified, yet all of them together cannot justify.'"

Edith, who appeared deeply engrossed with this conversation, now asked Mr. Howard if a death-bed repentance could be acceptable as an evidence of faith,

where the life of the penitent had been previously one of wilful transgression and neglect of God ?

‘Repentance really resulting from an inward sorrow for sin, and which raises the soul altogether from its own justification to that which is in Christ, producing genuine desires after holiness, is certainly an evidence that the Spirit of God has begun the work of regeneration in the soul, and we are sure that it can never be left incomplete. The transgressions of the sinner are then ‘blotted out’ forever by the blood of our Redeemer, and are remembered no more, as though they had never been in existence. At the same time we must be sure that we deceive not ourselves as to the nature of our repentance, that it does not spring merely from a dread of punishment, rather than a longing after holiness; or from fear, rather than from the love of God, which is so greatly to be apprehended in a late repentance, wrung from the soul by circumstances instead of conviction, that I would solemnly warn all against deferring it to a dying bed, convinced that very few are the instances where it is then within our power to desire it in that sincerity which alone can render it acceptable.’

‘How then,’ asked Miriam, ‘was the thief upon the cross so immediately forgiven, as is related in your Testament: since it certainly does not appear that he evidenced any other repentance than that which you have described arising from fear? Indeed Matthew and Mark both testify that he even united with the multitude in reviling the crucified Jesus.’

‘Pardon me, Miss Durvan,’ replied Mr. Howard, ‘never was genuine repentance more strikingly evidenced than in the instance of the dying malefactor. St. Matthew and St. Mark both relate that he reviled Christ, a proof indeed of his previous infidelity. These historians, probably from the immense concourse of people assembled about Calvary, saw not his subsequent repentance and faith, so beautifully record-

ed by St. Luke, who, we may believe received it from the testimony of those who were more immediately eye-witnesses of the whole; and if you attentively peruse the narrative, you will find every essential fruit of faith illustrated in the conduct of the penitent thief. His fellow-sufferer, hardened in infidelity, yet trembling under the dread of punishment, impiously addressed our Savior with the incredulous appeal, 'If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us,' while the other struck with a deep sense of their mutual guilt, rebuked him, saying, 'Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation, and we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds?' Here was testified the fear of God, which is the 'beginning of wisdom,' and an anxiety for the soul of his companion, which is Christian charity. He no longer expressed doubts concerning the character of Jesus, but candidly avowed his newly awakened faith, that He, whom but a few hours before he had impiously reviled, was indeed the Christ, both man and God, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' He expressed no fear of punishment—he submitted without a murmur to the crucifixion of a criminal, acknowledging it *the due reward of his iniquities*. He offered no self-vindication, but throwing himself solely on the mercy of Christ, tacitly avowed faith in his power to save and to forgive, while he sought his intercession not in the coward language of unmanly fear, with which the other had implored to be saved from bodily torture, but, tenderly appealing to him as his friend and Savior, he united prayer to faith, and hope to humiliation. 'Lord, remember me!' Jesus answered him: 'Verily I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' His repentance was accepted, and his pardon sealed for ever, for it was a repentance which had brought forth the fruits of the Spirit—faith, hope, charity: a love of God, a sense of human helplessness, and a hatred of iniquity. Tell

me then, Miss Durvan, how a conversion could be most sincerely manifested? At the same time, although this is graciously recorded as an encouragement to penitent believers, to rely fearlessly on the mercy of their heavenly Father, even when coming to him at the eleventh hour, it is the only instance offered in a volume replete with exhortations to a timely acceptance of the gospel covenant. Let us therefore beware how we presume to continue in sin, trusting to a death-bed repentance, for we know not the hour when the 'Son of man cometh;' and woe be to him whom the Lord shall find unprepared.'

Miriam smiled, and said there was no conquering an antagonist such as Mr. Howard. Edith asked if he thought conversion was generally a sudden work. He replied, that although in many cases it had doubtless been so, and therefore not to be discredited, yet his own opinion was, that the work of regeneration was ordinarily so slow and imperceptible, that few who were now led away by the power of imagination, could tell the exact time of their conversion, although they might trace the circumstances which humanly speaking, led to it. 'And I own,' added he, 'that I think it a dangerous system to inculcate a habit of expressing such feelings in general conversation, which is too often done at the risk of misleading the mind to rest very much on impressions, excited perhaps by a visionary, or at most, a very evanescent feeling; which, mistaken for solid principle, often leads to the most dangerous fanaticism and self-delusion. The state of the soul as regards conversion, rests entirely, I think, between God and the conscience, and should be considered as too sacredly deposited there, to be lightly drawn out to the criticism of our fellow-creatures. Let a practical example of piety be the only test outwardly evinced of the influence which it has upon the inward soul, and it will be found, generally speaking, far more beneficial to the souls of others, than the most elaborate detail of feeling could be.'

The 'twanging horn,' which was now faintly heard reverberating through the neighboring cliffs, roused the attention of all the party, and re-called their minds to a far different subject of interest, as announcing the approach of the postman to their little glen. A flush immediately passed over the sickly countenance of Edith, which faded gradually again to the paleness of death, as the shrill note became more distinct and near. There is, perhaps, no scene in which the feelings of unsophisticated nature are more vividly portrayed, than in the arrival of a mail in a secluded village like Glencairn, where, free from the restraints of etiquette or fashion, none are ashamed to own a kindred interest one towards another, but flock around the 'man of news,' anxious either to receive their own, or to sympathise in the joys and sorrows imparted to others. The busy messenger soon tells the current story of the day, and, careless of its import, as quickly disappears to tell it 'o'er again,' while, indifferent to the good or evil he distributes, he leaves the minds of others to feel the interests to which his own is callous. But ah! who can tell the anguish thus harrowed up in hearts, which but a few hours before revelled perhaps in cheerful gladness, unconscious of the stroke which so soon may widow the happy wife, bereave an anxious mother, and blast forever the vivid hopes of many a youthful bosom; so surely, alas! the 'sword abroad bereaveth,' and sends home death and sorrow. But life is varied, and the same hand which pours bitterness on some, throws joys on others; and thus, while sorrow weeps her unseen tears over the sad messenger of unexpected grief, many a group of laughing girls hang over the well-depicted scenes of pleasure, and seem for a moment to realise in their own light hearts the fairy visions which the playful pen of those they love have colored from the gaities of life.

Edith, unable long to conceal her anxiety, now entreated her mother to go and inquire if any letters had

arrived for her. Mrs. Stuart silently acquiesced, and as she left the room, looked expressively at Mr. Howard, that he might await her return to communicate the truth to her afflicted child. Helen at the same moment entered the room, resolved to conquer the weakness which for a moment had made her shrink from the trial now at hand; but her pallid countenance and swollen eyes immediately awakened the suspicions of Edith, who, peculiarly susceptible to alarm, no sooner saw her sister, than with a look of earnest inquiry she exclaimed, 'O Helen! I am sure there is some bad news; tell me at once, I implore you, all that you have heard or know.' Helen pressed her hand, and tenderly endeavoring to soothe her, evaded her inquiries by some vague reply, while her own heart was nearly breaking for the sorrow which she dared not hide. Mr. Howard saw their mutual distress, and anxious to remove further suspense, gently prepared the mind of Edith to bear the tidings he was commissioned to impart. He reminded her of those resolutions, which but a few hours before she had so solemnly pledged to fulfill. 'Endeavor, then, dear Edith,' said he, 'to raise your soul above the things of time, and prove the power of your faith by yielding up your own desires to the wisdom of God; believing, that according to your day, so shall your strength be, and that all things shall work together for your good, if you will but trust to the mercy of him who ordereth all things well. Yes, my poor girl! wait patiently, and He will make the 'rough places plain to you:' 'only wait, I say, on the the Lord!' Mr. Howard paused, for his benevolent heart too deeply sympathized with the sufferer to inflict a wound unmoved: his voice faltered, and a tear fell from his cheek upon the hand of Edith. She felt its touch, and startled from the stupor of suspense by this affectionate token of sympathy, which told too plainly that all her fears were realized, she leaned her head on Mr. Howard's shoulder, and covering her eyes with her burning hand,

as if to shut out all sense, she said: 'I know what you mean, and I can bear it now, at least I think I can:—but O Mr. Howard, must he really die?'

'God only can foresee the issue of events,' replied Mr. Howard, unwilling at once to crush the hope which even yet was too evidently cherished in her bosom.

'But you mean to say, that he is condemned,' said Edith, faintly. 'I bless you for your kindness, Mr. Howard, but you need not fear to tell me all.'

'He is reprieved—but alas! not pardoned,' said Mr. Howard, again vaguely replying; 'not indeed pardoned on earth, but let us hope that he will even yet, like the penitent thief, look with faith on him whom he has reviled, and receive the forgiveness of heaven.'

'Reprieved!' exclaimed Edith, apparently relieved, and looking timidly up, 'O then perhaps he will not die, till he can die a Christian's death; and then indeed, if he but hear that gracious promise which, blessed the dying thief with assured salvation, I should little care how long my own earthly sorrows lasted. I should be patient—resigned—nay, almost happy.'

Helen, alarmed by the energy with which this was uttered, entreated Edith to be composed, but it seemed only the more to excite her, till seeing the tears of her sister, she resumed in a calmer tone: 'Helen, my own sweet sister, why grieve so sorely with one who has deserved no sympathy? for I have made all wretched that I love; but you are all kind to me, very kind. Now let me go to Edward,' added she, raising from the arm-chair on which she lay supported, and looking wildly around her: 'I promised him sacredly that I would go to him once again, only once more, I said, and I must not break my word. Yes, I will go to him once more, and tell him how to die. Give me a Bible, Helen; O would that we could both

love that book, then might we again meet in heaven, forgiven of all our sins—to sin never, never more!’

Exhausted by this delirious struggle of contending feelings, the unhappy girl fell back, and soon became insensible alike to sympathy and sorrow. Mr. Howard, finding that he could no longer be of any use, now left the sufferers, assuring them how earnestly he would remember them all before God in prayer, that they might receive that support which no human power could impart. Miriam would have remained the night with Edith, but Mrs. Stuart would not permit it. Nothing, she said, could be done, and Helen and Jessie were sufficient to aid in watching her throughout the night. Mr. Howard therefore offered to escort Miss Durvan home, and both accordingly took their leave, Miriam promising to return early the ensuing day, and Mr. Howard whenever he heard that he could administer the smallest comfort.

The return of another day awakened Edith to a renewal of all her sufferings, but her mind was more calm and resigned than could have been expected from a disposition naturally so impetuous. Her thoughts still dwelt upon the desire of going to her lover; but convinced indeed of her utter helplessness, she listened with much forbearance to the affectionate entreaties of Miriam and her sister, who were now mutually engaged in dissuading her from such a design. It was remarkable that the idea of Edward having written to her had never entered her mind; consequently, his letters had without difficulty been concealed; neither had they ventured to tell her that his execution was already appointed, anxious to keep it from her till all was over. Mr. Howard and Mrs. Stuart had both written to him in terms of the most Christian solicitude, telling him of Edith's state of mind and health, which prevented her return to him, offering their entire forgiveness, and affectionately urging him to pass the remainder of his time in en-

deavoring to make his peace with God. All this was unknown to Edith, and she was tenderly solicitous to learn the state of his mind. 'If,' said she, 'I could only be assured of his penitence, and of his willingness to submit his soul to God, earnestly desiring to lead a new life, if spared, or to die a Christian, meekly believing on Him who could save him, I think I could feel happy and be thankful; but O Helen! who but himself can tell me all this? No, I must—I will go; for his very soul's salvation may depend upon my seeing him. Who is there about him to tell him the glad tidings of the gospel? Who else but I, would patiently lead his restless, guilty mind to fix on heavenly things? Indeed, I am a great deal better,' added she, smiling, as if to deceive them into the belief; 'I shall be quite well to-morrow, and to-morrow I will go.'

Helen well knew the fallacy of such a hope, but would not contradict it, fearful of again exciting the mind of her sister beyond the control of reason. All were for a moment silent, till Helen suddenly exclaimed, 'Edith will you trust me to go, and I promise faithfully to fulfil all you can desire, and as faithfully to tell you how it is received.' Edith looked earnestly at her sister, uncertain how far she could trust another with a mission so nearly concerning herself, but aware of her situation, she felt that there could be no alternative. 'You go!' she at length hesitatingly replied, 'thank you, dearest Helen, and may God bless you for such kindness to my poor, unhappy Edward. Yes, you shall go with me, for it is a sad, sad journey to go alone, ill and wretched as I am.'

'You must let me go without you, my Edith,' said Helen, tenderly, 'for he may want a friend even now, and when you are well enough you can join us, and he will then be better prepared to meet you.'

Pleased with the surmise, Edith exclaimed, 'What do you mean that you would go to-day, this very day?

O, what a kind and tender sister you have ever been to me! Go then; I will not keep you from him; only remember, Helen, be very gentle, speak kindly to him, and not in anger, though he should appear ill-willed towards you. Take the Bible with you, and tell him, with my dying lips I solemnly charge him to hear its sacred warnings, to believe and to repent! O, you can tell him more than I could do of God's all-wise decrees, and where to find his promises of salvation given to every penitent sinner, who will seek them in their Savior's name! Let him not despair, but speak words of peace and comfort to his soul, or he is lost for ever!' She sank on the pillow, exhausted by this effort of feeling, but recovering herself, she more calmly added, 'And tell him, Helen, that I forgive him, pray for him, love him.'

The thought of going had been to Helen a sudden one, and perhaps too hastily revealed, while, anxious to adopt, at any sacrifice, every thing that could tend to relieve or satisfy the mind of Edith. But she now felt that she had been incautious, for it was already Saturday, and the ensuing Monday was the day on which the unhappy convict was to suffer. With the utmost expedition she could not reach Liverpool till late that night, and the want of money to take her there might retard her design, if not wholly frustrate it. All this passed through her mind, while Miriam was engaged in soothing the agitation which Edith suffered, as the subject was thus again brought immediately forward; and feeling that perhaps she had excited hopes beyond her power to fulfil, she burst into an agony of tears.

'I do not wonder that you should shrink from such a trial,' said Edith, touched by the emotion of her sister, 'for it is a fearful thing to go, a lonely woman, in such scenes of misery and sin. Wait, then, till tomorrow, when I shall be quite well enough, and we can go together, for indeed I cannot bear to see you

grieve—and for my sake too,’ added she, throwing her arms around her sister, ‘when I deserve nothing from you but bitterness and reproach.’

‘Do not speak so, dear Edith,’ said Helen, ‘for I would fearlessly walk the world alone, if it could save you from an hour’s pain; but’——she hesitated, and Miriam quickly comprehending all that she meant to add, affectionately reproaching her, exclaimed, ‘O Helen, is it impossible you should thus hesitate for want of means to go, when one is near you, whose purse and all that she possesses, is surely as your own. I thought you knew and loved me better than to feel a doubt, where I have power to assist you; and in this instance, too, at so little sacrifice.’

The generous girl waited not for thanks, but springing from the room, in a few moments was on her way homeward, and in less time than many could have reached Fernhill, was she seen bounding across the glen on her return, her noble heart aiding her light steps to hasten the errand of benevolence. She re-entered the cottage, her countenance blooming with exercise and animation, and giving Helen a well-replenished purse, she bade her be quick in her preparation for departure. But another obstacle arose respecting the vehicle, the village affording nothing better than an errand cart, which would scarcely admit of sufficient speed to meet the coach at Ravensdale, the nearest town from Glencairn through which it passed. This, together with the difficulties which she, as an inexperienced traveller, would have to encounter, made Mrs. Stuart hesitate on the propriety of Helen’s journey, an undertaking, requiring judgment and courage beyond so young a mind. But Helen, fearless of personal danger, and anxious to execute so important a mission, overruled all her mother’s objections, and at length obtained her consent, conditionally that she could procure a fit conveyance. This, Miriam engaged to do, that nothing might retard the

expedition of Helen, for she felt sure no difficulties would arise, if kindness could remove them, beloved as the Stuart's were by all who knew their name. Nor was she deceived, for no sooner was it known that assistance was required, than carts and horses of every description were readily proffered by each villager who owned one. Miriam, therefore, soon returned with all that was necessary for the safety and comfort of her friend. Mr. Howard, to whom she had at first applied, offered himself and his horse, and having borrowed a car from a farmer not far distant, a comfortable conveyance was soon in readiness awaiting the commands of Helen. Miriam would fain have been the companion of her arduous journey, but to this she knew her father would not accede, and she would not abuse his indulgence, by making a request which might have pained him to refuse.

Aware, however, how much a female attendant would lessen the anxiety of both Helen and her mother, she engaged a respectable woman to accompany her friends, on whose care and fidelity they all might depend, and for her alone the humble cavalcade now waited. In a few moments all were in readiness, and Miriam, taking an affectionate leave of Helen, bade her be comforted, assuring her that Edith should want nothing within her power to give or procure during her absence. 'And remember,' added she, tears filling her eyes, 'that if money can avail, my father's purse and mine will be gladly opened to the utmost to save the life of a fellow creature.' Helen could only express her thanks with a look which spoke the gratitude with which her heart was overflowing, more eloquently than a thousand words. She pressed the generous Miriam to her bosom, and without venturing another look, she sprang by the side of Mr. Howard, who silently but swiftly conveyed her beyond the sight of that home, which but a few hours before, she so little thought of leaving. Scarcely was a word spoken

during that melancholy ride, for the thoughts of the travellers were too sadly attuned to find relief from sympathy or communion. To God alone could they each impart those feelings of mingled hope and fear, with which their hearts were overwhelmed, and to Him did they now inwardly upraise¹ their thoughts, endeavoring to resign the event altogether to his guidance and disposal. They reached Ravensdale just as the coach they came to meet was in sight, and having seen Helen and her attendant comfortably settled in their new vehicle, Mr. Howard gave them his parting benediction, and watched their rapid flight till they could be seen no more. Gladly would he have gone as the protector of Helen, but he dared not leave his church neglected, unless compelled by a more urgent motive than he could now plead. He knew that the chaplain of the jail in which Forrester was confined, was one who would not leave the souls of those confined to his care ignorant of the means of salvation, and therefore felt that he dared not desert the duties of his own vineyard. Slowly did he now pursue his return. His heart was full, and his mind busy in contemplations not calculated to inspire cheerful feelings. Life in its darkest colors just then seemed to lie before him ; but he looked upwards, and as he viewed the bright blue sky, where not a cloud was seen to intervene betwixt his sight and heaven, he felt the full value of religious hope, which, could at all times waft the soul where sorrow cannot reach. O what a hopeless, wretched being must that man be, he thought, who looking thus above, could claim no part of its inheritance ! Who, when borne down with earthly cares, or stung by the remorse of conscience, knows not where to find man's blessed Mediator, and is afraid to think of God without one. The Christian, indeed, may have his sins to mourn, and sorrows which he knows not how to bear ; but with the one he goes to the fountain of Emanuel's blood, where all are

washed away ; and with the other to the cross, where, borne on the wings of mercy, they ascend to Him who takes them to Himself, and sheds down a peace which 'passeth understanding.' Such is the difference between a child of God, and he who makes this world his all ; and Mr. Howard fervently wished that the time were come when all the ends of the earth shall be filled with Jehovah's praise, and sin be lost in glory !

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrived at Liverpool, Helen immediately sought Mr. Forrester, whom she knew to be there, and was received by him with that feeling and hospitality so characteristic of his kind heart. On hearing the purport of her journey, the old man shook his head, but, gratefully appreciating her kindness, hoped that it might prove successful in awakening the mind of the prisoner from the torpor of despair, which ever since his condemnation he had sullenly indulged. It was, however, too late an hour to think of visiting the jail that night ; Helen therefore retired to rest, better to be able to fulfil the painful duties of the ensuing day.

To Helen, the noise and bustle of a large town were

so new, that she could not sleep amid the interruptions of watchmen, carriages, and voices, which continually startling her, roused her apprehension that something unusual was the cause. Upbraiding her timidity, she endeavored to compose her mind with a conviction that even there, she was equally under the protection of her Heavenly Father, as in her own quiet glen; but still she was not sorry when daylight released her, and she arose early, to enjoy a sacred preparation for the Sabbath festival, which that day was to renew.

Breakfast being over, of which little had been eaten, Helen was anxious to fulfil her visit to the unfortunate prisoner. Mr. Forrester offered to accompany her, although tears trickled down his venerable cheek, as he remembered how soon would the painful duty be no more required, and all be past of him, who had hitherto formed the first interest of his own life. Tomorrow, and he would be a lone traveller through this world's wilderness, without one kindred tie to claim his love, or give affection in return. And yet it was not loneliness he feared to meet, for if death had come the messenger of peace to his poor boy's soul, he thought he could have given the boon submissively, and only found in the bereavement another plea to yearn for his own summons to a better world. But now he must walk in the path of sorrow to the grave, for self-reproach mingled with his grief, while he remembered, that engrossed with this world's gain, he had too little thought of heavenly things, and neglecting them himself, he had not made them all in all to the soul of his young charge. He had indeed early instructed him in the strictest morality; but it had been a system more of worldly policy than one of eternal salvation: this reflection now embittered the poignancy of parting, and must, he knew, remain a thorn within his breast never to be removed on this side his grave.

Helen, who had never yet been within the walls of

a prison, shrunk from the thoughts of entering a place always associated with scenes of misery; and now, as the deep-toned bell demanded an entrance, her heart beat alternately with compassion and terror at the expectation of so soon meeting those terrific objects with which imagination had filled her young mind. She looked timidly at Mr. Forrester, but no stranger to the place, he was occupied with far different thoughts, and Helen gained courage as she felt assured of his protection, and saw how calmly he awaited their admission. At length the rattling of chains announced the porter's approach, and Helen for a moment closed her eyes, as if to avoid the dark countenance which she believed would meet her sight; but the gentle voice which bade them enter, at once quelled all her fears, and she was surprised that he, whom she thus dreaded to meet, was one betraying no harsh feeling or austere command; and had it not been for the huge bunch of massive keys which betrayed his office, Helen might have doubted whether he were really the master of that dreary abode. To Mr. Forrester's enquiries respecting the prisoner, he was informed that he had passed a restless night, but appeared less callous to his situation, and had that morning for the first time expressed comfort in the prayers and conversation of the chaplain. Mr. Forrester looked his thanks to heaven and silently leading the way, Helen followed him through many a grated door and mouldy passage, till, at length they reached the prisoner's abode. It was not the dreary cell which Helen expected, for although it had only one high and grated window yet it was a neat, and not otherwise comfortless looking room. She trembled violently, as she now approached him whose sad fate was so nearly linked with that of her beloved Edith, and whose crimes had wrought such sorrow to them all. He was seated by a table, on which lay an open Bible, and a small book of devotional hymns; his head resting upon his hand, by which he concealed his face with a hand-

kerchief, while deep and intermitted groans expressed the full agony of his soul. Mr. Forrester took his hand between his own, and pressing it to his bosom, kindly said, 'Come Edward, look up, for you will see none but those who love you. I have brought another friend to tell you that you are not forgotten in your affliction—such an angel friend, as, I warrant, is not often seen within these walls.' Edward hastily looked up, a sudden flush spreading over his wan and feverish cheek; thoughts of Edith called it there, but frowning, he quickly hid his face again, as if to show he thought a stranger's visit an intrusion. Helen's heart well nigh misgave her, and she felt as if she could no longer support her trembling frame, but she knew the importance of every moment's delay, and struggling with herself, she gently laid her hand on Edward's arm, as she faintly said, 'I am Helen, the sister of Edith Stuart.' He started at a voice which indeed recalled her, whom he had too much reason to remember well. It resembled Edith's, but it was one of more uncommon sweetness, for though she spoke not the peculiar dialect of her native country, she had never lost its accent, which, more especially when her feelings were excited, gave an expression to her language of most touching softness, and it now seemed to rouse in the bosom of the prisoner those latent feelings of tenderness which had once been the characteristic of his own disposition. He again looked up, and fixing a steady but subdued look on the countenance of Helen, said in a tone which might have softened the sternest heart to pity, 'And I suppose you are come to curse the wretch who has been the death of your poor Edith! Well, be it so; all misery, at least this world's misery will soon be over!'

'No, thank God she lives,' said Helen, 'and has sent me here this day to tell you that she forgives—prays for you—loves you still: and to implore you, as you value your salvation, and the peace of her death-bed,

come when it will, to look above it all, and fix your soul on Him who has power and mercy to save to the uttermost, all who will draw near to Him in penitence and faith. Yes, Mr. Forrester, she bids you with her parting blessing to look up, that God may give you strength to die a Christian, and grace to meet his presence without fear.'

'I rejected the grace which might indeed have withheld my hands from past iniquity,' said Edward, 'and can I hope that He will offer it again because I dread to do without it?'

'It is offered till the very moment of the soul's flight from earth to its last tribunal in heaven,' exclaimed Helen, fervently; 'freely offered to every soul, even when the lips have lost power to utter their feeble cry for mercy. O did you ever seek that grace? did you ever pray and earnestly strive to be delivered from the iniquity of your heart? No, I am sure you have not, and therefore it is that sin gained its victory, and brought you to this sorrow. But He, for whose sake mercy and truth are sent as united messengers of the covenant to every believing penitent, waits over you with glad tidings of salvation, if ye will only look up with *love* and plead his blood for the remission of your sins. Fear will then flee away from before you, and all you need for your soul's salvation shall be given. Yes, Edward, ask and it shall be given you, although perhaps too late for earthly happiness, or peace on this side eternity.'

'I am unworthy of it all,' said Forrester, despairingly; 'unworthy to claim the smallest boon of mercy.'

'O take that very spirit of humility to the cross, I implore you!' said Helen, clasping her hands and looking earnestly at Edward, 'for your entire helplessness will best plead your need of that atoning blood which can wash all sins away. Take courage then, and lift your soul to heaven, while each of us here will

wrestle in prayer on your behalf for timely mercy, and believe me—believe the gospel promise, that you will not be driven back, but covered with the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness, you will meet death without dismay.'

'Ah!' replied the prisoner, mournfully, 'it is well for those whose life has been a just one to talk of dying a righteous death; but from my very childhood I have done little else than sin, and do you think God, merciful and long-suffering as he is, can spare his threatened wrath from my accursed soul?'

'We are all sinners in his pure sight,' said Helen, 'and did he requite us good and evil as we deserve, not one human being would there be, from whom his wrath could be justly spared. But thanks to his boundless love, you and I have equally a mediator to stand betwixt our sins and God. Go, then, and plead to him, and his own word pledges your everlasting salvation; only go to him in faith, believing that in him all things are possible.'

The prisoner made no reply, and seemed impatient to be released from the conversation. Helen looked pained, but forbore pressing the subject further; and after a few moments' pause, seeing her silent, Edward began his inquiries respecting Edith. 'Tell me I entreat you,' said he, 'how she has borne the dreadful certainty of my condemnation? She, who is the gentlest, most tender of human beings. O it is her love that makes a death like this so bitter!'

'Would that you would seek a better love,' fervently replied Helen, 'a love which would take the bitterness of death away, and change despair to hope. Thank God it has raised the soul of our poor Edith to seek her help from Heaven, now when no other comfort could avail. She is resigned and patient to the utmost.'

'What then,' asked Edward, 'is she grown callous to sufferings which she once so sweetly, so nobly shared? Can she be at peace when the sword of eternal ven-

geance is unsheathed against me? She was not always methinks, wont to be so easily turned to God—but it is well for her and me that it should be so.' A bitter smile passed over his features as this was uttered, which in a moment yielded to an expression of such ghastly despair, as made Helen turn pale with terror.

'O Mr. Forrester,' she exclaimed, 'if you could see that young and lovely victim as she now lies, like a helpless infant, on her death-bed, you would better know the value of that blessed hope, which enables her to bear the sorrow you have wrought her, and not grudge the boon which Heaven has kindly sent to mitigate and support a life which is now, alas! for ever closed against all earthly happiness. You would not call her callous could you hear the piteous cries with which she implores God for your deliverance.'

'Does she then indeed forgive me?' said Edward, clenching his burning hands. 'O my best loved Edith, would that I could hear a blessing from her gentle voice once more, for it seems strange that she can do aught but hate me; and if in what I said I wronged her, it is that I feel how little I deserve her pity or her prayers. Yes, I have indeed wrought misery to you all. Say you that she is dying too? But you need not fear to see *her* pure soul take flight, for surely God will heap on me alone the dreadful torments of his righteous anger.'

'Do not speak so,' said Helen, solemnly, 'we must each pay the forfeit of our sins, if, indeed, we can dare reject the atonement which the blessed Son of God so freely offers for their remission; and believe me, it is an awful thing to die and have no part in him.'

The wretched man could hear no more, for covering his face with both his hands, he sobbed such tears of agony and shame, as never perhaps before unmanned him. The elder Forrester, whose tender heart could ill bear this distress, paced the room impatient to be

gone, and yet some feeling scarcely to be defined, bound him to where he was who was soon to be no more.

The chapel bell, slowly tolling the hour of prayer, awakened the prisoner to a remembrance that this was his last summons to an earthly Sabbath. O what an awful, fearful call to a soul who dared not hope to share the eternal Sabbath of heaven! The jailer entered, and having bade his charge prepare himself for the service, invited Mr. Forrester and Helen also to partake of it; which being silently assented to, they both descended and took their stations in the place assigned them. It was a moment of solemn silence, and one, perhaps, of deeper trial to Helen than she had ever yet known. She hid her face to avert the observation of those already assembled there, whose curiosity she fancied must be necessarily excited towards herself, so that she saw not the awful procession with which the unhappy culprit was shortly afterwards attended to an opposite pew, hung with the sable paraphernalia of impending death. Neither did she venture to look up, until wrapt in the devotions of a pious soul, she forgot all other presence but that of Deity, to whom she earnestly appealed for grace to help in that most bitter time of need. The service was devoutly performed, and the text, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' was touchingly addressed to the soul of him for whom it was peculiarly selected. He was earnestly called upon to dedicate his remaining hours to penitence and prayer, assured that even at the eleventh hour, the door of mercy was open to the cries of all who sought admittance in the name of Jesus—really believing in his boundless power to save, his infinite love to spare us from deserved perdition. The prisoner was not indifferent to the appeal: he listened intently to the admonitory warning, and appeared wholly absorbed in the subject thus so vividly recalled. His countenance was indeed pale, but more softened than before; and as the minister affectionately closed his address with a solemn,

yet encouraging exhortation, the culprit fell on his knees, and with eyes upraised to heaven, his hands clasped devoutly on his breast, he earnestly ejaculated, 'Amen: and O may God be merciful to me a sinner!' The sobs of Helen alone were for some moments heard, in a pause which nothing was suffered to disturb, till the whole assembly, as if by one consent, united their 'Amen,' and immediately a few sweet voices solemnly concluded the service by chanting the hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,'—the last sounds of earthly melody which fell upon the ear of Edward Forrester!

The congregation again dispersed, and the prisoner was reconducted to his cell, where in a few minutes Helen afterwards returned to him. He was greatly agitated, and taking her hand, expressed a grateful sense of the kindness her sympathy evinced—a sympathy which seemed so universally to prevail in his behalf. 'O Miss Stuart!' said he, 'still bear me in your prayers to God, for his kingdom is indeed now hastening on, and how little meet is a soul like mine to stand the ordeal of his holy presence!—the tribunal of his justice! And yet, I do believe that he has mercy even for me; for if human beings who know not half my sufferings can feel a pity which I thought angels only could have given—how much more can He, who is infinite in compassion and knoweth all things, feel the inward woe of souls, for whose redemption he in pity died and suffered! O yes, I do believe that he will teach me even yet to bear it all!'

'Thank God for this!' exclaimed Helen, clasping her hands to heaven, 'He is indeed long suffering and of abundant mercy. All our days shall we render praise for grace which can thus awaken the sinner's soul from the dreadful torpor of despair; and if you can die thus trusting, thus believing on the name and power of Jesus our Savior, then, shall I think of this as the sweetest

Sabbath of my life, although in my own strength I could ill have borne its bitterness.'

Forrester again expressed the gratitude which he really felt for all her kindness, then mournfully replied, 'Aye, indeed, much as we boast of man's strength, and human courage, how can either avail in the hour of death or tribulation? A new-born infant is less weak than a sinner when standing on the threshold of eternity.'

'And may this sense of weakness, Mr. Forrester, lead you entirely to rest on the gracious arm of our righteous, pitying Savior, whose strength is all we need, to bear us to our heavenly Father's love! O if our poor heart-stricken Edith can but know that you are a willing candidate for the covenant of salvation, she will be happy even in all her sufferings—she asks no more to bless the remaining days of her sad life, and then this indeed would be remembered as a day of mercy to all who love you.'

'Love me! did you say?' exclaimed Forrester, 'is it possible that aught on earth can love a wretch like me? I thought that none but my sweet Edith could have even pitied me, and yet you too can talk of loving me.'

'Yes, Mr. Forrester, your soul is most dear to us all—your sins alone we hated, and if God vouchsafes to pardon these, we who are alike so frail can scarcely dare remember them against a fellow-penitent.'

'And can Edith too feel all this for one who has thrown such sorrow over her young life? Well may it be said that beautiful are the paths of Christian love, which teaches charity how to cast the veil of mercy on another's guilt. O Miss Stuart! deeply as I have wronged that dear and lovely girl, God knows her happiness was the sweetest dream that fancy ever reared within my mind, and any thing on earth would I have done to win it. O tell her this, and say, if I deceived her, it was because I first deceived myself—for I would

gladly have met the utmost of life's misery, rather than have marred one moment's welfare of her spotless soul.' The prisoner, completely overcome by these associations, could for a moment speak no more, but soon endeavoring to struggle against his feelings, he faintly added: 'Helen, I need not bid you be kind to her, and to forgive all that she has done against herself or you; for had she never met me, never loved me, deceit had not lured her innocent heart from God. I must now pay the forfeit of it, and O, if human agony could atone, that which I feel would be enough for all her sins and mine. But it is vain, I know, to speak thus wildly—may God have mercy on us both! And now to you, whose heart is too full of Christian tenderness to deny the last earthly boon I crave, I solemnly implore your intercession for Edith, should the breath of blame light on her—your pity, love, and all that a sister, such as you, can give, to soften and support the trials of an embittered life.'

'He only can give support or comfort from whom alone they spring,' replied Helen, 'and may his peace indeed disperse from all our souls the clouds which our sinfulness has thus gathered around us. But all that you can ask for her of earthly kindness, believe me, I will gladly and sacredly fulfil. To this shall my life be now devoted.'

'God requite you then,' fervently exclaimed Forrester, 'and may the comfort which you have bestowed on me this day, return again to light your own last moments with beams of blessedness, which the just alone can know; and, Helen, should you ever see a fellow-creature involving himself within the accursed toils of a gambling table, tell him, it was the ruin of a mind which once loved better things, and might, but for the infidelity which there it learned, have sought for the treasures of eternity. Tell him the fatal history of Edward Forrester, and implore him with all your angel eloquence, to take a timely warning and

shun the delusive pleasures of dissipation. Tell him, that with my dying lips you heard me say, that the moment when I first lost the fear of God, that moment did the gates of hell open before me, and every vice become my boast, until roused by the summons of death to look again on God, I found I could not meet his dreadful presence! Oh!——' He paused, then covering his eyes, as if to veil from memory that tremendous hour, he added, 'What madmen must we be to disregard the word of God, to risk our souls for a few false transitory pleasures, the end of which is so appalling, even on this side of hell.'

Silence now ensued, for the heart of Helen was too full to utter a reply. She sobbed bitterly, but still did praise mingle with other feelings, to know the mind of the unhappy Forrester so far awakened to his situation and his sins. She was, however, soon relieved by the entrance of the chaplain and the elder Forrester; the former, after affectionately expressing his sympathy for the sufferers, requested that the prisoner might now be left undisturbed, as it was essential that he should have an opportunity to enjoy a few hours of private devotion and rest. Edward, who really needed the latter, made no resistance to the proposal. He took the hand of Helen, and pressed it to his lips, as if to express the gratitude he could not utter; then turning to his uncle, who stood beside him, tenderly blessed him for all his kindness, and implored once more to be forgiven. The old man fell exhausted into the arms of his nephew, unable longer to support his agitated frame; and, locked in each other's embrace, they gave free vent to their mutual feelings, until the chaplain interposed, and requested the visitors to depart. This they prepared to do, and no other word was spoken than by the prisoner, who eagerly entreated to see them both again that night. Helen looked her assent, and immediately following Mr. Forrester through the prison, they soon reached their

own abode, and after taking a very frugal portion of the refreshments prepared for them, they each retired to their rooms, wholly unequal to bear the society of each other; nor did they meet again until Helen went to remind Mr. Forrester that it was time to fulfil their melancholy engagement ere the evening was too far advanced. But he was apparently awaiting her, ready for departure, a postchaise being at the door, in which sat the parson who had accompanied Helen from Glencairn, and several packages, denoting an entire removal. Helen looked surprised, and asked Mr. Forrester whither he was going, to which he replied, 'Not perhaps where you most wish to be, my good girl, for we shall see our poor prisoner no more. Tomorrow is a day which would break your heart and mine to witness here, and I go to take you where you will hear no sounds of funeral woe.' Helen at first entreated a short delay, pleading her promised return to the jail; for although she had before dreaded the hour of that last meeting, she now as earnestly longed once more to bless him, whose fate so powerfully claimed her interest and compassion. She acquiesced, however, in yielding her own wishes to the feelings and judgment of Mr. Forrester, when told that the denial was visibly designed to spare the prisoner from a parting which could not but distract his mind from heavenly objects, and aggravate the morrow's awful trial. Silently did the travellers pursue their departure from Liverpool, which in a few moments was lost to sight and sound, save, indeed, that the Sabbath bells, chiming the hour of evening prayer, stole faintly on their listening minds, and for awhile still kept them lingering o'er the spot where he was suffering, on whom an evening sun would never shine again.

They travelled only as far as Preston that night, where they remained the greater part of the ensuing day, in a state of affliction scarcely to be described. Here, tidings of the unfortunate prisoner were for-

warded to Mr. Forrester by the chaplain, who wrote immediately after the execution, expressing the utmost hope that the poor young man was in a desirable frame of mind. 'For although,' said he, 'human wisdom can but imperfectly judge the merits of a late repentance, all that we dare, I think we may, in this instance, hope.' He then related all that had passed between the prisoner and himself since Mr. Forrester's departure, in which much real penitence was evinced: he had united fervently in the prayers which from time to time had been offered in his behalf by the chaplain and jailer, who had alternately attended him throughout the night, and had awaited death with unrepining submission, calm, but not hardened: avowing the justice of his doom, and apparently prepared for the ordeal before him. He had expressed no personal wish, and although he had appeared to expect the return of his uncle and Helen with some degree of impatience, yet when told that he could see them no more, he simply raised his eyes to heaven, and said, 'All things are wisely, mercifully done, and now earth may pass away as quickly as it will. May God be merciful to me, and shower down a thousand blessings on those who have so nobly, and so sweetly borne the injuries I have wrought them.'

He then gratefully acknowledged the kindness of all his attendants, commending them to heaven; after which he recurred to no earthly subject, and the world seemed indeed to have passed away from his soul. Language could very inadequately describe the feelings of Mr. Forrester and Helen on reading this detail—feelings of mingled terror, hope, submission, and sorrow! But all was finished, and the soul of the departed culprit in the hands of Him whose ways are unsearchable, and whose wisdom is beyond the reach of human comprehension.

Mr. Forrester would not leave Helen until they reached Ravensdale, where Mr. Howard had appointed

to meet her. Here he took an affectionate leave of his young charge, at the same time giving her a packet for her unfortunate sister, containing papers which would entitle her to receive an annuity for life of fifty pounds, the only compensation which, he said, could now be made for the sufferings which his ill-fated nephew had cost her ; then anxious to avoid an interview with Mr. Howard, he hastily left Ravensdale, and pursued his cheerless journey to his sad and solitary home.

The meeting of Helen and her family can better be imagined than detailed. Edith, roused by the voice of her sister, sprang from her bed unconscious of the weakness which had laid her there, and falling on the bosom of Helen, she eagerly exclaimed, 'O tell me, *when* he is to die !'

'Never again, I trust,' replied Helen, solemnly, 'for we may all *hope*, my Edith, that the second death shall have no power to hurt him !'

* * * * *

CHAPTER IX.

'It is all false, I tell you, child,' said Mendez, angrily, impatient to end a long argument with Miriam : 'it is sophistry, delusion ; and false and absurd artifices of the foulest priestcraft.'

'But indeed, my good rabbin,' archly replied the

laughing Miriam, as she hung on the arm of her frowning teacher, 'you have not at all convinced me that it is so, and I fear these bitter sayings will prove but weak weapons, if you can give me no other, to destroy the mighty barriers which Christianity has raised before us. Well,' added she, still leaning playfully over him, 'I suppose I must go, after all, like the lone champion of a forlorn hope, to have my head fairly shot off by the very first arrow raised against it; for *my* poor brains can wage war no more with a combatant like Mr. Howard; and I see my general is neither inclined for a surrender nor a truce. But do not sigh so heavily, *my* dear rabbin,' continued she, endeavoring to dispel the gloom which darkened the brow of Mendez, 'for I am not all inclined to give up the banners of unhappy Zion, only I love, perhaps, to indulge in woman's curiosity, and came, like a thoughtless girl that I am, in an ill-timed hour to disturb your industry; but as a due punishment for the interruption, do tax my patience with an hour's task, and bid me aid you in your laborious work; come, give me that huge roll of parchment which I see lies ready for its purpose, and you shall see what a magnificent tree I will sketch for genealogical labels.'

But alas! poor Miriam was doomed that day to probe her tutor's feelings, for even this proposal was ill-chosen, and only cast a deeper shade upon his countenance. It had touched a tender string, and he only answered with a muttered 'Pshaw!' which was always a signal to Miriam for silence, so she said no more, but left him, to seek amidst the wild flowers of her favorite cliffs a respite from those busy thoughts which had filled her mind to overflowing.

Miriam had, indeed, with all the eagerness of an ardent mind, sought to reconcile the difficulties which she found daily more perplexing as she pursued the study of the New Testament, and although she surely thought to subvert its assertions by the testimonies of

her own religion, her generous mind received with a meek surprise the striking evidences of a new revelation.

Lost indeed in wonder, often would she close the inspired volume, and, suspicious of her own steadiness, wish that she might be a faithful adherent to the beloved cause of Israel: and yet there was a fearful testimony against it, which, while she dared not acknowledge, she could not wholly disbelieve. She had never before understood the design of God's mercy in the promise of a Messiah as she now did, as it stood revealed in the mission of Jesus Christ. It was a beautiful and happy vision in her mind that *all* mankind, and not Israel alone, might be reconciled to an offended God. Salvation, as offered in the gospel, appeared to her a perfect union of all the attributes of Jehovah. She could discover no inconsistencies in the sufferings of Christ, with the former prophecies of a Messiah, when impartially and carefully compared together in Jesus of Nazareth. In him she could understand how perfectly 'mercy and truth' had met; and that in the atonement thus fulfilled, 'righteousness and peace' had indeed 'kissed each other.' It is true she felt it a great mystery, how God, in whose sovereign command are all the powers of earth and heaven, could become man in Christ, and condescend to partake the infirmities of our bodies—to bear the weight of such unequalled sufferings. But many were the mysteries of Providence, and she could believe that He who made all things, could likewise unite himself to humanity, and in the fulness of his boundless love, satisfy the claims required of justice, by bearing even in himself the penalty it asked for man's depravity; and therefore, in the humility of child-like submission, she desired to believe the truth only as he had seen fit to reveal it, without attempting to raise the veil which in wisdom had been thrown across the rest. She loved, however, to trace the foundations of the Christian religion. The subject,

even apart from its importance, interested her; and she thought it a beautiful compendium of faith and practice, such as she had never met in Mishna or the Talmud. It reconciled the difficulties of the old law, and brought home to the heart all those requirements due from man to God, without mingling either the superstitious dread of Deity which ignorance imbibes, or a pharisaical merit of outward obedience, which, from her own experience, she felt could little cleanse the soul, or satisfy an awakened conscience. This conviction was, nevertheless, now daily becoming a source of increased uneasiness. She well remembered the fatal malediction which had fallen from her father's lips upon Christianity, and ill could she bear to forfeit his blessing by an open avowal of her sentiments; although as little could her candid mind rest satisfied, while she was deceiving his confidence, and perhaps perverting his fond indulgence to a snare. Reproaching herself for this, many times did she leave her books, resolved at once to declare those new impressions which the Christian creed had excited, but ere she reached her father's study the resolution had died away. 'For, after all,' thought she, 'I am not yet convinced, neither do I wish to leave the fold of Israel; then why should I cloud my father's happiness by raising a suspicion so fatal to his peace?' Thus reasoning away her scruples, the confession was still delayed, and although against her will, her opinions daily gained ground in favor of Christianity. Had she indeed strictly obeyed the dictates of an unbiassed conscience, she would probably have scorned to disguise, even at the risk of a parent's frown, feelings which she knew to be so important to them both; but Miriam was not perfect, and like the rest of human kind, she found an unction to justify the fraud and silence of self-reproach.

On leaving the rabbin, after her morning's argument, she now sought her father, whom she saw wandering

towards the rustic bridge which he had erected across the Avona to facilitate his daughter's visits to Glencairn. He heard her sprightly voice, chanting some wild and bird-like melody, as she ran down the cliff above him; and always joyous at her approach, he stopped to watch her descent, whistling an echo to her song, that it might attract her more directly to the spot where he fondly lingered to await her. 'Pray what new pasture has my young gazelle found out,' said he playfully, 'that the plains of Glencairn have been thus forsaken? I surely thought to have found you feeding amongst the flowers of the valley, but neither brook nor daisy have seen you there this day.'

'In truth they have not,' replied Miriam, 'and most woefully do I feel the lack of their sweet nourishment; for I have been starving at a feast.'

'And yet, my child,' said Imlah, fondly patting her cheek, 'methinks it has at least fed this laughing face with roses, for I see no marks of woe.'

'No, no,' replied Miriam, 'my starvation has been a mental one, my brains alone are lacking diet.'

'What then! is the grotto at last in fault? I thought Elysium was not more fruitful.'

'Nor is it, but woman's curiosity allured her from Paradise, and the same evil led me from my grotto to the rabbin, to whom I went, as a child goes to a banquet on a holiday, expecting to find the richest fruits of lore only waiting a gathering; but alas! I found them all so enveloped in a covering of spleen, that I lost courage ere they were disentangled, so left them for the spoils of a less impatient appetite.' In saying this, she took the arm of her delighted father, claiming him as her companion for the morning. Imlah was too well pleased with the proposal to resign the temptation it offered, once more to enjoy a few hours freedom from the busy thoughts which had of late so powerfully engrossed his mind; while Miriam, allowing him no time to hesitate, led the way through many a winding maze

of fern and bramble, as she clambered along the wild banks of the Avona to attain an eminence, from which, she said, they might enjoy the richest landscape nature had thrown around them. Here for a while they rested, and every object of earth and heaven were themes of admiration to the ardent mind of Miriam. A cottage, romantically situated on the declivity of a luxuriant cliff, over-hanging the river where it branched out into a wider channel, more peculiarly attracted her, and she declared that it was a spot beyond all others most calculated for repose and happiness.

Imlah smiled as he looked upon the bright countenance of his child, and wished he could preserve her from that sad experience, which so soon must teach her the fallacy, of her visionary 'expectations. 'Alas! Miriam,' said he, 'nature may smile in all her wonted beauty upon man's abode, as even there she does, and yet have little power to awaken joy within the heart.'

'True dear father, and yet surely happiness may be heightened by scenery like this; while neither the cares of ambition, nor the thirst of power, which so continually embitter a higher sphere, can disturb the sleep of peasants, who have only to labor and enjoy the sure reward of daily industry.'

'But can poverty, or sickness, or none of those domestic evils, which not only assail the destiny of all men, but fall with double weight on the humbler walks of life—can none of these throw a dark veil over a beautiful landscape, and cast a shade betwixt nature and the heart?'

'Ah! dearest father,' exclaimed Miriam, 'well may I in fancy draw scenes of other's bliss, forgetful of their sufferings. I, who have ever been the spoiled child of a parent's love, and know so little of misery beyond its name; for you have kept *one* heart at least ignorant of its bitterness.'

Tears filled the eyes of Miriam, as she silently press-

ed the hand of her father in token of that grateful conviction of his indulgence, which language could so feebly express and then added, smiling, 'But come let us go down to my paradise of fancy, and see how far its rustic tenants realise the picture I would fain sketch for them. I have long wished to extend my rambles thither, but wanted you to lead me in so wild a chase.'

However disinclined Imlah might at all times feel to hold communion with his fellow creatures, the wishes of his child seldom failed to overrule his gloomy prejudice; but now as she hung on his arm, the tears of filial gratitude still glistened in her beaming eyes, he felt that less than ever could she have asked any thing beyond his will to grant her, while, with a smile repaying all her duteous kindness, he bade her follow him down the mossy path towards the glen, where was situated the lonely cottage of which they were in quest. Miriam, on a nearer approach, soon found that it was not all which in perspective it had appeared; for the marring power of time and poverty had united in destroying the semblance of comfort which it seemed to the distant eye to bear. Its casement windows, although embowered with a richly laden vine, whose tendrils clung gracefully around them, were still patched here and there with fragments of paper, too plainly betraying how ill the interior was sheltered against the chilling blasts of winter. No sound of merriment, or laugh of happy children, realised the vivid fancy of the young Jewess. A small but neglected garden lay before it, sloping to the river, on the banks of which was moored a small boat, with a fisher's net hanging carelessly by its side. Miriam, still anxious to know the history of its tenants, beckoned her father to follow her through the little broken wicket which enclosed these humble possessions; and gently tapping at the cottage door, awaited until a feeble voice within had twice repeated an invitation to enter. She immediately did so, and apologising for the intrusion, pleaded fatigue as her ex-

cuse. 'You are welcome enough' replied the same weak voice, 'if you can rest in such a poor place as this, for it's no fit sitting I'm thinking for gentle folks.' Miriam looked expressively at her father as both accepted this unsophisticated hospitality, her feeling heart now fully assenting to the wretchedness he had prepared her to find; for nothing could exceed the poverty which characterised the interior of her fancied elysium. It was composed of one large room, in which was scarcely an article of comfort, and the walls around it were in many places so broken as to admit a considerable current of air, which, even in this soft season, was chilling. A tall and sickly looking man sat in the corner of a wide chimney, leaning on a staff, over a few dimly burning embers, with one leg supported on a stool, over which was thrown the remnant of a blanket. His cheek was flushed with disease and sorrow, and he sighed heavily as he welcomed the strangers to his desolate home.

'You seem ill,' said Imlah, whose kind heart never refused the appeals of human suffering, however proudly it would for itself reject the boon of Christian pity; 'perhaps you want more nourishment than you can well procure?'

'Aye,' replied the poor man, looking up to heaven with an unmoved countenance, as if forgetful that a human being had addressed him, 'I may say with Job, 'Even to day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groanig!' but Job found a deliverer, and so shall I.'

'You speak wisely,' said Imlah, 'and it would be well if all mankind would put their trust in Israel's God.'

'True,' replied the sick man, 'but we are all apt to put off that till we find we have nothing else to trust in. It is n't with us as it should be. We don't seek *first* the kingdom of God that all things may be added to us; but we go on seeking first the things of *this* world, and

then when those go hard, man grumbles to find himself a bankrupt, as one may say in spiritual things, with nothing left but a guilty conscience, which day and night tells him how greatly he has neglected God and forgotten him in prosperity. But I praise God that he has not cut me off in sin, but hath 'turned aside my ways and pulled me in pieces.' He hath made me 'desolate,' as Jeremiah says, 'and though affliction has taught me that it is good for a man to be in trouble that he may call upon God, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.' Aye,' continued the sufferer, his hands meekly clasped together on his oaken staff, 'and suffer what we will, Christ suffered a deal more for us than ever we can do.'

Imlah here bit his lip with a sarcastic smile, but Miriam seeing the storm gathering on her father's countenance, prevented a reply by immediately asking the poor sufferer what accident had lamed him, and what had reduced him to so much poverty.

'The hand of God,' answered he calmly, 'and it's no use to sail against his will.' He then related, in his own simple way, that for many years he had been a successful fisherman, and had by hard, although cheerful industry, saved enough to purchase that cottage, and had so cultivated the 'waste,' as he called it, as for some time past to produce many fine vegetables, which, together with the rich spoils of the Avona, had supported himself, a wife, and three children, in comfort and happiness, until some months previously, when he broke his leg, and for a long time was unable to carry his fish and vegetables about the country for sale as usual; but as he had never spent all he earned, he had bought a pony with his savings, which together with the assistance of his eldest boy, then about twelve years old, enabled him for a while to renew his occupations with some success. 'But, somehow or other,' continued the fisherman, 'things never went right well with us again. My poor boy, as good a lad as ever handled an oar, took a bad

fever and died, so I was forced to work the boat alone, and with a sore heart I went about it too, for to hear the lad's merry whistle at the helm was worth all the fish he ever helped to catch: but there,' added the poor man, with a deep sigh, lowering his voice, 'that's all nothing, for he's blither now, I'll warrant, than ever he was whistling by his father's side.' He paused again for a moment, then resuming his story, continued, 'I thought my leg would surely get well, for it was pretty nigh healed before the boy died, but standing about on it, as I was forced to do when he was gone, angered it again, and though for a long time I was loth enough to give up work, just as the fish was getting plenty, and my bit of garden wanted it, yet I was forced to do it at last, and now for these nine weeks have I sat in this chimney side, while my garden and my boat are gone to rack and ruin, and every thing sold to give my little ones their daily bread. The harvest too is over, and we have lost our leasing, while so many hands go laden pass our door. But it is all the Lord's own doing, and though like Job, I may well cry out, 'The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison thereof drinketh up my spirit,' yet like him, may I find grace to say still, 'blessed be the name of the Lord',

'And may he speedily give you back prosperity,' said Miriam, fervently, 'and reward your pious patience with a tenfold blessing! You will soon I hope, get well, and then your pony and your boat, will, I dare say make up for lost time.'

'My poor horse,' replied the fisherman, 'will never help to get my children's bread again, and my boat will stand moored this night, I'm thinking, by another river than that which runs through the glen.'

'O surely,' exclaimed Miriam hastily, 'you are too wise to sell your horse and boat, the only means you have of gaining a livelihood?'

'Man's wisdom is foolishness indeed,' replied the cottager, 'when set up to cross the wisdom of God.'

No, no, young lady, it was all to be, and what I was to do was nothing; for in my wisdom, as ye call it, I would have sold every stone of my cottage before I would have parted from my horse, but he who knows what is best for us, left us no choice. He took that away, but I know it was all in love,' added he vehemently, laying his hand on a Bible which lay on a bench beside him, 'for, 'he scourgeth every whom he receiveth,' and I am a sinful man to grieve at any wordly loss, as I have grieved this day.' In continuation of his sad story, the fisherman then returned to the renewed enquiries of Miriam, that the horse which he thought had been safely left to graze on the bank during the preceding night, had wandered from the projecting part of the cliff, on which had been placed some staves and a rope, as a safeguard against accidents, and as the fisherman supposed, allured by other horses on the opposite side, he had attempted to leap over the projection, in doing which, he had entangled himself, and one of the staves penetrating his body, had killed him on the spot. In this deplorable situation, said the fisher's wife, found their favorite animal, and going the ensuing morning to give him a richer repast, but nothing could be done; death had already reached him, and after a general bewailing over the poor creature amongst those, who loved him almost as something dear to themselves, he had been sent to Ravensden's sale, and with him was lost the last hope of returning prosperity. This stroke had determined the fisherman to part with his boat before it could decay for want of use, assured, as he said, that he had now done with earthly gain, since lame as he must doubtless be for life, it would be useless to renew the labors of his former trade: but he repeated his conviction that 'it was right,' since in seasons of his well doing, he had neglected his Creator. 'For many a night can I remember,' added he, 'that I was too tired to thank God for all his mercies to me, and many a morning

I was too busy to ask a blessing on what I was going to do, although *He* was never weary of goodness to me. And could such an awful neglect of God and of my own soul go without a judgment? At least, I praise the Lord that it has not, for if I had gone through this world without it, the soul of George Wheeler might have found a worse punishment at the judgment-day.'

'And do you then really suppose, that this little garden can produce sufficient profit to support yourself and children?' asked Miriam, dreading lest the pious philosophy of her host should lead him beyond the barriers of the Mosaical law.

'The garden is a wilderness already,' said the honest man, 'and little is the profit of such an unsightly place, although the time has been when not a better bit of land was tilled about the waste; but I fancy it will never get bread for us again, for I take it, my hand has done its last work, and when I am gone, it will be nothing better than a burden to a lone woman. But God's will be done. I hope to go where there is no more want, and my Mary will find help from him, whose arm is better than an arm of flesh, for he careth for the fatherless and the widow; and yet, God knows, it's a sore and sinful sorrow I feel when I think that I must leave them all in such a strait.' A tear for the first time now stood on the flushed cheek of poor Wheeler. He could unmoved recount the sufferings of his own breast, but one thought of his desolate Mary and her infant boys, for a while overshadowed the confidence of even Christian firmness. It was, however, but for a moment. The tear was wiped away, and to divert the current of his thoughts, the sufferer raked with his staff the embers which were faintly flickering at his feet.

'Pray who is the clergyman of this parish?' asked Imlah after a silence of some minutes; 'can he do nothing for you?'

'I dare say he would not be backward,' replied

Wheeler, 'but he lives far off the waste, and may be he cares not to know how it fares with us; but I've been thinking, that my Mary shall go down to Glencairn, to speak to the young minister there, if so be I thought it would give no offence, for they say Mr. Howard is the poor man's friend and good to Jew and Gentile.'

Imlah frowned again at this ill-timed eulogium, while Miriam, heedless of the epithet thus innocently pronounced, immediately urged his sending to Mr. Howard without loss of time, assured that he would render them every assistance in his power. She then enquired of Wheeler where Mary and her children were that he was left so long alone; to which she was answered, that they were gone to Ravensdale to sell some grapes, all they could now trust to for daily bread, and also to find a purchaser for their boat. Miriam looked at her father with that beseeching countenance, always understood as a petition in favor of distress, and seldom was the appeal disregarded, for although Imlah professed to cast nothing to 'Christian dogs,' affliction was at all times a link betwixt himself and a fellow-creature; so now he bade the sick man be comforted, while with a kindness, unlike the usual sternness of his manner, he recommended such treatment of his leg, as his knowledge of anatomy and medicine enabled him to prescribe.

He then desired his delighted Miriam to see that proper nourishment was provided for the sufferers, and on taking leave of the cottager, assured him of continued assistance, until something could be done for his support. 'For you are more diseased in mind than body,' added he, 'and good food will make you a strong man yet: so keep up, and Miss Durvan will send you all that you can require.'

He then hastily left the cottage, unwilling to hear the blessings which followed him, while Miriam whispered a request to the astonished fisherman that

the boat might not be sold until he heard from her again. It would, perhaps, be difficult to describe the feelings of gratitude which overpowered the heart of Wheeler, and indeed they were of too sacred a kind lightly to be defined as a mere human panegyric. We therefore leave him to his prayers, and will simply add, that after partaking of a meal of Miriam's providing, such as had not been enjoyed beneath that roof for many a long night, the happy family assembled together, in praises to Him who had thus graciously answered their prayers for deliverance. The hands of lisping childhood were clasped upon the father's knee, and taught to give thanks for mercies which were still but faintly understood; while the heart of the joyful mother silently upraised for herself and her little ones, the grateful tribute of pious adoration.

'You see, my child,' said Imlah, taking the hand of Miriam within his arm as they retraced their steps homeward, 'that happiness is but a name borrowed from paradise—the theory of a principle which exists alone in heaven; and fanciful indeed is the mind which pictures bliss, because nature profusely throws her blessings here, only to give a deeper contrast between herself and man.'

'Or, perhaps,' replied Miriam, 'to teach us that the soul must fly to nature's God for the bliss we so unwisely seek on earth. Religion, indeed, lends her wings, and 'even as an eagle stirreth up her nest,' does she call us above this narrow sphere, and yet how very few will take their flight to God, until earth has wearied the longing soul with its own restlessness, and driven her to find a resting place above! O how could that poor man bear the yoke of pain and poverty, if Jehovah were not the rock on which his soul is stayed? But to a man of God how transient is the victory of affliction even though it cankers and destroys the vital powers, if, while it feeds upon the body, it does but hasten the release of an immortal soul!'

'Yes,' exclaimed Imlah, with a penetrating look, 'to a soul sealed by Jehovah within the covenant of *Abraham*; else religion is only the unction which lulls the soul to sleep even in the cradle of infidelity. The heathen worships his molten idol, and fondly dreams that it has power to grant his soul's desire, and the Christian carries a cross within his bosom, as a sure passport to the joys of Heaven. In either case, virtue or vice have little to do, for or against the favor of God! But well, perhaps, that it is so, for where 'ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

'And yet, my dearest father, surely the ignorance of Heathens cannot be analogous to the faith of Christians. The one blindfolded as it were, leans on the false and feeble arm of human reason, the only chart, perhaps, which God in his infinite and mysterious wisdom has required them to follow. The other has received the light of revelation, and builds his creed even on the laws which we have taught them. Take our scriptures to a heathen, and he will laugh at our credulous assent to their divine authority: take them to a Christian, and he will dearly reverence their sacred credentials, and may he not, perhaps, have even walked before us onward to eternity? while we, absorbed in the beautiful vision of prophecy, have lingered there too long, and thus lost sight of its fulfilment.' The voice of Miriam faltered, as she thus for the first time avowed a doubt respecting the principles of her father's faith; but swayed by the dictates of an upright conscience, she felt supported even under the frown of so endeared a parent.

'What can you mean?' exclaimed Imlah, dropping the hand of his child; 'surely, Miriam, you cannot be fool enough to suppose that pretty metaphor a just one, or if so, pray may I ask what 'new system has your wisdom discovered to prove Israel a stationary planet in your spiritual hemisphere?' This sarcastic rally was intended at once to shame away whatever

scruples Miriam might have found to excite a doubt against her faith; but it failed in its effect, for, although trembling in every limb, she mildly replied, 'Divine revelation, which prophesied a Messiah to the children of Israel, seems also, I think, to give Christians some ground for saying that the promise has been already fulfilled. You have wished me, my dear father, to study the question, that I might be hereafter competent to refute it, but I own many difficulties seem to defeat me, and vainly have I hitherto sought an elucidation from the rabbin. If Christianity be false, why did not all Israel awaken to destroy it in its very birth? Why, if the extraordinary miracles wrought by Jesus Christ were but imposture, did not the contemporaries of the Christian apostles at once subvert the falsehoods? But not one word throughout the writings of Josephus, can I find to contradict the assertion of our opponents. He speaks of Jesus—not as an impostor—but as a wonderful prophet, while the adherents of Jesus openly attest, that at his death, the whole of nature, over which human agency can have no power, became disorganised—darkness came over the land—the earth trembled—graves opened, and gave up their dead, and our holy temple was then rent in twain! All this the Christian boldly ventures to declare, and yet my father, not one amongst all our zealous patriots was found to testify against it! And, I own, I feel it a mystery, why we are thus left under the cloud of God's displeasure, a by word and a proverb still, if something be not wrong, and we unhappily deceived!'

'Miriam,' exclaimed Imlah, astonished and appalled at this declaration, 'beware how you thus touch the accursed ground of Christianity, for by all that's sacred, I would rather see you perish before my eyes, than know you enthralled within its fatal spells. I call on Heaven to witness that I would——' Imlah would

have spoken a deadlier curse, but ere it passed his lips, the pale, beseeching countenance of his child arrested him; for Miriam, trembling violently, looked as if she were no longer able to support her sinking frame. It was now that every feeling of the father against her changed to self-reproach—and all his bitterness yielded to the tenderness of anxious care: he made her sit upon the turf—rest her head upon his bosom—and when a little revived Imlah renewed his fond endearments, assuring her that he 'meant only to warn, and not to upbraid her. 'I was too violent—too hasty,' said he: 'it is natural, most natural, that your young heart should be deceived by that maze of artifice which puzzles many a wiser head; and I ought but the more to love you for the confidence with which you tell me all you feel. Yes, my sweet child, I know and trust your goodness too well to fear the issue of this important period. Come to me to-morrow with all your difficulties, and I will soon aid you to unravel them and show you that the righteous cause of Israel is not to be overthrown by the false calumny of Israel's traitors. Say, Miriam, can a daughter of David's line forsake the sacred walls of Zion, because they lie in ruin and sorrow?'

'Forsake them, my father!' exclaimed Miriam, all the energy of her wonted enthusiasm returning with the very remembrance of her fallen city. 'O! could my death but hasten the deliverance of Jerusalem, even but an hour, gladly would I lay down my life in behalf of our beloved people. Forsake them! no, my father and though I tremble at the mystery which lies between Christianity and ourselves, happy should I be to know it only the specious calumny of traitors. Only help me to reconcile divine prophecy with the extraordinary events attested in its fulfilment, and I will bless the hand which will thus take from my heart a weight heavier than it can bear. Only tell me how Christianity is to be refuted, and gladly—nay,

proudly will I go, the ambassadress of such a mission !'

'Your feelings, after all, are but natural, my noble girl,' replied Imlah, 'and I have been wrong to leave you to the unaided judgment of an ardent mind, but I surely thought the rabbin would more patiently have removed your scruples. Christianity is indeed too specious wholly to be subverted, but the Talmud alone will teach you its fallacy, and convince you of the authority upon which our expectation of a triumphant and redeeming Messiah is founded.'

'The word of God only can satisfy my mind of either the one or the other, dear father,' said Miriam smiling; 'but take me as your own pupil, and you will not wonder that the rabbin lacked patience in teaching me.'

'Well, be it so,' replied Imlah, 'for our religion can stand the test of Heaven itself. But now, Miriam, answer me faithfully, have any of your Christian friends at Glencairn forced an influence upon your mind?'

'Sacredly, I assure you, that they have not,' replied Miriam, with warmth. 'I first sought their arguments to refute them, and have always been the one to advance the question whenever religion has been the theme of conversation between us; neither have they ever attempted to bias my mind unfairly. A study of our Scriptures with what is called the New Testament, has alone awakened those vague suspicions which have of late so painfully engaged my thoughts, for I own the coincidence between them is appalling. But perhaps my head is in fault, and therefore my heart suffers the penalty of ignorance.'

Imlah made no further reply, but wrapt in a gloomy reverie, he silently continued his walk homeward, with Miriam leaning languidly on his arm, equally absorbed in her own thoughts. Both however were relieved. Miriam had at length conquered her timid

scruples, and nothing remained concealed within her candid mind. The dread of a parent's curse had indeed nearly mastered her resolutions, and for a few moments, wrought a suffering of mind and body to which she had before been a stranger; but the storm had burst, and still left the sunshine of a parent's smile. Imlah, too, was satisfied that Miriam continued firm in her zeal for the interests of her country, which he had so fondly nursed within her heart from the very dawn of childhood—that she was yet linked to the destiny of Zion, with a soul fitted for the great and immortal mission which he madly believed her called upon so peculiarly to adorn; and for the rest he encouraged no anxiety, satisfied that whatever prejudice Christianity had fixed on her susceptible mind, it would be but the transient impression of novelty, easily removed. He was however determined, if possible, to expedite his removal from England, and in the mean time so to regulate and aid her researches, as to quench that spirit of enquiry, which for the first time he was now anxious to subdue. Thus, still secure against all evil consequences, the mind of Imlah was pacified ere he reached his home, and as if anxious to convince Miriam of his entire confidence in her fidelity, he resumed the subject of the unfortunate fisherman, reminding her that no time was to be lost in sending him a supply both of food and medicine, adding, 'And let him know, as a relief to his mind, that whenever he can resume his occupations, a horse which is well fitted for his purpose, and useless I believe to me, shall be his own, and will I hope in every respect replace his lost favorite. His boat had therefore better keep its present moorings; only you, my Miriam, must take care that in the meanwhile it is not retained at the expense of hungry mouths.'

Gratefully did Miriam undertake to execute this benevolent commission, and on entering her magnificent home, felt almost ashamed of being so surrounded with superfluous luxuries, which hitherto had been

heedlessly enjoyed. She hastened however to despatch a trusty messenger with a well stocked basket of provisions for the poor family of the waste, and then retired to her own room, really overcome with her long walk and the agitation which her feelings had undergone. The result of the day powerfully engrossed her mind. Again had she witnessed Christianity, not only in theory but in practice, the support of poverty, the hope of the destitute, and the anchor of a soul prepared to meet God in undismayed confidence, even though seared with the frailties of human nature, and burdened with remembrances of conscious ingratitude. And why? because for these atonement had been made, the righteousness of another accepted in its stead, and the name of Jesus Christ given as a passport to Almighty love. No plea of self-righteousness was urged by a Christian for salvation, and surely none thought she could be saved, if merit were their only appeal for acceptance. It is therefore 'a reasonable faith' indeed, which can embrace the happy conviction that our ransom already paid, we have only to take part in it, and to trust in the merits of One, who has by the shedding of his own blood, released us from the curse of condemnation. There was nothing in the Mosaical dispensation which seemed like this to stand as reconciliation between God and man; she could thus also understand the law, as only a 'schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ,' and to teach us how impossible it is to obtain salvation through the merits of our own righteousness. She closed her eyes, as if the light of this conviction were too strong for her new-born soul; or, as if already in the presence of Jehovah, she feared to look upon his glorious majesty with a mind so unprovided, as it were, confused in its principles of faith. The result of this evening, she had for some days past, been engaged in her devotions, although her eyes were often said to feed upon communion.

for the first time, the name of Jesus passed her lips in prayer as she asked to be forgiven, if, in ignorance she had indeed denied the Christ—the Savior of mankind. O who can deny the efficacy of that blessed name, who has ever fervently and meekly carried it to the throne of grace in behalf of an immortal soul? Neither did it fail to draw down beams of peace on Miriam's head, for from that hour she was sealed within the covenant of Christ, and made partaker of the benefits of his salvation.

Miriam did not again rejoin her father that evening, a violent headache pleading her excuse for early rest; but she engaged to meet him on the ensuing morning to commence with him a minute and impartial study of the Jewish argument. The morrow came, but alas! far different was the theme of that day's meditation; for in a few hours, Fernhill became an abode of mourning, and the silence of death sat in the place of careless mirth. The faithful rabbin, who but the day preceding had been so busy with thoughts of future toil, was summoned from this world's labor to give up his stewardship, and to render an account for that which he had discharged. He was found by the attendant who usually called him to early prayers, a corpse in his bed, having expired during the night, as was supposed, in a sudden attack of apoplexy, probably occasioned by the disappointment and vexation of mind which he had for some days past silently endured, on finding the impossibility of restoring the genealogies of Israel. Vainly had he patiently renewed again and again the anxious and important work; but each time was he baffled by difficulties never to be overcome, which, together with his anxiety respecting the destiny of Miriam, so irritated his mind, as probably to hasten the disease which thus so suddenly terminated his existence. Imlah, whose love to Mendez was even as the love of son to father, truly mourned the loss of that aged and respected patriarch. He had

been the faithful adherent of all his joys and sorrows, the counsellor of his youth, and the guardian of his child—a chain of ties which he could ill bear to see thus suddenly broken. But Mendez had lived beyond the years of man, and Imlah felt that he dared not murmur at a stroke he could scarcely call untimely. Poor Miriam was less resigned; for death had never before bereaved her, and little experienced as she was to sorrow, it was proportionally severe; for although the rabbin had often crossed her selfish will, and marred the delights of childish mischief, yet, with all his stern upbraidings, she knew he dearly loved her, and now she remembered nothing but his kindness, and all that endeared him in the strong claims of gratitude. Bitterly did she reproach herself for all the anxiety, vexation, and needless pain her impetuosity had cost him, and she would have given empires could she but for a moment have awakened him from his long, long sleep, to manifest that duteous love towards him which she felt had been too sparingly bestowed. O could she have foreseen that yesterday had been his last of earthly communion, how would she have treasured every word of even all his pettish spleen, rather than have left him so unkiddly! but it was passed, and she resolved henceforth so to watch over herself, as never again to part from a fellow-creature in anger; for in a world where two may be so soon divided to meet no more, it is an awful thing, she thought, to make a last word bitter.

The remains of the venerable Mendez were consigned with respectful solemnity in the cemetery of a little chapel, erected by Imlah as a place of sacred retirement. The usual rites of a Jewish burial were performed over him with affection and reverence, while not one heart of that little community withheld its just tribute of grateful sorrow at the death of the aged rabbin.

CHAPTER X.

The many additional cares and duties which fell to the share of Imlah on the rabbin's decease, so engrossed his whole mind, that his engagement with Miriam was, if not forgotten, procrastinated from time to time, until its issue, which at first appeared so important, gradually became disregarded. Superseded by more anxious, or at least more pressing thoughts, the impression so painfully excited in the father's heart, by the avowal of his child, had died away: while on the other hand, Miriam cared not to resume a subject, which now daily became more decidedly opposed to her father's wishes. Left thus to herself, she still enjoyed an uninterrupted intercourse with her friends at Glencairn, and as she increased in the knowledge and conviction of Christianity, their society became the more valuable and endeared. She had, however, never confessed to them her change of sentiment, although it escaped not their penetration; and while they judiciously forebore pressing any argument upon the subject, they endeavored imperceptibly to lead her in the principles of Christian charity, that she might the more readily embrace its sacred foundation. They would lead her to the cottages of the poor, where she could best see the evidences of spiritual religion, or the fatal consequences of its rejection: where the accepted peace of God sweetened the toils of industry and the bitter bread of poverty; or where this blessing was wanting, she might see how lamentably labor was embittered by discontent—sickness, by mental restlessness and impatience—

poverty, by the ungreatful murmurings of despair, and death, by the awful terrors of doubt and apprehension! In one case, the promised comforter of a Savior's spirit sits behind each cloud, to cast his surety of deliverance like a rainbow over the darkness of a storm; in the other, the timid hand of unbelief shuts out the light of that eternal promise, converting each blessing to a deadly curse!

Some weeks had now elapsed since the death of Mendez, and smoothly had they glided from the days of the young Jewess, when, on one morning of a fine November, that she was about to prepare for an early visit to Glencairn, she was met by her father, who taking her hand with a cheerful smile, withdrew her to his study, urging her to delay her walk for an hour or two, as he had important communications to make, which it was necessary she should at once seriously consider.

'You have at last then, I suppose, decidedly fixed the period of our departure?' timidly said Miriam, changing color.

'I have,' replied her father. 'In about a month from this time we bid farewell to England's shores: never, I hope, to return, until it be to crown them with the banners of a universal victory! And yet believe me, my Miriam, I shall not be less grateful than yourself in my remembrance of a country which has afforded peace and protection to the persecuted exiles of Israel.' So saying, he affectionately placed his arm round the waist of his child, as if to satisfy her that the tear which now glistened through the long eye-lashes of her downcast eyes might fall unchided. He then seated her beside himself, and began unfolding a packet of papers, to while away some feeling of awkwardness which he evidently endeavored to conceal. It passed however unobserved by Miriam, who, believing that all which could materially affect herself had been already related, felt little anxiety to hear what plan was to be adopted

for their removal, and sat for a few moments silently musing on the last words her father had spoken; till inwardly reproaching herself for yielding even to a momentary reluctance, where the will of her parent was concerned, she cheerfully exclaimed: 'Yes, you must love that sweet country in which the happiest days of your child have probably been enjoyed, but I too desire to be grateful: I know that life must be a checkered one, and it is time I should learn some of its vicissitudes, for I have enjoyed a long repose beneath your tender care, my dearest father, and gladly will I now share with you the toils of a more public life.' Her voice faltered, for her heart misgave her, even as she made this firm resolve.

'Doubtless, my child,' said Imlah, 'every faithful Israelite must bear part in the peculiar trials of our ill-fated country, nor can even the hand of a fond parent shield his innocent offspring from the curse of our universal martyrdom. But few, I hope, will be your sorrows, for your path lies before you strewn with no common honors, if you will only accept them with that devoted zeal worthy the sacred cause in which all Judah is called on to unite. Yes, Miriam, for although the tree of Israel is well nigh withered, and all its glory seems decayed, yet from its sapless branches shall spring new buds of greatness—the blossoms of immortal fruit! And may not you be, my precious one, the young scion on which the last hopes of Israel rest? as the last daughter of that illustrious ancestor, from whom our awaited deliverance must descend.'

'But where is the proof, my father, that I am so? Has the noble conclave of our German patriots found a more successful genealogist than our dear Mendez?' asked Miriam, turning to Imlah with an arch expression of doubt.

'It is not because the Rabbin was taken away from the sacred task, Miriam, that it is one thus lightly to be disputed,' replied Imlah, reddening; but instantly re-

calling his present purpose, he evaded the subject, and continued in his tone of renewed kindness: 'Your life, dearest girl, has indeed been hitherto like a butterfly feeding on summer flowers, and gladly would I still leave you to play out your day, did not our country's wrongs demand a nobler sacrifice; and could you idly rest when Israel calls you to awake her triumph? Could you forego the happy jubilee of her restoration, because you love to flutter about the bands of a borrowed Elysium? No Miriam, the daughter of Imlah has, I am sure, a noble aim, and will listen with duteous delight to the high privileges awaiting her.'

Miriam knew that her father's imagination too often drew vivid pictures for himself and her, and she awaited with a passive curiosity to know what new honors he had prepared her, while with a languid smile, endeavoring to rouse from an appearance of indifference, she said, 'I am almost afraid to promise obedience, however good my will may be to make yours its guide; for indeed, dear father, you weigh my worth with so much love, that I think others will find the balance sadly wanting, and so altogether reject the services I fain would plight them; but I will do my best to wear my honors well, whatever they may be. Tell me, then, what task has Israel to bestow on an inexperienced girl, who can as yet ill-guide herself? Or does Menasseh kindly mean at length to rescue our sex from its degraded nothingness?'

Imlah was embarrassed, for although Miriam spoke in playfulness, it was not difficult to trace a heavier feeling beneath the mask of merriment; and knowing that in some degree he had compromised the claims of his child to a mistaken, if not unwarrantable zeal, for the first time he turned from her confiding countenance as she now waited the issue of her enquiry. At length resuming courage, he at once entered on the engagement he stood pledged to fulfil, and continued in a tone

of solemnity, 'Your father, Miriam, has long since devoted himself and all he holds most dear to the elected cause of Israel's deliverance, and there is no sacrifice, where that is concerned, which I hope could be asked of his daughter in vain; nor none that I would not most gladly proffer. But thank God, in the present instance, there is nothing required of me but to resign my child to a happy lot, and of you, Miriam, but to accept it with a grateful heart.'

'What do you mean, my dearest father?' exclaimed Miriam, fearfully, and turning pale; 'surely we are not to separate, for I could bear any thing but that.'

'Do not be alarmed, my love,' replied Imlah, taking her hand, 'never would I leave you till death itself required it; but your life will probably be prolonged far beyond my own, and it is time that I should ensure such guardianship for you, as would spare me the bitterness of leaving you unprotected amid the trials of a world like this.'

Imlah paused to see how far his daughter understood him, but finding she made no reply, he continued; 'Menasseh Ben Israel, the greatest of our rabbins, aware of its importance, has graciously proposed an alliance between his only son, the young and beautiful Ben Ezra, and yourself, Miriam, and you may believe how gladly I have accepted for you the love and protection of so powerful an ally—of one, whose mind is in every respect kindred with your own—generous, ardent, and noble! as if Heaven, remembering with mercy the sacred covenant made with the house of David, had formed him to link with its last daughter in all the requirements of glory—wealth—splendor—power happiness! Yes, my precious Miriam, Israel indeed awaits you as her bride, and as such will you ere long, I trust, be welcomed to Germany, where, wedded to our young representative, you will be blessed above your fellows, and be the pride, the hope, the stay of all our alienated and triumphant people!'

Miriam had hid her face with both her hands as the full meaning of her parent's wish first rushed upon her mind. Her heart's blood swiftly crimsoned her dark cheek, and filled her head almost to bursting, and then again receding, left her as if the hand of death had chilled her whole frame to icy coldness. She could comprehend nothing of the splendid vision thus raised before her. She had never dreamt of marriage; wedded to her father's happiness alone, she had never looked for other love than his, never wished to find a joy apart from him, and the very thought that he could one moment wish her allied to aught beside himself, struck a death-blow to her affectionate heart, as the precursor of certain misery. This inward struggle of contending feelings was not unmarked by Imlah, but he felt his honor too much involved in the project, and it was too nearly connected with his ambitious and ill-fated patriotism, to suffer parental love to cross his settled purpose. He therefore saw not, or *would not* see, the real cause of his daughter's present agitation, but professing to attribute it only to the natural susceptibility of her feelings, excited by the prospect of so sudden an exaltation, he only gently chided her ill-placed sorrow, and bade her conquer that weakness of spirit which too often subdued her better self. Miriam felt how little her father understood the bitterness he inflicted, neither did she wish it revealed; willing to bear a tenfold pang, rather than impart one to the bosom which still, she thought, could never be reckless of her sufferings, and thus believing, she sank down by her father's side, and laying her head upon his shoulder, she wept such tears as sometimes fall from a broken heart.

'Weep on, my child,' said Imlah, tenderly throwing his arm around her, 'I would not check such wholesome tears, but remember they must be the last that fall, while joy demands of us a better welcome; and

'tis tempting Heaven to prolong our bondage, if thus deliverance is received.'

So saying he raised his sobbing girl, and Miriam, soon composing herself, replied in a firm, although subdued tone of voice, 'Do not think me failing in obedience towards you, my beloved father, because I say that I can never, never leave you. No, while you live, still must my happiness centre in devotedness to you alone, for never can I yield it to another's love and when you are gone, then will I bear my desolateness with a patient hope that we may meet again, and cherish with a sacred pleasure the memory of him, whose loss, my father, could be but poorly compensated by all the splendid greatness you say is offered me. O no! you, who have been the first of all my joys—whose love was the brightness of my sunny day—surely cannot, will not, wrench from me at once the bliss you gave to purchase a passing glory at so great a price. Menasseh's son will find amongst the daughters of our people one more fitting to be the pride of Israel than a petted girl like me, who could but ill appreciate any privilege apart from you. Tell Ben Ezra this, and if indeed he be the noble, generous youth you call him, he will think of Miriam as his bride no more.'

Imlah, trembling with the mingled passions of ambition, resentment, love, and shame, paced the room, while Miriam dared thus refuse an alliance which he had pledged his word should be fulfilled, and yet ill could he upraid a denial evincing a love towards himself so pure, so tender, and alas! so rare. He stood before her for a while in silence, surprised that one so young and flexible as she had ever been, could thwart his will, and war a destiny fraught with all that could allure an inexperienced mind; but nothing irresolute sat on the expression of her countenance, which only seemed still more decidedly to confirm the fixed resolve she had just uttered.

'Is it for this, Miss Durvan,' at length exclaimed

Imlah, sternly, 'that I have so fatally, so falsely indulged you? But hear this once, for on my sacred word I will not yield a claim (on which the welfare and success of our suffering country may depend) to the mere waywardness of childish obstinacy. Your father, Miriam, has solemnly and irrevocably pledged his only child to the heir of Israel's crown, and not all the tenderness of parental feelings which that child may harrow up to thwart me, can change the firm decree which I have sworn should be fulfilled. In one month I take you to a destiny which none indeed but a spoilt and thankless child would dare resign. Till then I leave you to an unlimited enjoyment of your own will and pursuits; neither will I in that period pain you by even a distant recurrence to what has passed this day: but on the expiration of that time, I shall expect a passive consent to all that may then be required of you; or we shall part to meet no more on earth. You must *then* be Ezra's bride, or forfeit forever the name of Imlah's daughter.'

Imlah said no more, but hastily left the room without venturing to look again on the pallid countenance of poor Miriam, who, almost doubting her own senses, had listened with a mute and patient astonishment to the strange and dreadful decree pronounced against her. But she was now alone, and relieved from the presence of her father, she burst into an agony of tears, imploring the support and guidance of Jehovah in a moment of trial such as she had never known before. Imlah's state of mind, on leaving his child, was not less agitated than her own. Mortified and surprised as he was by the resolute denial of Miriam, to an alliance, which he deemed not only so important to the present views of his country, but so desirable for herself; love to her was still predominant, and as he recalled her tender appeal against an engagement evidently repugnant to every feeling of her heart, he was well nigh tempted at once to cancel the affianced union, even at

the sacrifice of his honor, rather than further urge a suit which had been so painfully received. But alas! again ambition lent her power to silence every obstacle, and Imlah resolved to smother the tenderness of a parent in the zeal of a patriot; 'For after all,' he thought, Miriam could be a very incompetent judge of what would really make her happy. Reared among the wild flowers of the mountain, she had imbibed a narrow view of life, and fancied that happiness must be confined to glens and grottos, because in these her ardent mind had revelled in the brightness of youth's early day-dream: but he felt sure that as the wife of Ezra—the leading star of Israel, and the pride or envy of the world, she would soon forget the pleasures of retirement, and enjoy to the very utmost the exalted sphere she was solicited to fulfil. Why then mar all this by the mere indulgence of parental weakness? Why suffer Miriam to destroy the happy destiny selected for her, because he wanted courage for once to make his own will paramount to hers? She was a child, and like a child she wept for a moment to resign a favorite plaything; but give her a higher standard of enjoyment, and she would soon wonder why she loved the last so well, and value the boon which was in ignorance rejected.' Thus arguing on possibilities which he wished to believe beyond a doubt, he forgot that Miriam was not a child, which in the present case he would fain have had her be; for she was one, whose mind, firm in all its convictions, would never yield a principle of right, although to act against her father's will, in any thing which could really affect his happiness, might poison all her own, and break her tender heart. But it suited, Imlah now to think more lightly of woman's firmness, and he returned home, resolved to engage the will of his child by every effort of kindness and affection, unwilling for both their sakes, to use violence or compulsion. On the other hand, Miriam regained composure of mind,

under a conviction that her heavenly Father would not leave her to the unaided power of her own judgment, but would manifest his will to her by circumstances which could best direct her decision. In the mean time she resolved cheerfully to meet her father, and never wilfully to pain him by any apparent reluctance to his wishes, until called upon to act decisively; that she would endeavor to follow those injunctions of self-denial, of patience, and of prayer, taught her in the doctrines of the gospel, and avail herself to the utmost of the advantages which lay before her in that short, but precious month. For the rest she would strive patiently to resign herself to whatever might be manifested to her as a duty; assured, that if indeed her new principles were of God, He would enable her to forego all the allurements of the world for the truth's sake; or if, on a nearer enquiry, she found herself misguided, and that Christianity could not be proved a divine revelation, she would unhesitatingly bind herself again to uphold the rights of Israel, and sacrifice every selfish wish to its welfare and deliverance.

Acting upon this, both father and daughter met again that day in cheerfulness and renewed confidence. Im-lah addressed his child with peculiar tenderness, and conversed on such subjects as could most interest her. He made her the medium of new favors to the distressed. Orders too were that evening given for the fisher's cottage to be well repaired, and a promise made to Miriam, that a sum of money should be left in charge of Mr. Howard, previously to her departure, for her pensioners in Glencairn, that, during the severity of winter, her loss might not be so severely felt. Neither was Miriam less grateful than her father was generous. Benevolence was always the master-spring of her heart, and it now so powerfully awoke every chord of harmony between the parent and child, that they almost forgot their love had been that morning clouded.

Nearly a fortnight had since this elapsed, and nothing

had passed during that time in reference to the political projects of Imlah, who continued rather to lavish such manifestations of affection on Miriam, that she almost ventured to hope it was an earnest of entire reconciliation between them,—a silent pledge of future peace; and she dared even believe that the negotiation was altogether cancelled which had threatened such utter misery. But still her heart often misgave her, as time thus rapidly hastened the period on which so much depended: and she was sometimes induced to forebode evil even from the kindness of her father, aware that it might be but an effort to silence her anxiety. With all these contradictory feelings her own resolution, however, remained unshaken. She daily advanced in her persuasions of Christianity, and consequently became the more reluctant to an alliance opposed not only to her views of selfish happiness, but to all her present convictions; and she felt that it was almost treachery against her father longer to conceal from him her decided conversion to the Christian faith. But yet how could she mar his returning happiness, and change his glad perspective again to the blank of sorrow and disappointment? Could she bear to see those smiles which now brighten his countenance like sunshine after a long eclipse, changed to tears which had already but too often dimmed every gleam of hope? Or how could she turn the bitterness against herself, the fond indulgence of such a parent? O how would he withhold it at all, did he but know that she was about to frustrate his blissful expectations! How would his feeling heart be agonised, if *she* were the only bar to his long-awaited deliverance;—if *she*, for whose sake he had borne a long exile of sorrow and abandonment, could make captivity more galling, and renew a bondage which, but for her, he would believe, might be soon removed! Often would poor Miriam thus catechise her feelings; while duty still urged a principle paramount to them all; and she felt it a severe and bitter trial to

yield the powerful pleadings of filial affection to the more absolute requirements of a higher love. Beneath this struggle of contending feelings, the health and spirits of poor Miriam daily lost their buoyancy. She endeavored, indeed, to appear happy, but ill could she conceal the secret of deep and unrepining anxiety which she vainly strove to cover with her smiles. Imlah alone, blinded by an impetuous zeal, saw the change without alarm. He fancied that he well knew the cause; and believing it only a natural result of oppressing circumstances upon a susceptible heart, he forbore remark: neither would he appear to sympathise, save in increased indulgence, unwilling to weaken a mind wavering, perhaps, in its resolutions. But not so her friends at Glencairn, who, ignorant of what had passed, became really uneasy, as each day seemed to increase the illness and dejection of their young favorite; and Mrs. Stuart, at length, one morning ventured to express her anxiety for her health, urging her to apply some remedy ere disease could materially affect her constitution. 'I own,' said Miriam, 'that I feel ill, but I believe it is more disease of mind than body: but,'—she hesitated, then rousing from a momentary thoughtfulness, she added, with a languid smile: 'I have been so little accustomed to have my own will thwarted, that because the time is come to learn the discipline, like an obstinate child I turn from my lesson, and fancy that it makes me ill. O, Mrs. Stuart! how little do we know another's destiny, which we so often envy! I, who am, perhaps, thought the favorite of Heaven, because on me is lavished so abundantly every earthly blessing, would now gladly exchange my splendid lot for the very humblest in the glen.'

Mrs. Stuart, who could imagine no very serious evil in the destiny of Miriam, when Imlah, she knew, was so unusually well and cheerful, replied affectionately taking her head: 'Dear Miss Durvan, if indeed the prospects of leaving a favorite home be the trial which

thus preys upon your spirits, and tinctures the rich mercies of Heaven with the coloring of gloom—much as it would grieve our selfish hearts to see you leave us carelessly, still most seriously do I entreat you for all our sakes, to struggle against the indulgence of such a regret. None, my love, can pass through this vale of tears as through a paradise. No, we must all take up our cross, and bear it heavenward with a patient mind, until we reach the glorious kingdom of the Lord where alone the immortal spirit can find her rest.'

'Would it were no more than this,' said Miriam; 'for although bitter indeed is the thought of leaving this sweet glen, and those whom next to my own parent, I most love on earth, it is all nothing to the weight which hangs on the dreadful alternative of a father's curse—or the sacrifice of every sacred principle! But here is Mr. Howard, his advice will be a relief to me, for I declare to you, I know not how to act—or what my duty is.'

Mr. Howard now unlatched the cottage gate, for he was coming on a mission of kindness to Edith; but seeing her walking on the distant banks with Helen, he was about to follow them, when Jessie, hastily pulling him back, whispered that he must come in as Miss Durvan wanted him; 'and do stay with her a long time,' added the affectionate little girl, 'for indeed she looks very sad, and perhaps you can tell her something that will make her feel happier.'

Such an appeal was sufficient to arrest the benevolent Mr. Howard: he quickly followed Jessie, and seated by the side of Miriam, he kindly invited her confidence, without appearing officiously to interfere in her sorrows; but the time was too precious to her to waste in bashful apologies: she acknowledged her wretchedness, and without reserve, candidly related all that had passed between her father and herself. 'Now tell me Mr. Howard,' added she, blushing, as if she dreaded making the avowal even to him; 'tell me,

what I, as a *Christian*, ought to do?—Yes, Christian I hope I may now call myself, if a conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed the Messiah, can make me so; and may He enable me to bear whatever his retributive justice shall require of me, even though it be to cut asunder the tender tie of a dear father's love, which seems the very link of all my joys.'

'The retributive justice of God,' mildly replied Mr. Howard, deeply interested in the narration of the young convert, 'follows only the impenitent unbeliever. To the rest He is a merciful and long-suffering Redeemer, slow to anger, tender in compassion, and willing to cast from his remembrance every iniquity. The sacred blood of Jesus paid the ransom which justice required, and Jehovah now asks no more of us than a contrite heart, sprinkled with that atoning blood, conscious of its own worthlessness, believing in his almighty power to forgive, and in his mercy still to love the children of apostate men. O, Miss Durvan! although the natural heart, which falsely measures all by feeling, must deeply sympathise in the trial that now lies before you, I cannot but rejoice at your deliverance this day proclaimed; for what are all the joys of a few fleeting years on earth, compared to an eternal blessedness? While ten thousand saints are singing their hallelujahs over you, say, can *we* dare lift up a sorrowful heart to your gracious Deliverer? No, my dear Miss Durvan, for as these walls have echoed many a fervent prayer for the very blessing which this day has brought us, so should they echo our warmest thanksgiving in the just praise of Him who has done such great things for your conversion.'

'Would that I could indeed feel a joy of heart adequate to the mercies bestowed on me,' said Miriam; 'but I fear that I shrink from the warfare of Christianity, although I yearn to partake its victory. For although, methinks, I would gladly withdraw for ever from the world, and dedicate each hour to the worship

of my new found Savior; yet when called on to confess Him before reviling Israel—to be driven as an enemy from my parental home—O! if I think of what my dear father's frown can do, when I shall own to him my Christian faith: how one angry look from him can harrow up my very soul—'tis then, and then only, that I think I could be an infidel again, rather than bear the agony of his displeasure! And yet now, when I meet my father's fond, confiding smile, I shrink from it ashamed, aware how differently he would look on me, did he but know on what he smiled. It is this that preys upon my feelings, and which haunts me night and day like a spectre, whose ghastly terrors I dare not meet, yet cannot shun. Tell me, then, Mr. Howard, ought I not to abhor concealment toward such a parent? and yet how can I bear to break his heart, by opposing all that he most desires?

Mr. Howard, for a moment, laid his hand across his eyes, then mildly looking up, replied: 'The alternative is indeed a trial of no common difficulty; and He alone can guide you, who has called you to resign every thing for his name's sake. Human judgment can but feebly advise, where prayer alone, can, I think, avail you; but, my young friend, you must strive against the fear of man, remembering that God should be ever paramount. You must submit to leave parents and home, riches and every earthly tie, if these stand opposed to his divine will. Take courage, then openly avow your faith before men, and be assured, that when in the path of duty we are ever in the immediate presence of the Lord, who will not leave us to the power of our own weak and treacherous hearts. Only wait patiently, believing the sure promises of his love, and he will make for you a way of escape. He will 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb'—nay, He may make the very storm you dread the messenger of mercy to your father's soul. It may awaken in him a spirit of enquiry, and effectually lead him to the same Savior who has gra-

ciously taken his child from error. Fear not to trust the Lord, for never will he forsake you; neither will he suffer the righteous to be overcome.'

Miriam, having now opened her mind and unlocked the secret spring of all her sorrows, which had before lain like a weight concealed, unpitied within her heart, felt already relieved, comforted and assisted, as if she had found some surety of deliverance, or had been within that hour irrevocably sealed within the new and happy covenant of Jehovah. Tears trickled down her cheeks, but they were not unlike the summer's early dew which proclaims a cloudless day, for her countenance resumed a happier smile than had played there for many a long hour. Mrs. Stuart was first to break the silence which ensued, for each had been busy with serious thought, and seemed for a while unwilling to disturb the solemn rest by an untimely remark. 'Thank God my sweet girl,' at length she said clasping the hand of Miriam, 'that the veil is removed from your eyes which concealed from you the glorious triumphs of a crucified Redeemer; but say what was it humanly speaking, that more immediately awakened you to a conviction that the gospel of Jesus was a divine revelation?'

'The striking coincidence of prophecy with events, which appear to me, even by the experience of the present time, so undeniably attested,' replied Miriam, 'and the beautiful system of redemption, in which is so perfectly united all the attributes of Jehovah;—justice, love, and mercy, there stand in all their primeval perfection, while man is still redeemed without diminishing or compromising the dignity and truth of God. So far can I understand of the covenant of a Mediator, and of all the sufferings of Messiah in establishing salvation, and I willingly yield my impious incredulity, ashamed of having so long dared to combat, as it were with the Most High, because reason could not carry me through all the mazes of mystery, to a knowledge

of which angels themselves are not permitted to attain. But may God forgive my presumption and ignorance, and take me now as a new-born babe to his Almighty guidance, and teach me those things which shall make me wise unto salvation. O my beloved Mrs. Stuart! you who know how fatally I have over-valued human intellect, can understand how humbling must that conviction be, which has taught me that the poorest child in Glencairn is more advanced in Christian knowledge than the proud and learned daughter of Imlah Durvan—more meet to enter heaven in its infant simplicity, than I with all my unavailing talents.'

'Humbling as it is to human wisdom to find itself so secondary, you can never sufficiently praise God,' said Mr. Howard, 'for having taught you the lesson, at whatever cost you may have learnt it; and believe me, dear Miss Durvan, that as you advance in a practical knowledge of Christianity, you will find earthly sorrows but of light moment, and spiritual enjoyments paramount to every other. But as a new-born babe that you desire to be in sight of God, remember you must feed by degrees on the nourishment of heavenly truth: be not dismayed, therefore, if you find the word of God at first difficult to digest, but receive with meek thankfulness even the smallest crumbs, which you may daily gather from the divine banquet.'

'That is a kind and needful warning,' said Miriam, faintly smiling, 'for this very day I was almost about to question the authority of revelation, because when I sought impatiently for knowledge, beyond my comprehension, I seemed but thrown back again from all conviction.'

'A snare with which Satan would fain overthrow many a young proselyte,' said Mr. Howard, 'if for one moment they go to the Bible unarmed with faith, or unprovided with the light of a higher wisdom than their own. But whenever you find yourself thus assailed by doubt, as you value truth, let me urge you

immediately to close the sacred volume, and wait on the Lord in prayer, humbly seeking the direction of his holy spirit; and be assured, that if you habitually do this, although you may still find many mysteries to baffle reason, none will have power to shake your faith nor to alarm your mind with apprehensions of misconceived religion. The gospel will be to you a path of light and life—a compass that will safely lead you through the darkest storms—balm to a wounded spirit, and the messenger of peace to an affrighted soul. But tell me,' added Mr. Howard, smiling, 'on what rock did your wisdom so nearly make wreck this morning?'

'On the union of God with Christ and the Holy Spirit,' replied Miriam solemnly, 'a creed on which your church seems to found many of its first doctrines, and I own myself too tenacious of the unity of Jehovah, as yet to assent to it.'

'Then you separate at once the very essence of Christianity, and make a religion of your own, not that which the scriptures reveal to us. Why,' continued Mr. Howard, 'be incredulous of a fact which God himself has declared, because no finite being can account to you for infinite conceptions? With as much justice might you deny that man is gifted with a soul, because the body only is discernible, and yet few, I believe, will dare to contradict its existence; although, who is there that can comprehend the mystery of its union with the body?'

'Prove to me your former assertion by the Old Testament,' said Miriam, 'and I will not again presume to oppose the doctrine. But there I find throughout, that God is a jealous God, and will have no competitor. 'I am the Lord, and beside me there is no God,' saith Jehovah. 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me.' 'I am the first and the last.' These are but a few of the quotations which I might deduce from the words of the Most High in favor of his entire unity; and as coming immediately from him, they are, I

should conceive, unanswerably powerful. I heartily believe in Christ as my Mediator and Savior, but I would not so rob Jehovah of his individuality—if I may so express myself—as to acknowledge another my Lord and my God.

‘When will that proud man, who is but a crumb of earth, submit his reason to the will of God,’ exclaimed Mr. Howard, ‘without aspiring to comprehend that will, or presuming to seize the master-spring of infinite wisdom? Were we less arrogant in our ignorance we should be content meekly to believe the mysteries of God without desiring to translate every letter of a language too sacred to be learnt on earth. But so it is; and God in his condescending goodness has in some degree deigned to meet the enquiry of his creatures, giving us revelation as a key to heavenly things; so far then as this permits, we may search the treasures of eternity. The very quotations you have advanced in proof of the unity of God, are amongst the most powerful arguments you could have selected in our favor. For we believe the scriptures as clearly declare that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, form but *one* God, as that each of these blessed persons partake of the divine nature, and are equal one with the other. The same Jehovah who thus declares Himself the *only* God, from the very beginning testified the mysterious union of others with himself. ‘Let *us* make man after *our* image,’ after *our* likeness; so God created man in *His* own image,’ and you who are so well acquainted with the Hebrew scriptures may remember that the word ‘Creator,’ which our translators have rendered singular, is *plural* in the original tongue, ‘Remember thy *Creators*.’”

‘The passage never before struck me,’ said Miriam, after a moment’s thought; ‘but I cannot admit it as a proof against me, since the word may so easily have been changed by the carelessness of our early transcribers.’

'Then allow me to claim your attention to the striking prophecy of Isaiah, concerning the Messiah, in which is most unquestionably declared his divinity and *oneness* with the Father. I allude more particularly to the passages: 'For unto us a *child is born*, unto us a *Son is given*, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the *mighty God*, the *everlasting Father*, the Prince of Peace.' This passage alone, should, I think, silence all cavilling, for its sacredly bears evidence that a *child born* was to be *one* with the everlasting Father, the mighty God, the acknowledged Prince of Peace. All this I adduce entirely from the word of Jehovah, spoken by his commissioned prophet in the Old Testament, which you will allow is too decisive as well as too sacred, to admit a suspicion of its correctness and divine authority.'

Miriam was silent, and Mr. Howard asked her: 'Do you not admit that the New Testament is also a divine revelation?'

'Certainly, in all essential points,' answered Miriam.

'Every Christian must receive it as *altogether* so, or the whole is valueless,' warmly exclaimed Mr. Howard; 'since truth and fiction cannot exist together in the word of God. Do you not allow this?'

'I desire to do so,' said Miriam, hesitatingly; 'at least I decidedly think so, whenever my reason can assent. To the rest I yield a passive belief.'

'Then compare the prophecies of the Old, with the fulfilment attested upon faithful evidence in the New Testament, particularly in the following passages. 'Sanctify the *Lord of Hosts* himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread; and he shall be for a sanctuary, but for a *stone of stumbling* and for a *rock of offence* to both the houses of Israel.' Jesus Christ is declared that rock, and your rejection of Him has surely sufficiently proved how awfully Israel has made him 'a stone of stumbling, and a rock of

offence, even to them which *stumble at the word*, being disobedient.' Isaiah thus prophesying of Jehovah, or the 'Lord of Hosts'—that which has been realised in the person of Jesus Christ—the very same Jehovah—the 'mighty God.' Again, Isaiah declares; 'Thus saith the *Lord*, the *King of Israel*, and his *Redeemer*, the Lord of Hosts; I am the first and I am the last, and beside me there is no God.' Jesus Christ, when revealing himself from his glory to the Evangelist, declares: 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. *I will give* unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his *God*.' Again: 'The *Lord God*, of the holy prophets sent *his angel* to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.' Christ immediately afterwards declares to the Evangelist: 'I, Jesus, have sent *mine angel* to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the *root* and *offspring* of David, the bright and morning star.' These are surely most striking coincidences, and I cannot conceive how human reason can dare deny so sacred an attestation of the plurality of the godhead—that Jehovah and Christ the Lord are *one*—the same only true and living God.'

'But how could it be consistently affirmed that Jehovah was the 'first and last,' the great 'I am,' if Christ was afterwards to be received as equal to himself?' enquired Miriam.

'Because,' said Mr. Howard, 'Christ existed before the foundation of the world, as one with the Father; the intended Mediator as well as Creator. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was God*.' 'All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made. In Him was life, and the life was the *light of man*.' This is a great mystery, my dear Miss Durvan, and far beyond human comprehension, but never the less, a truth

thus founded cannot be discredited without committing a great and crying sin.'

'And yet,' said Miriam, after some moments of deep reflection 'God is revealed to us as a *spirit*, whom 'no man *hath* or *can see*.' I am, therefore, at a loss how you can reconcile the doctrine of corporalising divine essence.'

'Far be it from gospel Christianity to advance such a sentiment,' replied Mr. Howard, 'while it fully reveals the doctrine of the Trinity, it as entirely excludes one so irreverent as that of corporalising divinity. No, God in his *spiritual* nature 'no man *hath* or *can see*.' The doctrine of 'God manifest in the flesh,' does not advance the most distant idea that the divine essence is materialised or corporalised. It testifies that the divine essence manifests itself to man, *in and through* the human nature of Jesus Christ, who is the image of the invisible God, and in whom it pleased 'all fulness to dwell,' even all the 'fulness of the godhead bodily, for the Word became flesh, and tabernacled amongst us.' The divine attributes were perfectly displayed in the person, and works of Christ, who stands revealed to us as mysteriously united to the Divine essence, in and through his human nature. For 'as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man,' so 'God and man is one Christ.' This doctrine does not corporalise either the reasonable soul, or the divine essence, but declares it to be 'one not by conversion of the godhead into flesh, but by taking the manhood into God.' Consistently with this, did Christ declare himself one with God, when he said: 'He that hated me, hateth my Father also;' and again, when Philip said unto Him: 'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us:' Jesus saith unto him, 'have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath *seen me hath seen the Father*; how sayest thou then, show us the Father?'

Miriam meekly assented to this, and Mr. Howard,

anxious to embrace every opportunity of fortifying her mind against such difficulties as he knew would most likely stagger her faith, continued: 'You see, my dear Miss Durvan, how well can the word of God bear the strictest scrutiny of human enquiry, for although revelation may often baffle reason, reason can never subvert the Holy Scriptures. You are yet an infant in the knowledge of their glorious truths, and as you have hitherto trusted too much to the power of your own reason, so it behoves you now the more to humble it, by a child-like submission to the revealed word of God.'

'I quite believe so,' said Miriam, 'and I wish all Israel would be persuaded of the like, for alas! I fear it is this very pride of human reason which has so fatally blinded us against revelation. But I think I can now more satisfactorily accede to the mystical union of the Trinity as analogous to the union of body and soul, which is alike incomprehensible; and I thank you sincerely for your elucidations. And now, Mr. Howard, may I ask what is the difference between the soul and spirit, which hitherto I have supposed synonymous, but I find the apostle Paul distinguishes them separately, as if possessing distinct powers?'

'Most undoubtedly they do so,' replied Mr. Howard; 'the soul is that part of man which perceives, thinks, and reflects; receiving impressions of outward objects only through the medium of the senses. Thus we may imagine that the soul is a substance pervading the whole human frame, capable of being moved or affected by outward objects, endued with a power of retaining their impressions, and of making reflections upon them. All our knowledge is consequently derived originally from sense; hence it appears that the soul is peculiarly adapted to this visible and material world. Now if we enter further into the recesses of our own breasts, we cannot but find that something exists within us, independent of all corporal objects and ideas; some-

thing that approves or condemns us—something that checks our career of folly—embitters the pleasures of sin, and tells us how vain and transient are their enjoyments. This inward principle discerns to us, that, enjoy what we will outwardly, we are ever seeking yet never satisfied; and although honor, power, riches, and earthly pleasure, may for a time stifle, yet these can never either satisfy or destroy it. This inward principle then, which is neither dependent upon, nor capable of being satisfied with, any corporeal object, must be something *really distinct*, and different from it: and this is that part of man called in Scripture the *spirit* or the inward man, designated in common language *conscience*. This power, or supreme spirit, is of a nobler nature than the rational soul, for it can be influenced by no created power. Its desires are infinite, and consequently, all its objects are in their nature infinite, powerful, and spiritual. Thus is it that we are ever restless, dissatisfied, and longing for something beyond our power to attain, for it is that spark of immortality within us, which, being infinite, still centres in God, and which God only can satisfy.'

'But I thought,' said Miriam, 'that according to the creed of man's depravity, there could be no desire left of God or goodness.'

'All will, I believe, acknowledge,' replied Mr. Howard 'that in every human being there is, not only a longing, but a seeking after something which experience proves can never be found on earth. If not, why is it, the very moment our most desired object is obtained, the spirit again flies off to something which is still distant, and which when attained equally fails to satisfy? This never ending restlessness is surely an undeniable evidence of our divine origin, but alas! it is all that is left us: for at the fall, sin entered the heart, separating us from God, and became as a thick cloud between man and his Creator, consequently there ensued a total eclipse of the divine light within the spirit.'

But no sooner had man by such disobedience and rebellion plunged into this abyss of darkness and misery, than Jesus Christ, the eternal Word, became our Mediator with the Father, who, in and through the merits of his beloved son, was pleased to adopt the scheme of man's redemption ; and to allow us notwithstanding our guilt, grace and time to repent, and turn unto Him again : that is, God does, in and through the merits and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, pour into the hearts of all men the influences of divine light. ' Like the rising sun in a dark and gloomy morning, He breaks through the thickest clouds of ignorance and error, and darts many bright and glorious beams of divine light into the spirit of every human being. He maketh his sun, morally and spiritually, to rise on the evil and the good. His Holy Spirit makes his abode with those who are willing to receive him ; working with our spirits till he rekindles the light which was lost when Adam fell, and again, though in a faint and feeble degree, restores original order and harmony ; our bodies becoming subject to the rational soul—the soul to the supreme spirit—and the spirit to the will and guidance of God.' It is then, and not till then, that our restless spirit again enjoys a portion of that peace, which, as emanating immediately from God, indeed, ' passeth understanding.' It is true, the Christian rests not on what he has attained, but, pressing onward to perfection, outward objects no longer possess their ascendancy over him, for he then *feels* what before existed, although unconscious of it, that God and goodness alone can satisfy him.'

' But can we bear no part in our salvation ? ' said Miriam.

' In the great work of salvation,' replied Mr. Howard, ' man is, with regard to the spirit, in a manner wholly passive. All that he can do is, to feel such an inward consciousness of his own inability, as will lead him to submit, and humbly to resign his spirit, to be irradiated and acted upon, and governed by the influ-

ences of divine grace, that God may work therein, 'both to will and to do of his good pleasure,' and thereby co-operating with the spirit of God, doing all that in him lies to subdue the natural man, he tremblingly 'works out his own salvation.' Thus it is evident that wherever divine grace dwells and reigns, it produces good works, such as love, charity, meekness, and piety; and thus so far from *meriting* grace and favor of God, by our good works, it is clear that we cannot do the *least good thing*—no, not think a good thought, but by the assistance of divine grace. The supreme spirit may be compared to a tree, whose centre and root is fixed and planted in God. From him it derives all its sap and nourishment, all the influences and irradiations of divine light, that accordingly, as it is entwined with the love of this world, or cherished by the love of God, it becomes choked with the thorns of sin and misery, or produces fruits of love and holiness.

'Never did the subject before appear to me in this light,' said Miriam; 'but how is the Creator magnified to us, while we thus trace his wonderful dealings with the children of men; and how much do we lose by so little studying the book of Divine Providence!'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Howard; 'and here, too my dear Miss Durvan, let us trace the superiority of divine over human philosophy. In the latter, natural reason is our guide, and all material things are the objects of it. It misleads us to consider the rational soul and the supreme spirit, as *one and the same thing*. We mix the ordinary manifestations of God in the one, with the light of natural reason in the other; and our highest principle is then merely to moderate the passions, and to consult the temporal happiness of the natural man. But religion, or *divine philosophy*, superadds new lights and assistances: it distinguishes between the superior and inferior powers of which we are composed, and teaches us in what our true happiness and perfection consist. From these principles we may also discover

the difference between moral and divine *faith*. The one is founded upon human reason, and consequently is merely an act of the rational soul. The other is that new and living principle, that divine and essential light, implanted in the spirit of a Christian, which enables him to *feel*, as well as *believe*, the divine doctrines as they are in themselves. Historical faith only receives what can be proved by evidence. Divine faith believes and hopes all things: influencing the spirit of man to hunger and thirst more and more after holiness as its natural food, as the only sure means of promoting its perfection and happiness. The one is comparatively a dry, barren, and ideal knowledge; consequently, subject to many uncertainties, doubts, and difficulties. The other, imprints a clear and living conviction upon the heart, and is always accompanied by such power and efficacy as displays itself in the purest acts of love to God, of charity towards all men and in every good work. The one is like the story of a traveller, the other is vision and experience itself. The last so far transcends the former, that Christ himself, instead of appealing to any moral evidence, expressly tells us; 'If any man will do the will of Him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself?'

'Then is there no value attaching to historical faith?' asked Miriam.

'There is much,' replied Mr. Howard; 'nor would I be misunderstood as undervaluing it. Historical faith, and the moral evidence on which it is grounded, is that whereby we have the external word handed down to us. It justly challenges our most serious consideration, and he that allows it a just weight and authority makes a fair step towards Christianity. But it is only divine faith that opens and illumines the heart and mind, and carries infallible and resistless evidence and conviction with it. All, therefore, that I would advance is, that

they are grossly mistaken who think that a Christian has nothing but a moral evidence and certainty on which to ground his belief.'

Miriam who was now restored to all her wonted animation, exclaimed: 'O, Mr. Howard! would that my dear father could but hear this argument, and I am sure that he would yield all *his* philosophy to the unerring truths of divine revelation.'

'God grant that a time may come when he will indeed meekly receive the engrafted word,' replied Mr. Howard; 'until then let us each in christian love unite in fervent prayer for the restoration of his spiritual happiness and perfection. This is all we can do, my dear young friend, and we may be assured that the prayers of humble, confiding, waiting Christians, will never be raised to heaven in vain.'

Helen and Edith, returning from their walk, here interrupted the conversation, and changed it to one of a lighter kind, until Miriam, surprised to find how long a time she had stayed from home, hastily took leave of her friends; but it was with a heart considerably lightened, for her mind was so filled with new and interesting ideas, that for a time all painful thoughts lay stifled.

CHAPTER XI.

‘Miriam! my child! what ails you?’ exclaimed Imlah, suddenly pushing aside a huge volume, with which he was intently occupied, when startled by a tear which fell from Miriam’s cheek upon his own. She was at that moment leaning fondly over him, waiting only a favorable opportunity to impart her long dreaded avowal; for she had entered the room resolved at once to reveal those secret principles which now influenced her. But she found him busy in collecting dates, a task which she knew could ill bear interruption; so to while away the tedious hour of waiting, she stirred the fire, arranged the flowers, and played with a favorite spaniel which lay sleeping on the rug, although her mind, absent from them all, was only filled with thinking how she could best impart her feelings without wounding those of her beloved parent. At length she timidly approached him, and laying her arm across his shoulders, endeavored to attract attention. He could feel the beating of her heart, and the trembling of her limbs, as she leant against him, which roused him anxiously to ask the cause of so strange an agitation. Ah! had he at that moment chided her in anger from him, Miriam had remained resolute, and could have borne the rest; but gently drawing her on his knee, Imlah looked at his child, with an expression of such subduing tenderness, as threw her back again on all her latent weakness.—She leant her head against his forehead, her arm still clinging round his neck, and faintly said, ‘Why, my father, do you love me thus so dearly? for it is worse than death to give you pain.’

‘But why fancy that you need do so, my child?’ replied Imlah, pressing her still close to his heart, ‘or suppose that I could return one angry feeling to aught that you could ask? No, fear it not, Miriam; rouse from this anxiety, and trust your father’s love too well thus tremblingly to meet his wishes; for believe me, I will ask nothing of you, to which you will refuse assent, when, you really see how light is the sacrifice we claim of you. Think then no more of what I wish, until we are where the subject can be better understood. You grow nervous, my child, and will really make yourself ill if thus you indulge in fancied miseries. Come,’ added he playfully, ‘be my happy bird again, and let me once more hear your chirp about our halls in sprightly song, as you have been so often wont to do, when you sought how to cheer the dark days of your father’s exile. I guess you have not been out to-day, so let us go together on the cliffs, and catch the breeze which seems this morning to fall only like a gentle sigh upon the withering foliage, as if nature herself mourned the last decay of summer’s beauty; so still, and yet so sombre is all around us.’ Thus saying, Imlah kissed the cheek of Miriam, and now could she at such a moment break the sweet spell of that tender and confiding love! So she arose, and ashamed of her irresolution, she gladly left the room, to prepare for her walk; but dissatisfied with herself, it was one of little pleasure; cheerfulness was an effort to her, and conversation a burden.

The ensuing day was one of bustle at Fernhill, as the first of preparation for removal. Miriam escaped to the glen, and was now busily employed with Mr. Howard and Helen in arranging the liberal donation of her father, that it might be portioned judiciously to her different pensioners according as their wants required; and this being done, it was deposited in the charge of Mr. Howard, who had long been the counselor and agent of Miriam’s bounty. Tears glistened in her eyes as thus she closed her last account with the

minister of Glencairn. 'They who come after us,' said she, 'will, I trust, do far more than we have done, for the relief of all who need it; but none can bring a heart more firmly the friend of this sweet glen than mine will ever be. Yes! when I am far away—I will not say forgotten—many a longing wish will centre here, where all my brightest days have been—where all my fondest associations still must be.'

'And where,' exclaimed Mr. Howard warmly, 'the name of Miss Durvan will stand engraved in characters never to be effaced, while a single heart lives in the glen to record the memory of her who was beloved of all—and will, I am sure, by all be deeply mourned! Infants yet unborn will hear that name and bear it onward still, as one which truly honored Israel, and taught many a Christian how to act the Christian law.'

Miriam, whose feelings had been already awakened, could ill bear this kind and grateful eulogium on herself, from one whom she believed too sincere to speak against the dictates of his own heart; but she dared not trust herself to speak again, and replying only with a look which spoke thanks more eloquent than language could have done, remained for some moments silent, then endeavoring to change the tide of feeling which seemed, equally, to overflow every heart, she asked who would accompany her to the Waste, where she was anxious to go and bid farewell to her grateful cottagers; 'for,' said she turning to Mr. Howard, with a smile, 'although you refused to number them with *your* flock, I must not forget that they belong to mine.'

'I stand reprov'd, but not corrected,' replied Mr. Howard, playfully bowing, 'since my offence was one of necessity and not of will. The law whether civil or ecclesiastical, demands fidelity, you know, and this we dare not sacrifice, even to win a lady's favor: but now that I am free to go, either as minister or layman, I

hope you will grant me a truce, and let me be your champion to the Waste this day.'

'Well,' said Miriam, 'if I have attained my end, I must not quarrel with the means employed to gain it, although you men of gowns are strangely tenacious of your rights:—but come, the days are short, and time will not linger that we may waste it; so, who will go with me to the fisher's cottage?'

Mrs. Stuart interposed her endeavors to dissuade Miriam from attempting a walk, to which she seemed unequal; but, anxious to take her leave of those in whom she had been so interested, such persuasions were fruitless. At length, therefore, it was decided that all, excepting Mrs. Stuart and Edith, whose sickly mind turned away from all cheerful intercourse, should accompany Miriam, and return by water, if the fisherman could undertake the task of rowing them home; or if not, Mr. Howard engaged to be his substitute. This being finally agreed, the party set off on their excursion, truly enjoying a mild November day.

The walk was one of much sweet and profitable intercourse; and perhaps there is no situation more calculated to awaken the mind to sublimity of thought, or to fill the heart with feelings above itself, than when for the last time we tread the haunts of happy childhood, which we are about to leave for ever, and there trace the chain of providences which have brought us on to manhood, through many a link of mercy, which we have lightly worn, if not wholly disregarded. 'Tis then we look back on days gone by, and wish that we had earlier known their value;—or, onward to eternity, as the present, checkered with the vicissitudes of feelings, leads us to yearn for time more distant, and pictures futurity with joys, which here we cannot claim. So Miriam was now inspired with a heavenly-mindedness almost above herself, as thus expressing the deepest feeling of her heart in all their native simplicity: while her companions hung on her words, as

if listening to some saint-like spirit, which soaring to holier realms, must soon flee away from mortal love. Alas! how little did they know how very soon that flight would be!

Having thus mutually exchanged the confidence of intimacy, Miriam again alluded to the subject of her father, which was seldom long absent from her thoughts, and related all that had passed the preceding day, upbraiding herself severely for the weakness she had betrayed in permitting circumstances trivial in themselves, to overrule her sense of duty. But she was still urged by Mr. Howard to renew without delay her intended avowal, while he warmly encouraged her to hope that the result would be blessed to her, and unattended with those trials to which she looked forward. 'Your father loves you,' added he, 'and already has he softened the rigor of his decree, by, at least, procrastinating the engagement he so much desires: then be assured, he intends no compulsive measures towards you, but will yield every ambitious design, rather than mar a peace so precious to him.'

'I believe it,' said Miriam, 'and would that I could act upon that assurance; for never can I taste happiness again until I feel that my father's love is not bestowed in ignorance of what I really am. Every smile which now he gives me seems but to reproach my treachery, and yet when I think how my heart clings to him as all that is dearest to me, I am astonished that I can thus so long deceive him;—he from whom, till now, I never had one thought concealed.'

'And ever is it thus, my dear Miss Durvan,' replied Mr. Howard, 'when human love becomes idolatry. Every blessing attached to it is then poisoned and embitters the heart, which loving subserviently to God, might enjoy the heavenly boon through time as through eternity. Hence is it, that strong attach-

ments are great snares, although in this *false* world they are considered so essential to human happiness: and alluring us from God, they become rods to chastise our infidelity towards Him who gave his precious life to purchase our *affections*. O! while we glory in the warmth and tenderness with which we can love a fellow creature, why are we so cold to the best and truest of friends? But so it is, we leave celestial flowers, to pluck the thorns of earthly pleasures, and then wonder why we are wounded! God must be first in our souls, or, all that stands between him and the creature is in mercy blasted; for while *he* is secondary, beautiful as earthly love may be, it still must have its bitterness—aye, its *curse*!

‘Yes,’ said Miriam, ‘truly have I given to the creature, that which belongeth to God alone, the exclusive affection of my very heart and soul! And yet, how gently does the Lord draw me from the snare; for although he teaches me the fallacy of idolatry, he still spares my idol, while many a one is orphaned around me, who have better served God than I have done. O Mr. Howard! when I think of our fallen city, how does my heart bleed where once it triumphed! Yes, long did I even glory in that pride over which the angels of heaven wept!—And how am I humbled, to think that He whom we crucified has taken me from the ruins of Salem, and offered as my ransom the very blood my people shed! And yet, my will can still rebel against him, and refuses to confess his mercy and his victory, because I fear to meet the frown of man!—I who once thought that in Jehovah’s cause, I could have borne martyrdom itself.’

‘Alas pride is a treacherous deceiver within us all,’ replied Mr. Howard, ‘and while we mourn the fallen towers of Salem, we might do well to weep over the ruins which lay within ourselves; for every heart is a Jerusalem,—once a temple of the Lord—but now the shrine of every sin! It is in the *heart* we have all

crucified the blessed Savior, and whether we are Jew or Gentile, his blood alone can wash away the stain.'

'How little did I think when first I saw that dear child,' said Miriam, alluding to Jessie, who was tripping before her, gathering the withered leaves which lay scattered on the bank, 'that she would form so important a link in the chain of my existence; and yet, how often may we thus trace to what our ignorance deems a trifling chance, the leading providences of our heavenly Father! I came here with a young heart full of proud and vindictive feelings towards all Christian people: but Jessie was too young and too humble to excite my pride and indignation; and thus to her, as first attracting my interest, am I, humanly speaking, indebted for the knowledge of salvation. Well may it be said, that God has ordained wisdom from the mouths of babes, and that he often chooses the weakest instruments as messengers of his peace.'

'Nor can you ever feel sufficiently thankful,' said Mr. Howard, 'that such a messenger was sent to remove the veil of prejudice which so long darkened *your* eyes, and separated you from Him, from whom alone salvation cometh; and which, alas! is the fatal bar betwixt many an Israelite and heaven! They *will not* listen to the appeals of gospel revelation, in many instances, I do believe, simply because Gentiles have received it; and unjustly hating us, they alike despise our religion.'

'And yet, not wholly that,' replied Miriam, 'for we sometimes condemn you on evidence itself. When a child, I well remember how much I was led to undervalue your religion, by seeing how little morality was practised among Christians; at least, I mean among such as nominally belong to the Christian church, for excluded as I was from all intercourse with them individually, I could scarcely make a right dis-

inction between the name and reality of Christianity. I allude more particularly to the total disregard of the Sabbath evinced by the majority of your people. We are, you know, very tenacious of our sacred day; nor will you, I believe, often meet a Jew openly transgressing its laws. But in London, your Sabbath seems a day selected from the seven for gaiety and idleness, as if a few hours of public worship could justify the neglect, not to say the *abuse*, of all the rest. A Jew scrupulously avoids all worldly business on our Sabbath: and as a day of sacred retirement, we endeavor to make it one of much self-denial and fasting. But in yours, I have seen men and cattle as busily employed with worldly labor, as if no command had ever been given us of resting, man and beast, from all manner of work, one day in every seven. St James's Park alone, I think, justifies us, if in thus condemning you, we do Christianity a wrong; although,' added she, smiling, 'if Glencairn were better known, it might vindicate the charge.'

'Too truly may you allege it all against us, to our shame,' said Mr. Howard, 'and it is deeply regretted that on a christian land like this, so foul a stain should rest. At the same time, there are many excellent Christians in cities as in villages: but as the multitude is greater, so must customs and characters be more indiscriminately mingled; where unrestrained by individual observation mankind can with more impunity disregard the laws of God, if they but keep within those moral codes established by the laws of man. And thus it is, in a metropolis like London, you see thousands so grievously transgressing that express command, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' simply because no one has a right, and few I fear an anxiety, to control the Sabbath breaker, or to warn the idle in their fatal indifference. Whereas in a village like Glencairn restriction is no difficulty;

for each amongst us is known and watched; and they who disregard the established laws, either of morality or religion, are easily singled out, as marked objects of shame and reproach. But to do this in a town, we should require a church and a minister at the end of every street.'

'And yet,' observed Helen, tenacious of the merits of her native land, 'all towns are not necessarily in such a state of insubordination. I remember many a sweet Sabbath passed in my childhood at both Perth and Dunblane, where not a stall is seen to stand in their streets on a Sunday, nor a sound heard with impunity which could shock the ears of a Christian.'

'That is I believe true,' replied Mr. Howard, 'I have heard the same generally said of Scotland. The thing may therefore, I suppose, be done, and I sincerely wish that the example of our bonny sister kingdom would inspire us to do the like.'

The party having now reached the Waste, they were obliged separately to clamber up the narrow pathway leading to the cottage. Jessie, who had eagerly run forward, now bounded back in breathless speed, exclaiming, 'Miss Durvan! Helen! come this way, do come and see the boat, the 'Miriam!'—we shall all go home in the 'Miriam!'—O how I shall love that boat.' So saying, she took the hand of Miriam, and leading her impatiently forward, brought her to the edge of the cliff, whence could be distinctly seen all that was passing on the bank beneath. There sat Wheeler, busily employed in cleaning the keel of his boat, which had been newly painted, and the name of 'Miriam,' which had so immediately attracted the delight of Jessie, conspicuously ornamented the helm. Miriam could not forbear smiling at the compliment thus intended her by the grateful fisherman; and willing to please him by an acknowledgment of it, she beckoned her companions, and led the way with Jessie down the cliff. At the sight of his benefactress,

Wheeler threw aside his implements, and springing towards her, as well as his lameness would permit, he seemed scarcely to know how he could express his delight at seeing her again; and when, smiling, she thanked him (pointing to the boat) for so well remembering her name, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'What! lady do you think that ever I could forget a name that's been the best to me? No, I hope I could as soon forget to eat the daily bread that Heaven gives me; and I thought as how I might be so bold as to christen my boat after you, Miss Durvan; for good luck must come wherever your name is, I warrant you.'

'I thank you,' said Miriam, 'but you have been a little too notable this time; for I came here to day fully hoping that you would row me home again, which I am afraid will not quite suit the boat in its present state.'

Poor Wheeler looked quite crest-fallen as he replied, 'Well to be sure, if I had known that ever you would have thought of such a thing as getting into my boat, I would have sat up night and day to get it ready, sooner than I should have ever to say it is n't fitting for ye. But,' added the poor man, endeavoring to think of some remedy, 'may be you won't mind the paint, if so be I lay her sails down that it shouldn't touch you; for as to spoiling it, that's nothing; I soon could paint it over again, and be proud to do it too.'

'Well,' said Miriam, 'we will think of it; in the mean time I want to see Mary and the children, and to know how you are and all about you; although you look quite like another man since I saw you so ill and miserable, sitting at your fire-side.'

'Aye,' replied the fisherman, 'and who but you, through the blessing of God, has made me so, for you have given me a blithesome heart, and that's life to a poor man: and may God bless ye for it as long as ye

live.' He then opened a little gate at the bottom of the cliff, and led the way to his cottage.

It was a sweet feeling to Miriam's generous heart to see the scene so altered since she last was there. The garden, no longer a wilderness, bore marks of health and industry: and the cottage, now so warm and neat, almost realised the scene which Miriam had once fancied it. There sat Mary at her work, singing, by the side of a cheerful fire, while her children, playing round her, gave a bright coloring to the happy picture. The eldest boy sat by his mother, reading from the Bible, part of the history of Pharaoh. It was now the favorite story of the boys, because Miriam was the good prophetess, who sung the praises of God. All rose as Miriam and her companions entered, and even the children seemed to know that she was an object of love and gratitude; while Mary, unable to express her feelings, could only do so by offering the best of her frugal fare to the young Jewess and her friends. Her nice brown bread and a few winter fruits were spread before her guests, who gladly partook of the homely meal, made doubly welcome by the cheerful pleasure with which it was given. Wheeler then answered all the enquiries of Miriam. He was nearly recovered, although his leg was still weak; but he was well enough to work and to enjoy his labor; and with a grateful pride he boasted that from the earnings of his industry he had already been enabled to redeem many useful comforts, which in his distress had been unavoidably pawned or sold. 'And next to God Almighty,' said the fisherman, raising his eyes to Heaven, 'we thank you, Miss Durvan, for all these mercies; and sure enough when you are gone, many a poor man will miss your kindness; for although many folks are rich enough, it is not many who have the heart to give of their plenty, like as you and the Jew gentleman. God bless him! they used to say that he had a hard heart, and that not a Christian dog could dare go near him; but I'm think-

ing there's many as calls themselves Christians, might do well to pray to be as good as the 'squire up at Fern-hill.'

Miriam colored, for the fisherman had unwittingly touched a tender chord: but she felt how truly was the panegyric merited which exalted the benevolence of her father; and she inwardly prayed that the time would come when he would equally deserve the rest. Mr. Howard now assured Wheeler that so far as he could make amends for the absence of Miss Durvan, he would gladly offer his assistance: and Helen kindly promised to take Miriam's part in often visiting Mary and her children; offering to instruct the eldest boy in writing and arithmetic, as soon as spring would permit a regular access to the glen, which in winter was frequently impracticable. This equally pleased both mother and son, and was acknowledged with that simple and unpretending gratitude, which, as receiving all from God, yields not to man an undue share of praise.

The mid-day sun, now faintly declining, reminded Mr. Howard that it was time for Miriam to return, and it became a question how she could do so, the boat being so unfit a conveyance in its present state. Pale, and already evidently exhausted by her exertion, it was impossible she could venture to resume the walk. But Wheeler soon removed all difficulties, as suddenly recollecting his new horse, he entreated her to ride it. 'It was your own,' said he eagerly, 'and I'll be bound will be proud enough to carry ye; for even a beast is faithful, and none, I think, can well forget you, that has ever heard the sound of your voice—take it then, lady, and I'll walk by the bonny nag to lead it down the dell.'

This offer was gladly accepted, and although no side saddle could be produced, Miriam was soon well mounted, wrapped in the Sunday cloak of Mary; and led by the faithful Wheeler, the cavalcade was soon prepared for departure. Few were the words spoken

at parting ; but poor Mary stood with the children at the cottage gate, to watch in silent sadness the last of her benefactress :—it was indeed the last !—for she was fast travelling to ‘that bourne whence no traveller returns.’

A few days after this Imlah was struck by the languid appearance of Miriam, and affectionately asked if she felt ill. She complained however of little, excepting pain in her head, and chilliness, which at times amounted to shivering. But towards the evening her cheek flushed, her whole frame sickened, and a burning fever spread itself through every vein. The usual remedies of a cold were immediately applied, and Corah stationed to watch her during the night ; but still no medicine relieved her, and alarmed by the symptoms of increasing fever, the following morning Imlah sent for a Christian physician, reported to be eminently skilful in his profession. He came, and pronounced the disease an inflammatory fever. He thought her seriously ill, but still appeared very sanguine of a favorable termination. She was to be kept extremely quiet and free from all excitation, as from the irritated state of her nervous system, the doctor ventured to hint that her mind was under some uneasiness. He then took his leave, and Imlah, who felt conscious that this conjecture might be too justly implied, flew to the sick chamber of his beloved child, his heart full of love and tenderness towards her, and of self reproach against himself. He bade her be happy, and for his sake to resist every uneasiness, assuring her that nothing should be done against her will ; neither would he leave England if she felt repugnant to the change. Miriam, affectionately smiling, pressed her father’s hand against her burning lips, in silent expression of her grateful thanks. ‘I should be indeed a thankless child,’ said she, ‘could I feel reluctant to go any where with you. I shall soon be well, my dearest father, and I hope we both shall still be happy—happy as we have ever been.’

'May the God of our fathers graciously ordain it so,' replied Imlah fervently, 'for you are more precious to me than all the wealth of Israel's tribes.'

In a few days Miriam was declared better, and removed to an interior room, but she was still unable to rise from her sofa, and although to the eye of others she appeared decidedly recovering, she inwardly believed the hope a fallacious one. She was however at all times cheerful, and before her father spoke frequently of their intended removal, that he might not suppose it was a subject of painful anticipation to her. But when alone Miriam was often absorbed in silent reverie. She had never before been laid on a bed of sickness, and as within herself she felt the daily ravages of fever, the thoughts of death and eternity forcibly occupied her mind. It was now that Christ was indeed become precious to her soul! It was now that she took part in his great salvation—that she embraced the lively hopes of a joyful resurrection—and longed to proclaim the hosannas of a sanctified spirit before the throne of him, whom but a few months ago she rejected and reviled! Neither was her religion a mere nominal Christianity. It was a religion founded on the deepest convictions of revealed truth—the actual realisation of that living faith which worketh by love. It was a *practical* system of humility, self-condemnation, repentance, a cheerful renunciation of her own will; and each of these, though concealed from the eye of man under the shades of retirement and disease, were manifested throughout all her sufferings, before that Omniscient Being, from whom nothing can be hidden, to whom every thought is known, and to whom the *motive* of every action is even as the action itself. Often did Miriam yearn for the society of her Christian friends, but tenderly alive to the feelings of her father, she breathed not a wish that could militate against his comfort; well aware, that at such a moment he would refuse her nothing, however great the sacrifice in granting

her requests. This forbearance was nevertheless a trial to her—a daily exercise of self-denial; for her greatest earthly delight would have been in Christian communion with Mrs. Stuart and her dear Helen. Respecting her father, her mind daily became less anxious. Not that she lost sight of the importance of his conversion, but she found many exhortations to '*wait patiently on the Lord,*' and to *believe that whatsoever was asked in faith, of any thing tending to the glory of God, or the salvation of man,* should in his own good time be fully granted; and it was now her earnest endeavor to realise this, by indeed leaving her prayers at the feet of Jesus, and the result of them to the unerring wisdom of Jehovah! But she was not without an object of active interest. She had long felt anxious that Corah should embrace Christianity, and now eagerly availed herself of the influence she possessed to convince her of that blessed revelation from which she herself derived all happiness.

Corah was a young and tender girl; and brought up with Miriam as her playfellow in childhood, her companion in later years, the wishes of her beloved mistress formed the mainspring of all her actions. Whatever Miriam did or thought was a law in Corah's yielding mind; it was therefore not difficult to impress her with those new convictions which had changed the character of Miriam; indeed she would often listen with delighted credence to the persuasions with which she was daily instructed in Christianity, for it not only insured her a large portion of Miriam's attention, but was an increasing tie of love and intimacy between them. Had Miriam been aware how much affection towards herself influenced the young proselyte, she would have felt less satisfied with the ground of Corah's faith, but still inexperienced in human nature, she believed with grateful delight all that Corah seemed to promise; and as the gospel of Jesus daily became more and more the subject of her enquiry and apparent in-

terest, Miriam thankfully enjoyed the security of her conversion : while with unfeigned humility she would often admire the willing submission of Corah, so unlike, she thought, her own obstinacy, which had so long rejected the influence of her Christian teachers. Not that Corah was deceitful, or professed to be what she was not ; but mistaken words for things, shadow for substance, she readily declared herself a believer in Christianity. So she *was* one, but not from an inward sense that *she* was personally concerned in all its doctrines ; nor from a *conviction* that she *needed* the pardon, mercy, salvation, and sanctification of Jesus the the Messiah, without which all religion is so vain ; but simply because she believed that a faith which Miriam had embraced, must be the one leading to heaven.

Another source of anxious meditation to Miriam was, how far the Christian sacraments were *necessary* for our acceptance with God. She longed to be baptised, and to be fully admitted as a member of our church, by partaking the Lord's Supper. But how could she do either without the sanction of her father ? and yet that sanction she felt could not at present be obtained. She consulted again and again every part of the New Testament relative to the subject ; but she found nothing there to alarm her mind with any apprehension that such sacraments were *essential* to salvation. She indeed inwardly appreciated their value, but as she was taught that 'circumcision was that of the heart *in the spirit*, and not in the letter,' so she could understand that in the spirit might also abound such a communion with Christ, as would testify a lively remembrance of his 'death and passion,' and of the 'benefits which we receive thereby.' 'Yes,' thought she, 'I may *spiritually* discern the Lord's body, although not privileged to do so outwardly by the consecrated bread and wine ; and He, who knoweth all things will not reject the silent 'remembrance' of the soul's desire to feed on Him

continually by 'faith and thanksgiving.' Thus, whenever the question became one of painful uncertainty, would Miriam find peace and assurance of acceptance: and she now only waited for a little more bodily strength to reveal her faith openly to her father. She could have done it in all her weakness, for she had lost the dread of a parent's frown, but for his sake, she resolved to delay the trial until circumstances should open a way for the subject, aware how anxiously he wished her to be preserved from all excitation in her present state of health and nerves.

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed since Miriam had been confined to her room: when one morning that she felt unusually exhausted by the fatigue of dressing she, for the first time, expressed a doubt of her recovery. Corah was kneeling by her side, and rubbing her lifeless hands, as she lay exhausted on the sofa, when the invalid thanked her for all her kind, affectionate attentions with a smile of such expressive meaning, that Corah burst into tears, as if that smile had too surely sealed the warrant of all her fears. Miriam remained silent for some moments, until the first grief of her afflicted companion had in some degree subsided, and then calmly said, 'Dear Corah, we must both of us now evince the sincerity of our love to Christ, by a willing resignation of ourselves to him. I sometimes indeed feel that this sickness is unto death; but Corah, if it be so, remember that He, in whose hands are life and immortality, can sanctify the event both to you and to me. If indeed, death be near me, may it be 'gain to me to die,' and may you in living, live alike to Christ.'

'Death!' exclaimed Corah, clasping the hand of her mistress, while her eyes were upraised to heaven with expression of earnest supplication; 'Then do you really think that you will die? O no! you must not, shall not leave me! You have told me, and it is Messiah who has said it, that whatever we ask of him we shall receive. If, then, such promises be true, you will not die, for I will weary him this night with supplications

for your precious life; that prayer alone shall be my cry before the Lord Jehovah.'

'Corah,' said Miriam, solemnly, 'is it for us, who are ignorant even of to-morrow, to direct the decrees of the Most High, and to say that life is better than death, when we know not what that life might be? The kingdom of Christ is altogether a *spiritual* kingdom, in which *temporal* blessings can have but little concern. Let earthly wishes, therefore, be consigned in silent submission to his better will; while we ask only such things as are of the kingdom of heaven. To these alone, Corah, belong the promises of accepted prayer. If, then, one single request be ever rejected, be assured it is such as God in his omniscience sees unfit to grant.'

Corah dared make no reply; and Miriam, unwilling to neglect such an opportunity of expressing all she wished, asked her if she would fulfil the few requests she had to make in case of her decease. The faithful Corah, gratified by such a mark of confidence, testified her assent to all that Miriam could ask, while, pale and agitated, she silently listened to every injunction with that sacred awe with which one ever listens to the last words of those we love. Miriam gave her a sealed packet, addressed to Imnah, requesting that it might be delivered to him immediately after her death, but in the mean time Corah was not to mention the apprehensions she had expressed respecting the issue of her illness. She also requested her to see Mrs. Stuart as soon as possible after her decease, and to assure her that she gratefully remembered all her kindness, and the love which had been so precious to her from them all. She then gave her many strict injunctions to continue faithful in the service of her father, and as far as possible to alleviate her loss, by administering to him all those little attentions with which she had herself daily contrituted to his comfort. 'And above all,' added she, 'let him see the beauty of Christian holiness in all your conduct: and if the last hope of earth that will an-

mate my dying prayer, be sacred to you, dear Corah, bear it in continual remembrance to my most precious father:—the hope that the loss of what, I know, he holds the dearest, may lead him to the rock of Israel's salvation, to Jesus, our devoted Messiah!—our Redeemer, Priest, and King! Tell him day by day, that this was the last wish of his child, and that if the redeemed in heaven can ask a boon in Jesus' name for those they loved on earth, *that* one petition shall mingle day and night in all her holiest songs!'

Miriam ceased, but the feelings of anxious and devoted zeal in a parent's welfare, filled her heart with a conflict not to be described; a conflict between the weakness of human tenderness, clinging still to the sweet link of filial love, and that higher principle, which can 'leave all' to 'follow Christ,' that longing to depart and be with Him who is the bright and morning star' which illumines the Christian's last decline of life's dark day!

Scarcely had Corah recovered from the agony of grief in which she laid her head on Miriam's hand, as still kneeling she listened to these prophetic injunctions, when Imlah entered the room; but he suspected nothing of what had passed, for intent only on his child, he saw not the tearful countenance of Corah, as she hastily passed him and withdrew: while Miriam, anxious to conceal it from him, immediately roused herself to assume a cheerfulness, which had at that moment perhaps, deserted her. This effort, however, did not altogether deceive him. He saw that she was more languid than before; and yet when he felt the burning of her hand, and saw that the hectic of disease still prayed on her cheek, he knew that her increasing weakness could be no earnest of departed fever. But still Miriam evaded all enquiries which admitted not a favorable reply; and the sanguine father blindly cherished his own fond, fallacious hope of her recovery, even against the probabilities before him. He sought

an unction to silence the anxiety of a too well-grounded apprehension, in causes which his judgment would otherwise have rejected. He began to be alike dissatisfied with the physician and the medicines he prescribed, and declared his intention to obtain further advice, although well aware that if human skill could avail, nothing further was required than the kind and judicious treatment of Dr. L. Miriam warmly entreated against any change, assuring her father, that excepting increased weakness, she did not feel worse than she had done for some time past: dressing, she said, had that morning unusually fatigued her; but if he would read aloud, rest and recreation would very soon revive her. Thus pacified, Imlah again cherished 'hope against hope;' and devoting the remainder of the day to her amusement, he, for a time, lost sight of those fears which had that morning, for the first time, filled his mind with a dreadful anticipation of danger.

The ensuing morning, Miriam awoke oppressed with difficulty of breathing, and such an extreme languor pervaded her whole frame, as alarmed all who attended her. The distracted father immediately sent for Dr. L., and taking his station at the bedside of his child, he watched every variation of pulse and countenance with an anxiety amounting almost to agony. But Miriam appeared scarcely sensible to this. Her father's hand, indeed, was fondly clasped in hers; and every now and then a smile passed over her, as she raised her languid eyes to look on him she loved so dearly: but it ever seemed the impulse of a momentary and sudden recollection, for the color which came with it quickly faded from her cheek, and she would fall again in a state of lethargy, apparently unconscious of all that was said or done. At length she closed her eyes and when Dr. L. arrived she was in a most profound slumber. On hearing what had passed, the doctor declared *that* sleep to be the crisis of her disorder, the result of which no human skill could determine: but as her

breathing became gradually more free and regular, he ventured to hope that the young sufferer would awake restored : and after watching her for some time, during which nothing occurred to alter his opinion or his hopes, he took his leave, promising to return that evening, and pass the night at Fernhill. He left, with other directions, the strictest injunctions to quietness ; assuring Imlah, that however long the sleep of Miriam might continue, it was of the first importance that it should not be broken or disturbed. Every noise, therefore, that could possibly startle her, was to be carefully avoided.

Several hours passed away in this state of dreadful suspense, in which it would be impossible to describe the feelings of Imlah. He sat motionless by the small bed on which Miriam lay, scarcely venturing to breathe, lest the very sounds of respiration should awake that awful sleep. His hand lightly rested on her pulse, and tears glistened in his dark eye from time to time, while he struggled to confine within his laboring breast the unspeakable anguish which seemed almost to burst every fibre of his heart. The whole room, indeed, might have appeared, to a distant eye, more like an exquisite painting, than a scene of living realities. Partially darkened the light fell in one beam of sunny brightness across the foot of the sufferer's bed, where sat the slight figure of Corah, her whole soul immovably fixed on Miriam. Her hands were crossed on her bosom, as if their pressure could silence the beating of her heart, and her dark waving hair falling negligently over her features, shaded a countenance so motionless and pale, that she looked more like sculptured marble than a mortal being. And Miriam lay smiling in her peaceful sleep, so serene and beautiful, that looking on her one might almost believe death had already separated the sufferings and the sins of mortality from her saint-like spirit. But still she breathed, and slept the sleep

of nature ; and several slow hours had now lengthened the suspense of her attendants, when the barking of a dog, apparently approaching the house, roused the vigilant anxiety of Imlah : he rose, and softly, but hastily, left the room. The dog was soon quieted, and not a sound was again heard to break the death-like silence of that solemn watching ; neither did Imlah return ; not only fearful lest his hand might fail in re-opening the door of Miriam's room as softly as when he left it ; but it occurred to him that he was not often wont to watch his child during the hours of her rest, she might on waking, perhaps, be agitated by seeing him unexpectedly by her side. He therefore resolved to wait as patiently as he could, until summoned by Corah to witness the result of that important crisis. Not long had Imlah left her, when Miriam gave a deep sigh, and moved the position of her hand. Corah drew in her breath, and scarcely rising, clasped her hands in the attitude of fearful expectation. For a few moments all was still ; when Miriam again sighed heavily—a deep flush overspread her features ;—she awoke, and looking wildly around her, faintly said, 'Where am I? and what does this darkness mean?' Corah now approached, but gently did she move, for she seemed still spell-bound, as it were, by an indiscrible awe, as if it were sacrilege for mortal tongue to speak one word of interruption ; until Miriam, repeating her question with a look of earnest enquiry, recalled her to presence of mind, and she replied : 'Do not be frightened ; you are just waking from a long sleep, which, I trust, will do you good.'

'Yes, yes, I remember that I fell asleep,' said Miriam, thoughtfully ; then raising herself, she remained for a moment with her hand over her eyes, as if trying to collect her thoughts, when suddenly clasping her hands she exclaimed, with a countenance of enthusiastic energy, 'O, Corah ! I have had such a dream

as I would sleep on for ages to enjoy again. I have been, as I thought, in the presence of the Lord, my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white in the precious blood of Him, whom Israel blindly, basely crucified? And then I felt as if borne on the ethereal air of heaven, amid the golden harps of saints and cherubim, whose hallelujahs filled all space! But it was all a dream; sin is still here, and I have left my Master's work undone: and yet, Corah, do believe my soul will soon be freed from all its miserable bonds, for death is nigh at hand—my heart beats even now with effort, and my frame is chilled with the damp dews of life's last struggle!

Corah greatly alarmed, gave Miriam the medicine which was to be administered to her on waking; while she tried to believe that under a strong mental excitation the invalid felt worse than she really was, and therefore would not summon Imlah, until she was somewhat more composed. Miriam drank the mixture, but still seemed absorbed in thoughts of deeper interest than her own sufferings. 'Corah,' said she vehemently, 'where is my dear father? Go, bid him come to me this moment, this very moment! I must not die with such a stain upon my soul.' Corah immediately rang the bell, and in an instant Imlah was at the bedside of Miriam. It was a touching sight to witness the meeting of that tender father with his awakened child, after a sleep which had appeared to him like an absence of ages; and when he saw her countenance irradiated by smiles of recognition—flushed with the false bloom of hectic beauty, he fondly dared believe that all his hopes were, at that moment, realised. And well he might have thought so, for Miriam looked not like a victim of impending death. Supported by pillows, she lay in an almost upright posture, with no other covering over her shoulders than a large Turkish shawl, which her father had laid over her when sleeping.

Greatly oppressed, she had thrown off her cap, and her fine hair now hung carelessly about her neck, partly concealing her face, the expression of which was almost angelic; for animated with the enthusiasm of her lofty mind—the desire of evincing the happy influences of Christian hope, and the devotional feelings of pious submission; gentleness and beauty combined to throw a peculiar lustre over the whole aspect of the young Jewess. She sweetly smiled as her father raised her head from the pillow to his bosom; but Imlah started, and shrank back with an alarm which he could ill conceal, when her hand fell upon his own; for had it been of coldest marble, its touch could not have been more chilling. Miriam saw the disappointment of her father, but attempting not to check it, only said with much composure, ‘Never mind the coldness of my hand, dearest father, my heart still loves you as warmly, as when first it learned to know the value of your kindness; and yet, warm as it is, it knows not how to thank you for all your love—your tenderness—your care!’

‘Miriam! my precious child,’ replied Imlah, ‘let no thanks fall on love and kindness mutually bestowed. If I indeed have been the light of your young path, you have been to me as the one bright star which has ever led my thoughts from gloom to joy—from despair to hope.’

‘And may I be enabled to do it yet more perfectly, my father,’ exclaimed Miriam fervently, the color changing on her cheek, ‘life will then be precious which has been spared for such a mission.’

‘Jehovah grant it!’ said Imlah, not aware of his daughter’s meaning, ‘for mine would be a dark blank without the smiles of my sweet child.’

‘Not so, my father, if you found one to fill that blank, whose love throws sunshine even on sorrow.’

Imlah sighed, but made no reply; and Miriam, after a moment’s silence, looking earnestly at him, as she

still lay supported on his bosom, asked with a mild but peculiar emphasis, 'Dearest father, do you love me?'

Love you! exclaimed Imlah, surprised and pressing her still closer to his heart; 'love you, Miriam!—If ever parental affection warmed the heart of man, it has kindled in mine such love for you, as angels might ask their sister saints to give: for it is love which alone lends earth a light for me, and leads my stricken soul to raise a grateful song to Heaven, when many a time, but for the boon it gives in you, I could speak bitterly of fate, and curse the life which heaven spares me.'

Miriam turned pale, and with great solemnity replied, 'And yet such love on earth, my father, is idolatry, and must in mercy be riven asunder, lest its false light should lead you to eternal darkness. But,' added she, raising herself and looking at her father with an expression, never afterwards forgotten, 'do you *love* me?—not for what I am to you—but apart from yourself could your love grant me one solemn request; and solemnly fulfil it? Could it forgive the violence which that request might do to the dearest feelings of your bosom?—and forget all else, save the purpose for which it was asked, and her who asked it?'

Imlah felt alarmed, for although the voice of Miriam was calm, and her countenance serene as a cloudless moonlight, he believed that her mind wandered in some delirious phantasy; till suddenly recollecting the fatal alliance he had engaged her to fulfil, he beckoned Corah to leave the room, and then replied, 'Miriam, my beloved girl! proof against every test—my love could bear and suffer all, and far more than you could require. Then ask your boon; it shall be freely granted at whatever cost it claims: for, be assured any thing that can give peace to you, brings happiness to me. But compose yourself now, my child, and we will talk of earthly cares, when health calls you back to act in earthly schemes.'

'I *am* composed, my father,' replied Miriam, 'as one who, standing on the verge of eternitv, looks only at eternal things. And now I thank you tenderly for the boon you grant,—a boon for which alone I have craved life and time.' So saying, she drew from underneath her pillow a little Testament, and laying it in Imlah's hands, then pressing them together with both her own, exclaimed, 'Take that precious book, my beloved father, and let it be your guide, your counsellor, your comfort! May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, make the stumbling-block of Israel, your rock and your salvation; and while you read, may his Holy Spirit teach you to believe—to revere—to receive! And now dear, precious parent, remembering the last solemn promise so sacredly pledged to your dying child, for your own sake—for hers, I beseech you, speak no more against Jesus of Nazareth!—the Redeemer of Israel,—the Messiah,—the One and only Savior of all mankind!' Exhausted by the feelings and energy with which she uttered this solemn charge, Miriam fell back, and the cold dews of death hung on her pale face, as nature struggled with its last resistless conqueror. Imlah, who knelt by her side, his hand still grasping her sacred legacy, was motionless as herself, and felt as if he had lost all power of utterance and sense; while with a look, fixed with unspeakable anguish on his child, he uttered groans of agony, such as perhaps alone could have roused the departing spirit, of Miriam back to earthly thoughts. She opened her eyes once more, and laid her icy arm, for a moment, around her father's neck, in token that her last love was his: then quietly crossing her hands upon her bosom, and looking up to heaven with a countenance brightened with a glow of holy fervor, she exclaimed, 'Dearest father! look up—look up, from me, to Christ! and now, O blessed Jesus, do Thou come quickly.' Again her head fell back, and with one long, but gentle sigh, her happy spirit winged its flight to God!

Imlah remained for some time appalled and motionless, gazing in fixed despair on the silent lips of his child, as if waiting again to hear their eloquence. But the dreadful stillness which now prevailed all around, where not one sound, one sigh, was heard to break that awful solitude, recalled him to a faint sense of what had been: and yet it was the disordered sense which fancy sometimes lends to picture dreams like real things; or to embody its own faint shadows into the frightful phantoms of insanity. Still did he look on Miriam, and still grasped the little volume which he knew was associated with her last words. But what were those words? The avowal of an apostate! And yet was that heavenly smile, which gave even death a semblance of peace—one of apostacy? Could a guilty heretic meet the awful judgment of an offended God, as Miriam had done? Miriam an apostate!—a heretic! O no! rather let Christianity be true, and Israel fall at last beneath the scourge of Christian victory,—than Miriam, the last daughter of David's line, be so accursed! And now great drops of agony stood on the cold forehead of Imlah, as thoughts like these passed through his bewildered mind, and in groans of deepest anguish, he called loudly on the name of his sainted child, as if she could still dispel the dreadful visions of that fearful dream. But alas! it was too surely a waking reality; nothing could move or change the sweet, calm smile of her for whom never before had Imlah called in vain!

Alarmed by a sudden noise of falling, Corah and several attendants were now soon assembled round the unhappy father, whom they found stretched insensible on the floor. He was immediately removed to an adjoining room, while Corah, scarcely less bewildered, assisted in performing the melancholy duty of preparing the body of Miriam for its last repose.

In the meantime, Imlah recovered to a remembrance of all that had passed; but the violence of ungoverned grief was gone, and his haughty spirit resumed its

proud disdain of sympathy. So he arose, and sternly resisting the importunate attentions of his servants, he rushed from the room to his own ; the door was closed with violence, hastily locked, and a hurried pace was heard from time to time within. Corah alone ventured to intrude where Imlah was. Her mission was to deliver the packet consigned to her by Miriam. He received it in silence, and suffered refreshments to be placed before him : after which he was left again alone and only Heaven knows what passed within the dark soul of the stricken man, during that long night of suffering.

The ensuing morning Imlah returned to his domestic duties with an assumed air of composure ; but he was gloomy, repulsive, and seemed to shrink even from the very eye of human compassion. He gave orders to his steward that the funeral of Miriam was to be conducted under the directions of Mr. Howard, to whom he sent a polite note to that purport, expressing submission to the last wishes of his daughter, who desired Christian burial in the churchyard of Glencairn.

After these injunctions, he commanded that no one should be admitted to his presence uncalled for, nor was he seen again to hold communion with his fellow-beings, save that peculiar circumstances required it, when his commands were ever briefly given and sternly spoken.

Miriam was buried with great solemnity in the glen, which in life had been her favorite scene ; and if angels be permitted to penetrate the veil which lies betwixt this earth and heaven, she might have felt even *there* a sacred pleasure in the affectionate sorrow manifested around her simple grave. Imlah did not attend her funeral. Wrapt in the stern gloom of silent misery, such as can never be described, he spent that day in prayer and fasting, while to the eye of others he appeared to bear the stroke with firmness and courage. Mrs. Stuart and her three daughters were the chief

mourners at Miriam's grave ; and truly did they mourn her as they would have done one of nearest kindred ; while every villager rendered the fond tribute of devoted zeal, where *she* was laid, who as *friend* and benefactress had been so justly honored, revered, and loved !

CHAPTER XII.

Nearly two years had elapsed, after the death of Miriam, before Imlah was seen beyond the precincts of Fernhill, which he still retained, and it was generally supposed that the wish of remaining where his beloved child had been reared and died, had induced him to resign his mission to Germany, and to become the solitary recluse which he had lived since that melancholy bereavement. But little can man penetrate the veil of another's heart, or judge of causes by appearance: for while the lonely Jew was accused of cherishing the gloomy misanthropy natural to his character, he was day by day 'growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus;' and this grace was daily kindling in his soul all those milder virtues of Christian love towards mankind which ever result from genuine Christianity. In Miriam he had indeed

lost all that could 'lend earth a light,' and when *she* was gone whose love had shed a beam of gladness even over his unhappy destiny, the world stood before him as one dark, cheerless void—one blank of unmitigated misery. In Miriam too he had lost the link of life's ambition, and *she* gone, his mind sunk into the listless torpor of gloomy indolence, as if he had nothing now to rouse it into action. Her death was a dreadful blow, not only to his heart, as dissolving for ever the sweet cares of parental affection, but to every passion which yearned for aggrandisement and power; for it seemed to cut off the last scion on which the hopes of Israel rested, and it humbled his soul to feel the fallacy of his presumptuous speculations; that while he so confidently believed Miriam to be the chosen handmaid of the Lord to fulfil the deliverance of Israel's exiles; and that for this she was endowed with those strong powers of mind which raised her above the ordinary standard of woman; God was working against him, and preparing his child for a far different victory—the triumph of Christianity over her own infidelity! Thus frustrated by an evident power of unerring wisdom, even by the power of Him whose sovereign justice Imlah dared not, would not deny, the unhappy man resolved no more to raise his own weak arm in the guidance of decrees so darkly understood. He therefore resigned all claims to personal power in the secret councils of the misguided rabbis in Palestine and Germany, pleading his recent loss as a necessity for temporary seclusion from the world and all secular employments; and thus yielding himself to the indolence of despair, Imlah passed the first days of his desolateness in one long reverie of past remembrances, almost forgetful that he had still a soul to prepare for eternity. He had sacredly fulfilled every request of Miriam, who had left her books, for the most part, between Helen Stuart and Mr. Howard. Those of English authors, consisting principally of well-selected

biography and history, to the former and many useful Hebrew works to Mr. Howard, as an acknowledgment of her gratitude towards him. She also left many other remembrances to Mrs. Stuart, Edith, and Jessie, and to all who had been kind to her. These wishes of his child Imlah had scrupulously fulfilled, although he sternly rejected all personal communication with the parties concerned; and frequently would he again read over the packet containing such requests, to find, if possible, something yet undone, that might once more employ him. But this task over, he felt that indeed his parental charge was for ever dissolved, and every interest of life buried with her who had formed the centre of his every thought. The grotto, once the favorite retreat of his departed Miriam, was the spot where, heedless of cold, or loneliness, his days were generally dreamt away. The little Testament she had given him with her dying breath, was now become the last sad memorial of her wishes. He read it—at first indeed with cold incredulity; but ‘remembering his last solemn promise, so sacredly pledged’ to his child, he *did* read it; and without that angry disdain as once he felt, for, Miriam had *loved* that book, and he dared not despise it. It was replete too with notes which she had inserted, evidently with a view to impress her father’s mind with the feelings excited in her own heart by the perusal of that blessed revelation, and while he fondly gazed upon her writing—all that was now left him of herself—it seemed as if she addressed him from the grave, and an unutterable awe fixed his mind. This led further; and while in fervent prayer he entreated God to comfort and to guide him, He, who ever stands over the broken-hearted shed forth his beams of mercy to enlighten the mind of that dark unbeliever, and Imlah at length meekly confessed that Miriam’s God was the Lord! She had also left amongst other writings, the arguments which she had had with Mr. Howard on the Christian question, noted

for her own private study. These were powerful evidences, and became a further source of interest and enquiry to Imlah.

O how true is it, that 'great mercies often spring from the smallest beginnings!'—Imlah no longer read the sacred word of revelation as a *task*, but really *searching* the unspeakable riches of grace, he found the 'pearl of great price,' and at last, overwhelmed by a sense of his own utter ignorance, he shed such bitter tears of self-reproach as removed the very barrier which stood betwixt himself and mercy! It was not, however, the sudden work of one day, or month, or year, that wrought conviction on the mind of Imlah. Light came gradually as the dawning day o'er his benighted soul—but it was no meteor gleam, which came lightly to allure the eye, and leave it again to doubt and darkness! It was that 'true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' and although, indeed, a cloud would sometimes intercept its glories, and for a moment dim the feeble sight of reason, the 'Sun of Righteousness' again shed forth its blessed rays of truth to dispel the mists of error. Often would Imlah question Corah on all that passed during the illness of Miriam, and would listen again and again to the detail of her patient, self-denying forbearance; her lively faith and earnest desires after holiness; while every word seemed to address a solemn warning to himself, to 'go and do likewise.' And now he began to feel that it was indeed 'time to awake out of sleep,' that his 'night was far spent,' and the awful 'day at hand,' when at the tribunal of the injured Jesus, Israel must render an account of its blood-guiltiness! He felt too that man was not placed on earth for the indulgence of either the ease of luxury, or the indolence of sorrow; but that time was a talent, every moment of which must be rendered back 'with usury,' to the great Master of life's vineyard. He felt himself a responsible being, with all the penalties of salvation before

him, if he labored to attain the 'prize of our high calling;' while on the other hand revelation displayed the 'terrors of the Lord,' written in the unalterable laws of a just and holy judge, if with all those promises, and powers, and warnings, and pleadings, he could still live, on an unprofitable servant, and 'neglect so great salvation.' Imlah had been a blind and prejudiced man; and wrapt within the fatal shades of Judaism, he had lived an alien from God, a rebel against the 'Lord of life;' but he had a generous as well as powerful mind, and when convinced of error, he could nobly resign his own opinions, and heedless of the world's contempt, he could as nobly act upon a better principle. So now daily strengthening in the Christian faith, he shrunk not from an open manifestation of Christianity, but became as zealous for the conversion of all those placed under his control, as he had been sternly severe against every dereliction from strict Judaism.

It would lengthen our tale too much to follow the progress of faith in the mind of Imlah: we will therefore only briefly add, that not more than two years subsequently to the death of his daughter—the event to which, humanly speaking, we may trace his conversion—he sought an interview with Mr. Howard, and soon became his pupil in Christian instruction—his companion and friend; and a few months only elapsed from that period before he was baptised in the little church of Glencairn, and partook the sacrament of the Lord's supper, previously to his leaving England for Germany on an expedition—not to unite in the general enmity, so violently excited about that period amongst the Jews, against the Christian church—but as a *Christian Missionary*, to preach and to teach the very gospel which he had once denied and reviled! Devoted still to Israel and its unhappy people, he longed to go forth and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to those in whose ruin he felt that he was but too fatally involved; aware that as he had formerly been so zealous an ally of the

apostate cause, his influence would now be the more powerful in subverting its infidelity. So, like a second Paul, he desired to go forth in the power of the Holy Ghost, and to preach 'Christ in the synagogues,' that He was Messiah, the Son of God, the Redeemer, and anointed King of Israel's last remnant.

Brief was the time occupied in preparations for departure. Fernhill was again disposed of, and every thing arranged for an entire removal from England, whither Imlah never intended to return. But he no longer wished to go as a wealthy ruler—as the father of Israel's affianced bride. No, pride and ambition lay buried now in Miriam's grave, and he felt that it behoved him to go only as an humble, unostentatious Christian—a lowly follower of the blessed Jesus; prepared to bear a heavy cross of persecution and contempt. Changed was he indeed since he first came to Fernhill, a proud and uncourteous Jew. His brow now wore marks of deepest sorrow, and his cheek was furrowed with many a wrinkle not there when Miriam lived: but patience and humility softened the rigors of care, and gave a beam of pious serenity to his countenance which claimed both love and esteem.

The evening previously to quitting Fernhill, Imlah walked to Glencairn to bid farewell to Mrs. Stuart and her family, whom he now affectionately called his friends. Mr. Howard was there, and sincerely united in the general regret evinced on the prospect of such a separation. It was a solemn parting, for each one felt *that* meeting was probably their last on earth. Remembrances too of Miriam weighed heavily on every heart, but *she* was happy, and none dared wish her from her saintly home. Imlah, however, faintly struggled against the indulgence of feeling; nobly supporting, even to the last, his characteristic fortitude. He warmly testified his gratitude to Mrs. Stuart for all her kindness to Miriam, and provided handsomely for Jessie, as the first Christian friend of his own sweet child—the link

which had so wonderfully united that chain of mercies in his destiny, wrought by him who had thus chosen the 'weak to confound the strong.' He then affectionately took his last leave of all, excepting Mr. Howard who accompanied him from the cottage, and would have walked with him to Fernhill, had not Imlah abruptly stopped him on reaching the parsonage, and taking his hand, bade him farewell. A delicate mind is always a quick interpreter; Mr. Howard understood this too well to press an unwelcome intrusion: he therefore fervently blessed him, and left him to follow unobserved, the dictates of unrestrained feeling. Imlah turned to watch the last of Mr. Howard, then slowly ascended the path leading to the churchyard.

It was a calm night and not a cloud was seen in heaven to dim the moon beams which fell in softest radiance on the sloping earth, where mouldered the remains of so many departed beings. Partially shaded by the overhanging branches of a lofty sycamore, the lowly grave of Miriam lay amidst the records of mortality, marked by no other monument than a cross of whitest marble, which, placed at her head, bore the inscription of her name and age, with this simple motto: 'May Jesus' cross be Miriam's crown,'—a device which she had herself appropriated as an acknowledgment of her entire accedence to the Christian faith.

Here Imlah knelt and sobbed aloud beside the narrow grave; and although with humble submission he felt and owned the mercy of his heavenly Father, yet nature for a moment mastered his better feelings, and he called in loud and piteous accents on his child, as if his cry could surely wake her from her 'long last sleep.' But the faint murmurs of the rippling stream which glided along the bank beneath, alone answered his lament. All else remained serene and calm; and seemed in the peacefulness of that refulgent moonlight, to mock the passing sorrows, of mankind. Imlah poured out his very soul in the agony of that moment, and

longer had he perhaps complained, had not the dying words of his sainted Miriam rushed forcibly through his mind, and checked the bitterness of grief; like a sudden spell re-awakening the pious purpose of his chastened soul, which that agony had well nigh destroyed, 'Yes, my sweet child,' he exclaimed, 'I *will* look up, and thank God that thou art there!—and may the blessed Jesus indeed comfort and support me, even as he has redeemed thee.' Imlah now calmly raised his hands to heaven, and in a solemn ejaculation devoted himself entirely to the Lord, fervently imploring divine strength to aid his own weak surrender, that he might continue steadfast in the faith and cause of Israel's Messiah!—He then arose, and as a warrior takes his last leave of home before approaching battle, did Imlah once more look back on the grave where all he loved was left, and immediately hastened from the glen. Nor did aught else arrest him until he reached Fernhill, where he retired to his own room, and feeling that he had now done with earth, he calmly awaited for the morrow, when at sunrise, with Corah and a few faithful adherents, he left his splendid home for ever, as much regretted, as he had once been feared.

Mr. Howard was soon afterwards unexpectedly presented with the living of Glencairn, and he found that for this he was largely indebted to Imlah, who, previously to quitting England, having heard that the rector was dangerously ill, had repaired to the bishop in whose gift it was, to entreat his patronage in favor of Mr. Howard, in the event of that living becoming vacant, and gave such high testimony of his character and usefulness, as at once decided the reverend pastor to bestow on him the possession of a church, the charge of which he had so conscientiously fulfilled. These glad tidings were soon communicated; and the good pastor who thus bestowed on his people the continuance of a shepherd so justly endeared to them, was sufficiently compensated by the affectionate and unsophisti-

cated delight manifested throughout the village. This was indeed a happy era to the little circle at the glen; and the ensuing spring revived all the cheerful pleasures of rural festivity, which had been so sadly interrupted by the death of Miriam. Mr. Howard, now enabled to establish for himself a domestic home, chose Helen Stuart as his companion: a choice mutually preferred, and founded on a long and intimate knowledge of each other's worth and unaffected piety. Helen indeed, was neither beautiful nor *accomplished*—according to the world's definition [of that hackneyed panegyric—but possessed of a strong understanding and a reflective mind, she was well fitted for the enjoyment of intellectual society; while an earthly experience of life's vicissitudes had well disciplined her in that self-denying forbearance, without which, the brightest destiny on earth must be embittered by discord and discontent. Mr. Howard wisely valued these as far better securities of domestic happiness than the false attractions of beauty and talent, which, when unaccompanied by more solid virtues, are alas! but fatal snares, leading to many an ill-assorted marriage. But Mr. Howard raised *his* views of worth to a higher standard, and he married Helen, indifferent to the opinion of such as might have wished him a more ambitious lot, in the full enjoyment of his happy independence of mind and situation. Neither was he disappointed in the destiny he had thus selected, for few there were so happy, as when through many a winter's evening he was gladdened by the society of one, who, kindred to himself in feeling and pursuit, would listen with affectionate interest as he read to her the 'light tales of poesy, or 'deeper lore,' with which he loved to while away the hours of recreation. Nor was his happiness the mere dream of novelty, for many a year passed away since the bells of Glencairn rang merrily on the wedding-day of Helen Stuart; yet every anniversary was only a day of increased thankfulness to the minister and his affectionate wife.

Mrs. Stuart enjoyed the evening of her life in the serenity of a pious mind ; as one who, having fulfilled her work, waits patiently for the Lord's coming. Her girls were all provided for, and Gordon fully realised her anxious expectations as successor to his father's kirk at Dornock brae : and she could therefore, now gladly bid farewell to earth, looking up above this world to hope for the immortal joys of a realised faith. Edith alone was sad amidst the blessings of a kind and merciful Providence. The melancholy death of Edward Forrester had marred her happiness for ever ; and although at the moment of that dreadful bereavement she willingly devoted herself to God, she found the surrender no easy task. Religion looked beautiful to her when all other hopes but those of heaven were swept away with one tremendous blow ; and in the excited feelings of impetuous grief she believed, that she could gladly yield every bosom sin to obtain the peace 'which this world cannot give.' But alas ! poor Edith knew not how difficult it is for human nature to yield its bosom sins ; how impossible in human strength alone to conquer even the least of nature's frailties ; till returning to the calm stupor of conscious weakness, she found that her soul loathed the *requirements*, of religion, and still clung to its darling passions, as if the storm which she believed had blasted them had only harrowed up a more malignant host. Thus was Edith long the victim of self-willed and wounded pride. Wherever she went she fancied herself an object of remark and pity, to which her proud mind could ill submit, and often would she turn from the tender sympathy of Helen, and the forbearing kindness of her mother because she thought them actuated more by compassion for her situation, than by affection for herself. This was a deep and bitter trial to those who loved her, and many a time would Helen leave the stricken girl, unable longer to bear the cold repulse with which all her efforts of kindness were received ; when Edith, ashamed of feeling bitterness

towards such a one as Helen, would often follow her, and piteously implore to be forgiven and again beloved. But at length time and religion wrought the cure which had been above the reach of human skill, and Edith became more submissive to the sad destiny which her own warped mind had darkened. She no longer indulged in the selfishness of gloomy sorrow, but exerted herself to assume the cheerfulness which those who loved her longed to see restored. She looked, indeed, like a blasted lily; still fair, although the bloom of beauty had faded from her young cheek; and faint was the smile which sometimes for a moment reminded the eye of what she once had been. Gordon, who had visited his maternal home to celebrate the marriage of Helen, persuaded Edith to return with him to Dornock brae, affectionately solicitous that she should if possible, be diverted, by change of scene, from those melancholy associations naturally indulged where every object but too forcibly recalled sad and painful remembrances. This proposal was gladly accepted by all parties; nor did Edith again return to Glencairn, but ever afterwards remained the mistress of the manse where her first breath was drawn; and where, under the pious influence of her tender brother, who devoted himself to her comfort, she daily regained composure of mind in the earnest strivings after holiness; for, although not *happy*, she at length enjoyed that peace which ever falleth on the patient believer.

Jesse, no longer '*little Jessie*,' remained the sweet and affectionate companion of her mother. Full of animation, she enlivened all around her by a vivacity, which, softened by an uncommon gentleness of voice and manner gave a peculiar attraction to her artless character. Ever did she remember Miriam with grateful delight, and often would she wander to Miriam's grotto, to indulge the sad reverie of departed affection which she had there so often enjoyed; so seldom can kindness received in our childhood be forgotten. The

flowers, too, which she had planted over Miriam's grave, were ever fondly fostered by her care, and twining in graceful simplicity around the marble cross, remained fit emblems of *her* mind, whose memory they were intended to preserve.

Poor Corah did not long remain faithful in her adherence to a religion which lightly embraced was again lightly resigned. Shortly after her return to Germany she married an opulent Jew, and readily professed to believe it her duty to adopt the sentiments of her husband. Thus, like the unhappy church of Laodicea, 'neither warm nor cold,' she lost all zeal in Christianity, evinced none in the apostate cause.

Imlah Durvan continued a zealous and successful missionary, indefatigable in his labors of love, abounding in the works of the Lord, and preaching the glad tidings of salvation to the unbelievers in Syria, Palestine, and Turkey. He died in the Holy Land, full of age and honor; and through many a year has since fallen from the hand of time, the name of Imlah still stands recorded in the annals of Christian biography, as the founder of many a Christian church, where but for him—humanly speaking—no temple had been raised save those of idolatry and superstition. Thus does God in his infinite mercy to the souls of men, 'turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just,' that his name may be heard among the heathen, and his salvation known through all the ends of the world, showing mercy unto thousands, who receiving Christ on earth, shall through Him inherit everlasting life.

And now, if the feeble voice of one who is herself but a very babe in Christian attainments, dare utter an exhortation to others on a subject so *important*, the author would solemnly urge the readers of this little tale to seek for moral, rather than amusement, from the pages of a work claiming no merit, save in the desire with which it has been written,—to allure the young to Scriptural enquiry in those doctrines in

which the Christian faith is founded, and to lead them to a study of that sacred volume where the great mystery of salvation lies revealed. It is not enough to *believe* that 'Jesus is the Lord,' if resting on this passive faith we still live aliens from the service of Christ, *ignorant of the way* in which He would have us to walk. If we would be saved, we must first *know* the inherent corruptions of our hearts, the dreadful penalty of Adam's transgression, and the way of escape,' established for the lost children of apostate man. Whence then is this knowledge to be derived but from the written word of God? and how is this knowledge to be attained if we leave, sealed and neglected, that blessed revelation which God in infinite mercy, has fixed before us, even as a chart to guide the lost pilgrim to his home; as a mirror, in which if we but look we shall see reflected all that in this life we need know of God and heaven; of Christ and his salvation; of ourselves and the dreadful fires of perdition! Alas! then, while we mourn over the darkness of Israel, shall we remain worse than blind ourselves, and not seriously strive to seek the sun of righteousness,' which has risen over us with every healing in his wings? healing for the 'blind or maimed,' or halt or broken-hearted?

If indeed the *name* of Christianity were a sufficient passport to heaven, we might close our Bibles, spare the soul's labor and enjoy the pleasures of this world, fearless of the coming judgment of another. But although 'there is no other name given under heaven by which men can be saved,' yet the name alone, powerful as it is, without the spirit of Christ, cannot save. To be *meet* for the kingdom of heaven, we must be 'holy even as God is holy;' we must 'cast off the works of darkness, and put on the whole armor of light; we must be members of Christ, even as engrafted branches of the 'tree of life,' whose fruit is without spot or blemish; we must forgive as we hope to

be forgiven, and bless them which curse us ;' we must present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto the Lord, and be transformed by the renewing of our minds, proving what is that good and perfect will of God.' 'Be fervent in spirit : serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope ; patient in tribulation, and continuing instant in prayer.' Nay, it is even said, 'that we must *put on* the Lord Jesus Christ.' Is this then an *easy* obedience ? Is it a light thing to do our duty—to be meet for the inheritance of the 'saints in glory ?' No it is so *difficult* that were it not for the aids of grace which we receive through the Holy Spirit, man would find it as impossible as to create heaven itself.

There may be some who will perhaps also condemn a tale of this kind as involving a controversy in which Christians are not concerned, and will say that we have no right to interfere in the conversion of others, or to dive into prophecies and revelations relating only to Jews and infidels. To such sophists we will attempt no reply, convinced that if they feel no personal interest in the salvation of God's alienated people, *our brethren*, as children of 'Our Father,' it is vain to suppose that human argument can excite it. But, my young readers, let *us* remember—and in all sincerity of heart does the author implicate herself in the exhortation—that *every heart is a ruined Jerusalem*, every hand has crucified the 'Lord of Life ;' and as such, there is not a single prophecy or revelation in the sacred scriptures in which we have not a *personal and important concern*. Tell me, is there one of us to whom Christ might not say, 'How often would I have gathered thee, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye *would not* ?' Might He not say to one and all of us, 'Ah sinful people, laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers children that are corrupters, ye have forsaken the Lord, and provoked the Holy One to anger ; ye are gone backward !

Might he not justly loathe our cold and heartless devotions, and declare 'it is iniquity?' Is there one of us who needs not this gracious promise of mercy, 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool?' O surely not! Then let us beware how ye reject the word of prophecy, denying it as a part of *our* faith, lest it should hereafter be advanced in judgment against us, and fatally condemn us to the everlasting wrath of offended Deity. Let us judge *ourselves* that we be not 'judged of the Lord;' and let us remember God's ancient people with tender love and compassion, offering up our prayers for their deliverance, and mourn over them as we might mourn the delinquency of an elder brother. But 'blessed be God, there is a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness,' in which the vilest sinner may wash in faith and be made righteous. May you who read, then, and she who now writes, so 'lay these things to heart,' that they may bring forth in each of us increasing desires after holiness, and fruits unto life everlasting!

THE END.



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